

Gc
929.2
B23245m
2007229

M. L.

REYNOLDS HISTORICAL
GENEALOGY COLLECTION

ALLEN COUNTY PUBLIC LIBRARY



3 1833 00921 3304

GENEALOGY

929.2

B23245M



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2018

THE
BARBERS OF
THE PEAK

A HISTORY OF THE
BARBER, ATHERSTONE, AND
BOWKER FAMILIES

By

I. MITFORD-BARBERTON
A.R.C.A.

With a Foreword by

SIR GEORGE CORY, Kt.
M.A., D.LITT.

*Hon. Archivist to the Government of the
Union of South Africa*

OXFORD

PRINTED AT THE UNIVERSITY PRESS

1934

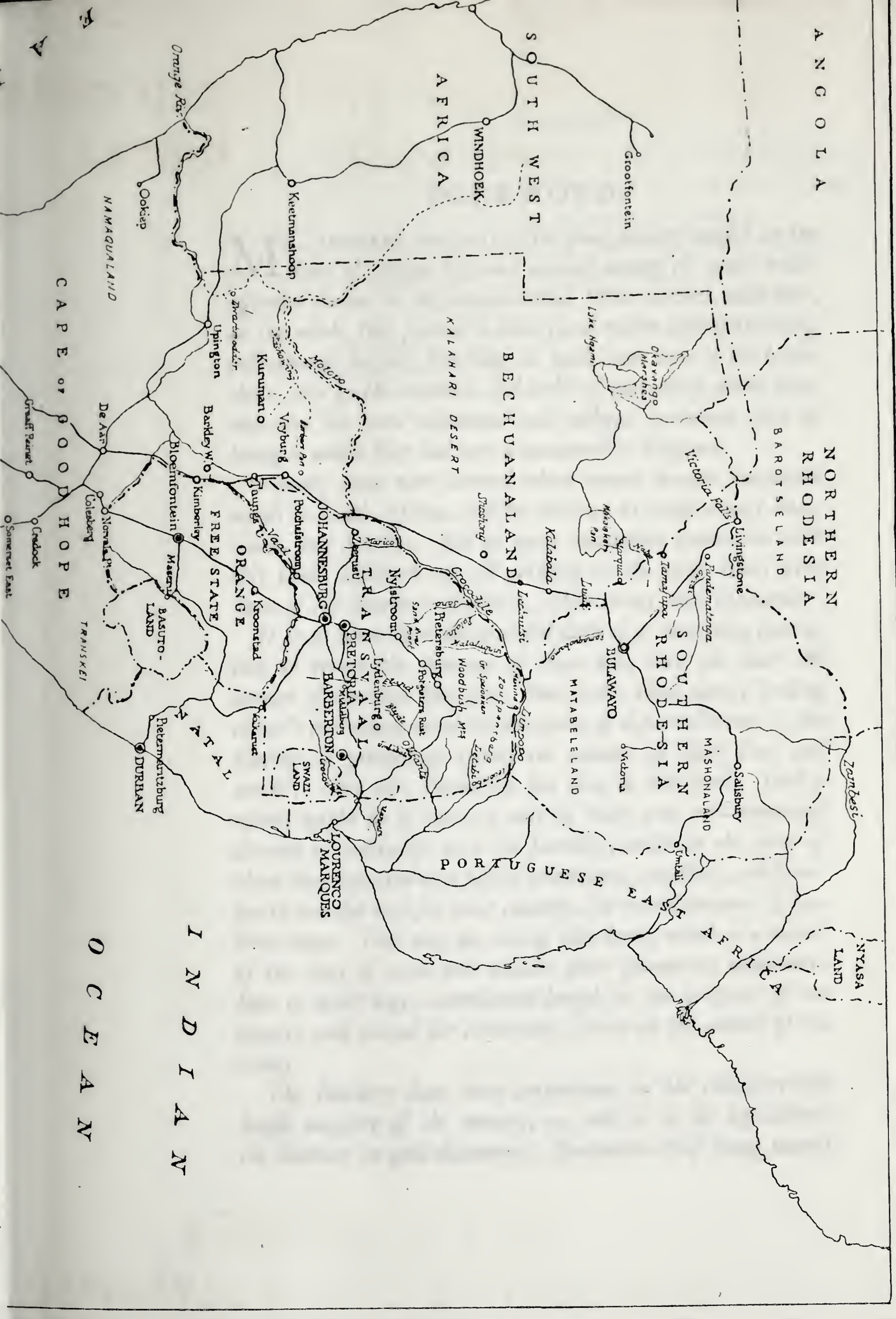
78 6116 17

2007229

THE BARBERS OF
THE PEAK

Rec'd July 20-1978

SOUTH AFRICA



FOREWORD

MR. THOMAS PRINGLE, the poet, having landed on the shore of Algoa Bay and walked among the tents which afforded shelter to the newly arrived 1820 settlers, said that, on the whole, they formed a motley and rather unprepossessing collection of people. But then, he said, some were of the better class, who by the neatness and order of everything about them indicated the more cultivated and perhaps luxurious style of living to which they had been accustomed in England.

Among these were several whose names became household words in South Africa, such for instance as Godlonton, Chase, Cock, and Southey. But in more immediate connexion with this book, although not all arriving at the same time, were those of the Bowkers, Barbers, Atherstones, and Damants.

It is no more than the grateful duty of a succeeding generation to revere the memory of those who bore the heat and burden of the days long gone. But better than merely holding in one's individual mind the memories of departed heroes is the placing on permanent record the account of their lives and works. This Mr. Barberton has done in this book. Such a record might be of interest only to those who were connected directly or indirectly with the families, while in the cases of those long departed who played prominent, unselfish, and heroic parts and did well for their country, the record becomes of historic value. This may be said of this book, which is a record of the lives of some who besides their pioneering adventures have in other ways contributed largely to the progress of the country and earned for themselves places in the annals of the colony.

The Bowkers have been conspicuous in the characteristic Kaffir warfare of the country, as well as in the legislation; the Barbers in gold-discoveries, Barberton itself being named

after them; and of the Atherstones, Dr. William Guybon of that ilk was famous as a geologist and medicine-man. He was the first in South Africa to administer chloroform.

May this volume meet with the success it so well deserves is the earnest wish of Mr. Barberton's well-wisher,

GEO. E. CORY

ARCHIVES
HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT
CAPE TOWN

PREFACE

I DO not know what really prompted me to write this history of the clan, but I know that if I had to start again I should think twice about it, and I should try very hard to persuade some one else to do it.

My father used to tell us such interesting adventures—exciting lion-hunts and hair-breadth escapes (sometimes he did not escape)—and it always seemed to me such a pity that all this would one day be forgotten, and that there would be nothing to pass on to the next generation.

I tried to persuade him to write a book, but he would not, and so I had to do it myself. I started in 1919, when I came back from the Front; and here in 1933 I have got as far as the Preface, so I am doing well, and I hope to get it printed before Armageddon comes off. I soon decided to make it a history of the family and started collecting information regarding our ancestors and those families who were directly connected with the Barbers by marriage.

I then discovered that practically nothing was known. People whom I asked said, 'Yes, that man's father was my father's son', which left me no better off than I was before I started! Night after night I struggled through old family letters, many of them written zigzag and criss-cross, putting down a date here and a note there and gradually compiling the data for this book.

After a lot of persuasion my father dictated one or two of his hunting-experiences to Mother, who wrote them down at 'Caverndale' while Raymond and I were away on other farms. Unfortunately my father died in 1920, his brother Fred having died the year previously; so that I had to depend on the little data we had collected to date and on what we could remember, which was not much.

Rex Barber kindly lent me Uncle Fred's journals, and I sat up all night copying them in shorthand so that I should be able to return them to him before I went south. Then I had to sit up all night again transcribing them. These

journals only record two of their many trips into the wilds, but it was not my intention to give complete records of everything they did, but merely typical examples and a few odd adventures thrown in to make the biography interesting.

The same rule applies to all the other characters in this book. If some one is recorded as having been kicked by a white horse on a Friday (which is said to be unlucky) it does not imply that that was the most important event in his life and that he never experienced anything else. He may have farmed sheep successfully for twenty years and taken *stripes* of prizes at agricultural shows. Many people do that and the events are soon forgotten—but if you get kicked by a white horse on a Friday you do not forget it in quite such a hurry.

In each generation there are a few people who are interested in the family and are proud of their ancestry; and they keep together more or less the records of those who have passed on.

Sydney Barber started collecting data, and his records of the Atherstone family, taken from Nottingham churches, have been very useful. His untimely death left his searches unfinished, so I took up the broken threads and carried on.

Farther back still we have Amenias, daughter of the Rev. Henry Barber. This quaint old maiden aunt—she must have been somebody's aunt—kept a home for stray cats in Leek. I think a big bottle of arsenic would have been much more economical, but we can overlook the cats' home because she loved her relations as well and left many records of the old Nottingham Barbers.

She left hundreds of letters in a microscopic, wiggly handwriting, and it took me many months to read through them. But it was well worth while, because in them I discovered that Thomas Barber, the artist, had four sisters. Although the baptism of the artist has not been traced, it was through the baptisms of some of these sisters having been recorded in the Castle Gate Congregational Chapel, Nottingham, that I was able to discover that the name of their father was also Thomas Barber.

I am very grateful for the help of my friend, F. R. James,

of West Bridgford, Nottingham, who made a hobby of genealogy and collected for me, free of charge, much useful information about the Barbers, Atherstones, and Damants, who were all Nottingham families. Mr. I. Cordon, of Breaston, Derbyshire, has also spent much time and trouble, and I wish to thank him for the help he has given me.

Many people have helped and I am grateful to them all, particularly Ethel Hilton-Barber, Frank Bowker, Mrs. Herold, and my brother Raymond.

I know that the book is incomplete and that there may be odd mistakes in it. It would be almost impossible in a book of this nature to have every detail correct. But bear in mind the notice which some thoughtful soul put up over the pianist at the cowboy concert: 'Don't shoot. He's doing his best.'

Few people will realize the amount of work put into a book like this. I have been working more or less continuously for fourteen years. I must have written thousands of letters, and for every bit of information that I have used I must have collected five times the amount that was of no use.

In 1925 I visited Nottingham and searched dozens of the neighbouring churches for old family records. While there I went down by bus to Ockbrook in Derbyshire. This is a Moravian settlement, and old Hugh Atherstone and his brother William are buried there. Mr. Tallent-Bateman, of Chapel-en-le-Frith, had told me that Thomas Barber was a member of this community, but I could find no trace of him, nor at Olney and Fulneck, two other Moravian settlements, while searches at the head-quarters in Fetter Lane, London, also revealed nothing.

I also visited Chapel-en-le-Frith in the Peak District of north Derbyshire and searched out different families of Barbers in the neighbourhood. The Heralds' College, and W. and A. Mussett, the professional pedigree tracers, also instituted searches on my behalf. It would fill several pages were I to enumerate the different places where searches have been made—most of them in vain.

Several blank pages have been left for notes and I would

like you to use them for recording important events connected with your family, such as births, marriages, and deaths, &c. Perhaps one of these days, in about a hundred years time when the present generation are all strumming on their harps, some descendant of the Barbers of the Peak will carry forward the torch and have another book printed, bringing the family chronicle up to date again. If the notes have been accurately kept it should prove an easier matter than the ground-work has been.

The idea of these biographies is to get you to take a kindly interest in those who have gone before. I have certainly no intention of 'boosting' the family or in any way trying to make out that they are of a higher standard or are more praiseworthy than any of the other South African families who endured similar hardships in those early days.

Some of them led quite humble lives, ploughing and sowing, struggling against the misfortunes of drought and locusts and perhaps achieving little after a life of hard work.

*Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;
Nor grandeur hear with a disdainful smile
The short and simple annals of the poor.*

President Kruger was once shown a wonderful family tree, stiff with titles and armorial bearings and dating back to the year dot. After studying it for a while he said: '*Mij outa was 'n schaapwachter.*'

Try to picture these old pioneers as they really were—honest, God-fearing men and women, faced with the usual problems of everyday life and without many of the luxuries, such as electric light, trains, telephones, and wireless—inventions which to-day we take for granted.

In my mind's eye I conjure up a picture of the Barber family at Nottingham in their house on Standard Hill, having afternoon tea. Aunt Sarah Tunney has dropped in with some local scandal to share. Tom is struggling with some simple piece on the piano. Anne, a pretty girl of about twelve, is helping with the tea, while Mother is rocking the cradle where

'Grandfather' Fred—aged one—has just been awakened. Hugh has been sent for the third time to the studio to call Father, who finally arrives, wiping his hands on his overall, and gets 'ticked off' because there 'might have been visitors'. (I know it must have been like that because that is what happens to me.)

A generation passes. It is 1846 and we are at 'Thorn Kloof'. Fred Barber, John Atherstone, and a number of the Bowkers are defending the house against a night-attack by Kaffirs. By the light of smoky lamps you see their bristling beards and ragged clothes. The smell of gunpowder is strong and the room is blue with smoke. Rapidly they measure out the powder and pour it down their muzzle-loading muskets. You can see the ram-rods shine as they push down the ball and wads. Poor Webb with his broken ankle is groaning on a bed in the next room, and Grandma Bowker is bathing it in warm water.

Anna and Mary are in the kitchen melting lead and casting fresh bullets. There is heavy firing from the Kaffirs, who have crept up under cover of the darkness. Their bullets thud against the house; occasionally one smashes through a window and flattens itself against the opposite wall. Fred, Holden, William, and others are crouching by the windows firing at the flashes of the enemy muskets and the smoke blows back into the room.

There are several hundred Kaffirs, and by the shouts and exclamations it is evident that the bullets and especially Holden's buckshot are scoring frequent hits. A fiery stick is thrown through the darkness, but it fails to reach the thatch roof—a heavy volley meets this attempt to burn them out. A tense silence follows—are they preparing to charge or are they retreating?

'Brave sons of a day', what a tough time they had and now they have 'gone the way of all flesh' and are no more.

We turn another page and come to 1874. Trembling with the excitement of a 'narrow shave' young Hilton Barber, a smoking rifle in his hands, stands gazing sorrowfully at the body of his horse which he has just shot. Crushing down

the long grass beside it lies a fine buffalo bull, his horns red with the horse's blood. Gray comes up and putting his hand on his brother's shoulder says: 'Oh! Hillie, I thought he'd got you—what a good jump you made!'

And so the generations pass and the shadow of the Great War spreads across the world. The first glow of the dawn tinges the East. Through the semi-darkness can be seen the lines of tents. Suddenly the long-drawn notes of the *Réveillé* blare across the sleeping camp. With a yawn and a stretch another day is commenced. Yes, the Barbers of the Peak are here. They are serving the King, and so are eight million others.

We have come down to the present generation—'what boots it to repeat how the time is slipping underneath our feet'. We shall pass and another generation will be here—perhaps a better generation—for we have lived through the greatest war and the greatest depression 'such as was not since the beginning of the world to this time'; perhaps you who follow after will be more fortunate.

However, when we are all pushing up Barberton daisies and you are flying around in your aeroplanes it will be interesting to know how we 'dreed our dreed and came not back'.

I. MITFORD-BARBERTON

CAPE TOWN

17th Nov. 1933

P.S. The armorial bearings reproduced in this book I have drawn from descriptions and sketches supplied to me by the families concerned. I accepted them and the pedigrees in good faith, and apart from our own arms—those of Barberton—I have not gone to the trouble of proving whether the families concerned are entitled to them or not.

For instance, the Barber arms are those of the Barbers of Hertford, but have been borne by our ancestors for several generations, and the connexion, if any, is hidden in the dim past. The Atherstone arms are those of Atherton, the claim being that this is a variation in the spelling.

I. M.-B.

CONTENTS

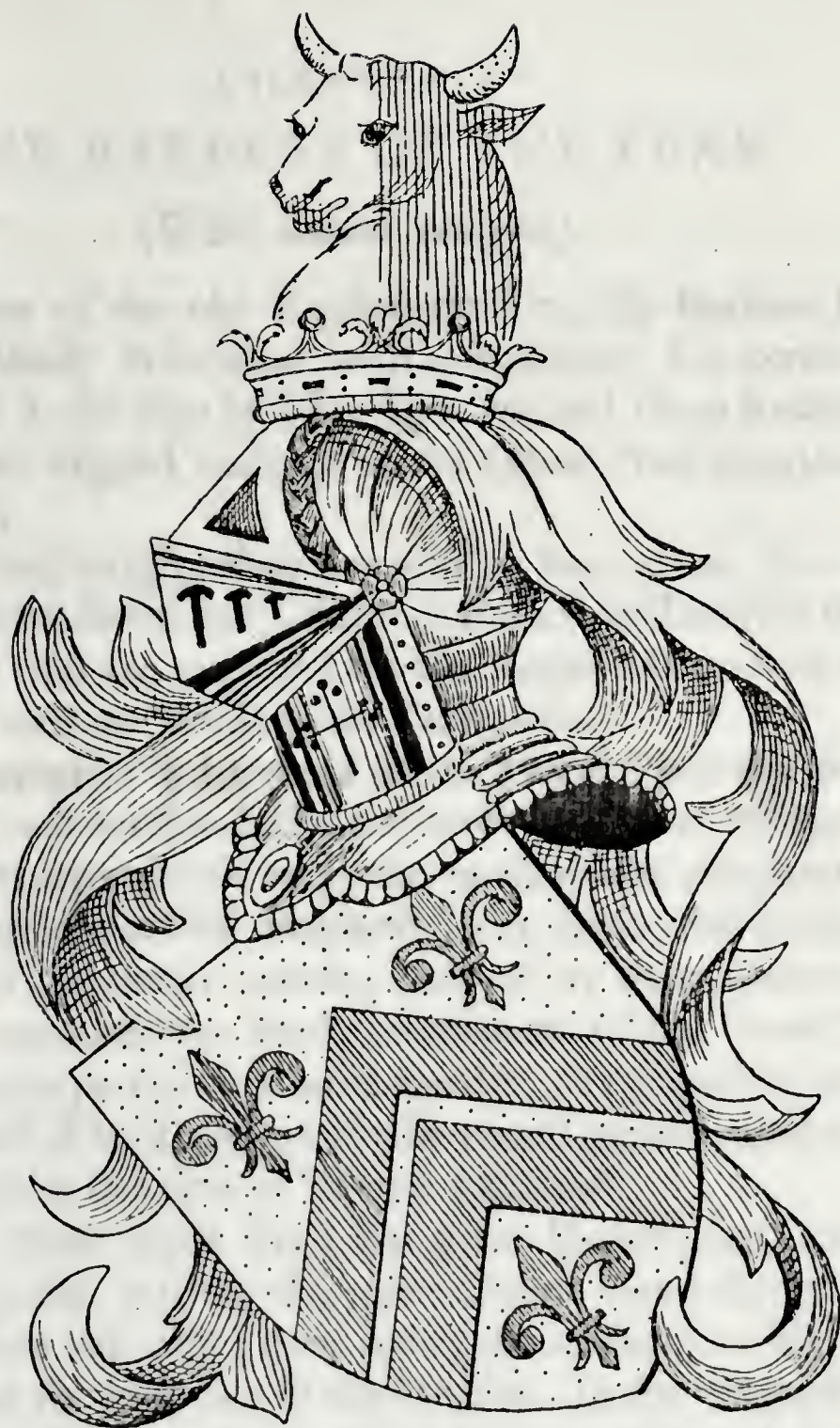
| | |
|---|-----|
| FOREWORD <i>by</i> SIR GEORGE CORY | v |
| PREFACE | vii |
| CHAPTER I. THE BARBERS OF THE PEAK (with Barber pedigree) | 3 |
| CHAPTER II. THOMAS BARBER, Portrait-painter | 17 |
| CHAPTER III. THE BARBERS OF NOTTINGHAM. <i>Tom, Henry, Anne, Joe, and Alfred</i> | 29 |
| CHAPTER IV. HUGH BARBER | 41 |
| CHAPTER V. HILTON BARBER | 45 |
| CHAPTER VI. THE HILTON-BARBERS OF 'HALES OWEN'. <i>Harry, Sydney, Monty, Charles, and Gray</i> | 55 |
| CHAPTER VII. MR. AND MRS. FREDERICK WILLIAM BARBER | 71 |
| CHAPTER VIII. FREDERICK HUGH BARBER, F.R.G.S., J.P. | 93 |
| CHAPTER IX. HENRY MITFORD-BARBERTON, F.R.G.S. | 107 |
| CHAPTER X. THE BARBERS OF BARBERTON | 141 |
| CHAPTER XI. THE MITFORD-BARBERTONS OF KENYA | 169 |
| CHAPTER XII. THE ATHERSTONE FAMILY | 185 |
| CHAPTER XIII. THE BOWKERS OF 'THARFIELD' | 209 |
| APPENDIX. MITFORD OF MITFORD CASTLE | 235 |
| HOARE OF DERBY | 239 |
| BAILIE OF INNESHARGIE | 241 |
| EVANS OF PEMBROKE | 247 |
| HOOLE OF CHESTER | 251 |
| NISBET OF DEAN | 257 |

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

| | |
|---|------------------------|
| MAP OF SOUTH AFRICA | <i>frontispiece</i> |
| THE BARBER ARMS | <i>page</i> 2 |
| THOMAS BARBER | <i>facing page</i> 17 |
| MRS. THOMAS BARBER | „ 18 |
| TOM BARBER AND JOE BARBER | „ 29 |
| THE REV. HENRY BARBER AND HIS WIFE HANNAH | „ 30 |
| ALFRED BARBER AND HIS SISTER ANNE | „ 36 |
| HUGH BARBER AND HIS WIFE ANNA | „ 41 |
| HILTON BARBER | „ 45 |
| HARRY A. HILTON-BARBER | „ 55 |
| SYDNEY HILTON-BARBER AND H. MONTAGUE HILTON-BARBER | „ 59 |
| CHARLES HILTON-BARBER AND GRAHAM A. HILTON-BARBER | „ 62 |
| FREDERICK WILLIAM BARBER AND HIS WIFE MARY | „ 71 |
| ‘NEW RUSH’ (KIMBERLEY) IN 1872 | „ 81 |
| FREDERICK HUGH BARBER | „ 94 |
| THOMAS HENRY REX BARBER | „ 105 |
| HENRY MITFORD-BARBERTON | „ 107 |
| BARBERTON, TRANSVAAL | „ 141 |
| THE BARBERTON ARMS | <i>page</i> 168 |
| IVAN MITFORD-BARBERTON | <i>facing page</i> 170 |
| RAYMOND MITFORD-BARBERTON | „ 174 |
| RENSHAW AND ALBAN MITFORD-BARBERTON | „ 180 |
| THE ATHERSTONE ARMS | <i>page</i> 184 |
| HUGH ATHERSTONE AND HIS WIFE ANN | <i>facing page</i> 187 |
| THE BOURCHIER ARMS | <i>page</i> 208 |
| MRS. MILES BOWKER | <i>facing page</i> 217 |
| THE MITFORD ARMS | <i>page</i> 234 |
| THE HOARE ARMS | „ 238 |
| THE BAILIE ARMS | „ 240 |
| THE EVANS ARMS | „ 246 |
| THE HOOLE ARMS | „ 250 |
| THE NISBET ARMS | „ 256 |

THE BARBERS OF THE PEAK





VERITAS OMNIA VINCIT

BARBER

CHAPTER I THE BARBERS OF THE PEAK

(With Barber pedigree)

LIKE many of the old English families, the Barbers have been closely associated with one county for centuries. Right back in the dim Middle Ages we find them located in the wild and rugged vastness of the Great Peak in northern Derbyshire.

Of Norman origin, they are said to have come from the town of Sainte-Barbe-sur-Gallon in France, and certain members of the clan are recorded on the Battle Abbey Roll with other followers of William the Conqueror.

In the untamed wilderness of the Great Peak the family exercised considerable influence over the rural village life and the development of what was perhaps the roughest and most untamed part of England. Far from the civilizing influence of industrial centres, shut off by deep forests and rugged mountains, the hardy inhabitants of the Great Peak gradually conquered this wild district, developed its mines of silver and of lead, and gradually tamed perhaps one of the most beautiful districts in 'Merrie England'.

Here in these wilds lived the great Barber clan, toiling, pioneering, and 'settling the waste places'—and the spirit of our ancestors still urges their hardy descendants to blaze the first trail on the outposts of the Empire. In the eleventh and twelfth centuries the name stood high in rank and dignity, and history lauds its bearers as loyal subjects of king and country. Henry Barber, Lord of the Peak, stands foremost among those in the thirteenth century.

Certain members of the clan were with King Henry V at Agincourt, and all through English history the name appears in various forms of spelling, although the origin of the family is definitely from one stock located in Derbyshire.

The spelling takes the form of Barber, Berber, Barbor, Barbur, and Barbour; but in all cases the pronunciation was

the same. The family was settled in the villages in the Peak district. We find them at Chapel-en-le-Frith (a 'frith' is a clearing in the forest), Chinley, Tideswell, Malcoff, Edale, Eyam, Hope Norton, Barber Booth, Hathersage, and down at Castle Donnington in south Derbyshire.

An early mention of the name is a record of Richard le Barbur, of Brocton, a small hamlet in the wilds of the Peak. It was in the year 1283. Others are found at Glossop and at Darley Dale, where the Rev. John Barber was rector in 1382.

In the fifteenth century we find one of the family trekking northward and settling in the wilds of Yorkshire at the village of Doncaster, where there is an old church containing a vault, and on the ancient tombstone is inscribed:

Here lyes.

William Barbour

Sometime Honourable Merchant of Doncaster

with Isabel and Rose, his two wives,

Which William dyed A.D. MCCCCXX.

Whose souls by the Mercy of Jesus Christ

Rest in Peace

Amen.

The Barbers of Malcoff (near Chapel-en-le-Frith) owned extensive property there, and the following extract from *The Bagshawes of Ford* (p. 105) makes interesting reading.

'Susannah (the eldest sister of the Rev. William Bagshawe, M.D., of Ford Hall, the Apostle of the Peak) was baptized at Tideswell in 1642 and on 14th January 1663-4 at Chapel-en-le-Frith married William Barber, of Malcoff, Co. Derby, a gentleman of good estate and (which was much more valuable) of great piety.' He was buried at Chapel-en-le-Frith on the 15th February 1666-7.

The Barbers of Malcoff are also mentioned in the Rev. Mr. Clegg's Diary (1702-33), which speaks of Mr. Barber of Malcoff owning the dissenting meeting-place there and letting it to the congregation collected by the late 'Apostle of the Peak', the Rev. William Bagshawe, of Ford Hall, whose son Samuel was then his successor as Squire of Ford.

Other Barber families were scattered among the Lincolnshire fens, the Berkshire granaries, the Leicestershire mills, the Staffordshire potteries, and other neighbouring counties. One family at a very early period moved to London, some of them occupying high positions, among others the office of Lord Mayor. It is from them that Charles Barber, the Calcutta merchant, is descended. This man, although as far as we know *not in any way connected* with us, is a most interesting character.

As an extremely wealthy merchant of Calcutta, he owned extensive property, warehouses, shops, &c., to the value of about £300,000. He returned to London in 1799 but 'took sick and died' in an hotel at Adelphi, leaving all his property to his mother, Margaret Barber, who, unknown to him, had died a month or two before. Charles's brother George—a useless sort of a fellow—was lost in India and never traced.

The Government advertised for relatives to come and claim the money—and the clan of Barber rose as one man. Every Barber in the kingdom had a claim and, after a lot of sifting and eliminating, a certain amount was paid out in 1801, but about a quarter of a million pounds was held in Chancery. Some years afterwards a group of Barbers who claimed relationship to Charles Barber, the Calcutta merchant, fought a legal action against the Government in an attempt to get the money. It was called 'The Great Barber Case' and the poor fellows failed to prove their claim, so the Government still has Charles Barber's money—now, reckoning at compound interest, worth considerably more than £1,000,000.

It is strange that the many Barbers who are recorded in national biographies and similar works appear to fall into two classes only—artists and ministers, a few others being writers. This case is carried out in our own family, where we are all descended from an artist, Thomas Barber. His eldest son was also an artist, while another son was a parson. Even the writer cannot escape from the calling of his ancestors.

In and round about Nottingham there are several families of Barbers—one family in particular occupied many prominent

positions in the town, including that of Mayor, and even to-day there are bankers and prominent business firms under the name of Barber.

Our own family came from Derbyshire somewhere about the middle of the eighteenth century. Thomas Barber, our ancestor in that county, was born in 1729. Tradition says he was the owner of a spinning-mill, but this has not been verified in any way.

Some of his daughters were baptized at the Castle Gate Congregational Chapel, Nottingham, but as far as the family records go very little is known of the four sisters of Thomas Barber, the portrait painter. At the time of his death in 1843 two of these sisters were still living and were dependent upon their brother for support. A letter written at about that time has the following tender reference to them: 'The aunts White and Tunney will, I fear, live for ever.' When my father was in England he met a descendant of John White, who married Elizabeth Barber. The next sister married Robert Beeby, and their family was baptized at Castle Gate, Nottingham.

The portraits of Hugh Atherstone and Ann, his wife, owned by the writer, are copies by John Beeby—the originals by Thomas Barber being in the possession of Dr. Walter Atherstone. This John Beeby was the brother of Robert Beeby, who married Mary Barber. John, for a time, studied portrait painting under Thomas Barber. My father told me that when staying at an hotel in Christiana, Transvaal, he met a young man named Beeby who was a descendant of the Robert Beeby who married Mary Barber. He was unable to find out much from him as Beeby was dying of consumption.

Sarah, another sister of the artist, lived at Carrington, near Nottingham, and was alive in 1843 at the time of her brother's death. Of the last sister, Ann, nothing is known beyond the record of her birth and marriage. An old letter states that the writer did not know what had happened to Mrs. Harris, so the family must have lost touch with her after her marriage in 1785.

In the text which follows, all the principal members of the

family are dealt with separately, while those of lesser importance appear in the pedigree. Thomas Barber, the portrait painter, of course occupies first place. Those of his sons who remained in England are grouped together, but with them the family name died out, and it was only the two who came out to Africa who carried on the male line.

These two sons, Hugh and Frederick, came out to the Cape of Good Hope and founded two separate branches: the Hilton-Barbers of Hales Owen and the Barbers of Barberton. The descendants of Hugh, through his son Hilton Hilton-Barber, now form an extensive branch in the Eastern Province; while the two sons of Frederick, after farming, prospecting, and pioneering in many parts of South Africa, finally immigrated to Kenya Colony, where their descendants are still domiciled.

BARBER PEDIGREE

THOMAS BARBER, born in Derbyshire in 1729, residing in St. Mary's Parish, Nottingham. Married to Ann Tomlin (*née* Abbot), widow of William Tomlin, at St. Peter's Church, Nottingham, 24th Aug. 1762, and had the following children:

1. **ELIZABETH**. Bap. Castle Gate Chapel, Nottingham, 1763. Married at St. Peter's, Nottingham, on the 10th March 1788 to John White and had issue.
2. **ANN**. Bap. Castle Gate Chapel, Nottingham, 26th Aug. 1765. Married at St. Peter's, Nottingham, 31st July 1785 to Samuel Harris.
3. **SARAH**. Bap. Castle Gate Chapel, Nottingham, 28th April 1767. Married (by licence) at St. Peter's, Nottingham, on 21st Aug. 1792 to William Tunney.
4. **MARY**. Bap. Castle Gate Chapel, Nottingham, 1769. Married (by licence) at St. Peter's, Nottingham, 21st May 1793 to Robert Beeby and had issue.
5. **THOMAS BARBER** (*the Artist*). Born at Nottingham 28th March 1771 (baptism cannot be found). Married

The Barbers of the Peak

(by licence) at St. Nicholas' Church, Nottingham, Mary Atherstone (1769–1825), dau. of Hugh Atherstone, on 9th June 1795, and by her he had seven sons and one daughter. His second wife was Anna Elizabeth Bateman (1778–1854), widow of William Bateman. No second family. Issue:

I. *THOMAS BARBER* (Junior). Born 31st May 1796. Died 14th May 1824.

II. *HUGH ATHERSTONE BARBER*. Born in Nottingham, 25th Dec. 1799. Died in Cradock, South Africa, 3rd Feb. 1878. Married 15th Sept. 1830 to Anna, dau. of John Hoare of Derby, and had the following children:

1. *ARTHUR HUGH BARBER*, son of Hugh Barber. Born 21st Jan. 1832. Died 2nd Oct. 1842.

2. *EMILY ANN*, dau. of Hugh Barber. Born 5th July 1833. Died 1878.

3. *GRAHAM HOARE BARBER*, son of Hugh Barber. Born 1st Oct. 1835. Died Sept. 1888.

4. *CATHERINE*, dau. of Hugh Barber. Born 27th Dec. 1837. Married Adolphus Claremont and had issue:

(a) Edgehill Claremont.

(b) Constance Claremont, m. Capt. Addington.

(c) Cuthbert Claremont, m. — Curtis.

(d) Katie Claremont, m. — Anderson.

(e) Ida Claremont, m. — Sawyer.

5. *FREDERICK GUYBON BARBER*, son of Hugh Barber. Born 30th Dec. 1838. Died 1st Sept. 1925. Married Isabel Mackintosh and had one son:

Maxwell Barber. Died young.

6. *ANN MARIA*, dau. of Hugh Barber. Born 7th March 1840. Married Frank Holland and had two sons and five daughters:

(a) Maud Holland.

(b) Amy Holland, m. A. Dennis Buckeridge (issue).

(c) Minnie Holland, m. A. Brown.

- (d) Winifred Holland, m. H. Green.
- (e) Frank Holland, m. Ada Fielding.
- (f) Sybil Holland, m. Louis Manisty.
- (g) Guy Holland.

7. HILTON HILTON-BARBER, son of Hugh Barber. Born 28th Feb. 1842. Died 6th Sept. 1928. Married firstly in 1866 Fanny, dau. of Dr. John Atherstone, and had five sons and five daughters. He married secondly in 1887 Alice, dau. of Major Boys. No second family. His children are:

(1) HARRY ATHERSTONE HILTON-BARBER. Born 4th Sept. 1867. Married Celia Andrews in Feb. 1910 and has three sons and one daughter.

- (a) Joan Hilton-Barber. Born 24th Dec. 1910.
- (b) Maurice Hilton-Barber. Born 8th Aug. 1912.
- (c) Roger Hilton-Barber. Born 2nd July 1914.
- (d) Geoffrey Hilton-Barber. Born 29th March 1920.

(2) SYDNEY HILTON BARBER. Born 20th March 1869. Died in England 1907. Married Zema Horwood. (No issue.)

(3) FLORENCE GRANT HILTON-BARBER. Born 31st Aug. 1870. Married Sydney Gilfillan and has six children:

- (a) Basil Gilfillan.
- (b) Avice Gilfillan.
- (c) Kathleen Gilfillan.
- (d) Phillis Gilfillan.
- (e) Gordon Gilfillan.
- (f) Geoffrey Gilfillan.

(4) HUGH MONTAGUE HILTON-BARBER. Born 15th Oct. 1872. Married Harriet Silcock and has two sons and three daughters:

- (a) Harold Montague Hilton-Barber. Born 21st Nov. 1904. Married Ellen Mary St. Leger. They have a son, Guy Montague Hilton-Barber, born 22nd Jan. 1932.

The Barbers of the Peak

- (b) Alice Mary Hilton-Barber. Born 1st Sept. 1907. Married on 28th April 1931 James Blair-Smith.
 - (c) Thomas George Hilton-Barber. Born 19th Feb. 1910. Married on 16th April 1932 Inez Hester Bowen Williams.
 - (d) Fanny Ellen Hilton-Barber. Born 26th Jan. 1912.
 - (e) Elizabeth Evelyn Hilton-Barber. Born 26th July 1915.
- (5) MARY ATHERSTONE HILTON-BARBER. Born 22nd June 1874. Married Geoffrey Antrobus, son of John Coutts Antrobus, and has :
- (a) Phillip Antrobus.
 - (b) Dorothy Antrobus.
 - (c) Mary Antrobus.
 - (d) Crawford Antrobus.
- (6) IDA MILDRED HILTON-BARBER. Born 13th Sept. 1875. Died 11th May 1898.
- (7) ETHEL ATHERSTONE HILTON-BARBER. Born 31st March 1878.
- (8) CHARLES EVELYN HILTON-BARBER. Born 25th Sept. 1879. Married on 20th Aug. 1904 May Anderson and has one son :
- Cyril Hilton-Barber. Born 7th July 1905.
- (9) GRAHAM ATHERSTONE HILTON-BARBER. Born 1st June 1881. Married Gretchin Uhlig and has three sons and two daughters :
- (a) Marguerite Hilton-Barber. Born 7th May 1906.
 - (b) Hilton Hilton-Barber. Born 14th Sept. 1908.
 - (c) Sydney Hilton-Barber. Born 3rd Dec. 1909.
 - (d) Graham Hilton-Barber. Born 20th Oct. 1912.
 - (e) Mary Evelyn Hilton-Barber. Born 11th Sept. 1921.

(10) FANNY ATHERSTONE HILTON-BARBER. Born 15th Sept. 1882. Married Thomas Hobson and has one daughter:

Patricia Hobson. Born 7th Nov. 1916.

8. FRANCES HARRIET BARBER, dau. of Hugh Barber. Born 6th July 1844. Died 1931. Married in 1876 John Ebden (b. 1847, d. 1933) and had issue:

- (a) Marian Ebden. Born 9th April 1877. Married H. B. Cumming.
- (b) Zima Ebden. Born 26th July 1878. Married Ernest Cockbain.
- (c) Kathleen Ebden. Born 11th Dec. 1879. Married Colin Corser.
- (d) Alfred Ebden. Born 8th Oct. 1881. Married Mary L. Hayter.
- (e) Guy Ebden. Born 1883. Died 1888.
- (f) Constance Ebden. Born 6th June 1885. Married in 1927 Thos. T. Hoole.
- (g) Graham Ebden. Born 1st Dec. 1888. Married Ruby Cannon.

III. HENRY BARBER. Born at Nottingham 28th May 1801. Died 9th Jan. 1878. Married on 19th Feb. 1828 Hannah Mary, dau. of Jonathan Atherstone, and had issue:

- (a) A son who died in infancy.
- (b) MARY BARBER. Born 2nd Feb. 1832. Died at Amenias (U.S.A.) 1848.
- (c) ELIZABETH BARBER. Born 9th Aug. 1834. Died 19th Aug. 1834.
- (d) AMENIAS BARBER. Born 10th June 1837. Died about 1912.

IV. ANNE ATHERSTONE BARBER. Born in Nottingham 21st Dec. 1802. Died in Derby 21st Dec. 1819.

V. JOSEPH BARBER. Born in Nottingham 28th May 1804. Died 9th Dec. 1872. Had issue—four daughters. One was named Violetta, rest unknown.

The Barbers of the Peak

VI. *ALFRED BARBER*. Born 16th July 1805. Died in infancy.

VII. *ALFRED BARBER*. Born in Nottingham 19th March 1809. Died in Bristol 1884. Married Elizabeth, dau. of John Gill, and had one son and four daughters:

1. *ALFRED GILL BARBER*. Born 17th May 1832. Died 2nd June 1832.

2. *MARY FRANCES BARBER*. Born 21st Aug. 1833. Died 1861.

3. *HELEN MARIA BARBER*. Born 23rd Oct. 1834. Died 1915. Married in 1862 Alfred Darvall (1829-89) and had issue:

(a) Mary Helen Darvall. Born 1864.

(b) Laurence Alfred Darvall. Born 1866. Died 1900.

(c) Henry Lancelot Darvall. Born 1868.

4. *EMILY ADA BARBER*. Born 11th June 1837. Died 9th Feb. 1924. Married John Sherrard Smart and had issue:

Kathleen Maud Atherstone Smart (unmarried).

5. *FLORENCE AMENIA BARBER*. Born 2nd Jan. 1843. Died 7th Feb. 1843.

VIII. *FREDERICK WILLIAM BARBER*. Born in Nottingham 20th May 1813. Died in Grahamstown, S.A., 2nd Jan. 1892. Married in 1845 Mary Elizabeth, dau. of Miles Bowker, and had two sons and one daughter:

1. *FREDERICK HUGH BARBER*, son of Frederick Barber. Born 8th Jan. 1847. Died 17th May 1919. Married in 1898 Eira Rebecca Evans and had one son:

THOMAS HENRY REX BARBER. Born 7th Sept. 1903. Married on 30th Dec. 1927, at Mombasa, Elsie May Chiverton.

2. *HENRY MITFORD BARBER* afterwards (MITFORD-BARBERTON). Born 7th Sept. 1850. Died 25th May 1920. Married in 1894, at Bathurst, S.A., Mary Layard

(1863-1928), dau. of Thos. Holden Bowker, M.L.A., and had four sons:

(1) IVAN GRAHAM MITFORD-BARBERTON. Born 1st Feb. 1896. Married on 27th Aug. 1921, at Nairobi, Cecile, dau. of Thos. T. Hoole, and has issue:

(a) Elaine Mitford-Barborton. Born 14th Aug. 1923.

(b) Roland Atherstone Mitford-Barborton. Born at Eldoret 3rd Nov. 1927.

(c) Michael Francis Alfred Mitford-Barborton. Born at Capetown 12th April 1932.

(2) RAYMOND BERNERS MITFORD-BARBERTON. Born in Grahamstown 1st Aug. 1897. Married on 25th July 1923 at Kitale to Norah Millicent dau. of J. Fleming-Nisbet and has issue:

(a) Gareth de Bohun Mitford-Barborton. Born at Kitale 9th Feb. 1925.

(b) Hazel Valerie Mitford-Barborton. Born at Kitale 24th July 1928.

(3) THANE RENSHAW MITFORD-BARBERTON. Born at Durban 2nd July 1901.

(4) ALBAN MCGOWAN MITFORD-BARBERTON. Born at Port Alfred 9th Dec. 1904.

3. MARY ELLEN (Highlie) BARBER, dau. of Frederick Barber. Born 14th Sept. 1853 in Grahamstown. Married on 21st July 1878 Alexander Cumming Bailie and has four sons and four daughters:

(1) Frederick Alexander Hope Bailie. Born 29th Sept. 1879. Married Estelle Hope Bailie.

(2) Sydney Mitford Hope Bailie. Born 14th Sept. 1881. Married Margery Sutherland and has one son:

John Alexander Hope Bailie. Born 3rd Feb. 1929.

(3) Archibald Bowker Hope Bailie. Born 21st Oct.

The Barbers of the Peak

1884. Married Frances Richardson and has issue:

- (a) Frances Hope Bailie.
- (b) Alexander Hope Bailie.
- (c) Daphne Hope Bailie.

(4) Gladys Mary Hope Bailie. Born 13th Aug. 1888. Married in 1910 Henry (Peter) Percy Cobb and has one daughter:

Joan Evelyn Mary Cobb. Born 1911.

(5) John Hougher Hope Bailie. Born 17th Oct. 1890. Married in 1929 Audrey Shillito and has issue:

- (a) Barbara Hope Bailie. Born 16th Jan. 1930.
- (b) Michael Hope Bailie. Born 27th May 1931.

(6) Helen Highlie Hope Bailie. Born 30th May 1892. Married in 1915 Evan Allan Cameron (d. 1927) and has one daughter:

Rosemary Cameron. Born 19th March 1917.

(7) Frances Annesley Hope Bailie. Born 12th March 1894. Married in 1914 Francis Beckford Gough and has two sons and one daughter:

- (a) Phyllis Caroline Mary Gough.
- (b) Francis Michael Gough.
- (c) Peter Beckford Gough.

(8) Dorothy Amelia Hope Bailie. Born 17th Dec. 1900. Married in 1928 Cecil Gerard Burge. Another daughter, Norah Hope Bailie, died in infancy.

NOTES



THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

LIBRARY



THOMAS BARBER

from a self-portrait

CHAPTER II

THOMAS BARBER

Portrait Painter. 1771-1843

IN the dim past the names and faces of our ancestors have faded away; the solitary record in some musty church register or the time-worn inscription on a moss-grown tombstone brings back to us the names of a few forgotten members of our family.

They stand merely as names on the roll, the last faint links on the edge of the unknown, their whole lives, their troubles and joys and self-importance are all concentrated in the small record that they died on a certain day.

But the noble figure of Thomas Barber, the artist, stands out clearly against the past. From the many portraits that have been handed down to us his handsome face and kindly expression are well known to all his far-scattered pioneering descendants. Looking back to him, his fine character and affectionate nature represent to us all the necessary qualities of a true English gentleman, and we are proud to be descended from him. Born in Nottingham on the 28th March 1771, he was the only son of Thomas and Ann Barber, and the youngest of their family.

No one can imagine the time, trouble, and money I have spent in endeavouring to find a record of his birth or baptism. Since 1919, when I first seriously commenced writing this history of the family, I have been making every effort to trace this. All the old church registers in Nottingham have been searched and those in Derby too; the Moravian records in these counties and in London, the old school records, and the Heralds' College are only a few of the important places that have been searched in vain. After reading countless old letters I eventually found that the artist had four sisters, Elizabeth, Ann, Sarah, and Mary, and it was by discovering the record of their baptisms that the name of the artist's father, which had baffled me for ten years, was found at last.

On supplying the information to the Heralds' College they admitted that the evidence was strong enough to accept as being correct.

Early in life Thomas exhibited considerable talent and subsequently studied in London at the studio of Sir Thomas Lawrence, but probably before the latter was elected President of the Royal Academy with its accompanying knighthood. He soon became a keen follower of Lawrence, as will be noted from the similarity in their styles, and it is stated that during their friendship they painted portraits of each other, but what became of these nothing is known.

Thomas Barber married Mary Atherstone of Brewhouse Yard, an Extra Parochial Place adjoining the Parish of St. Nicholas. She was the second daughter of Hugh and Ann Atherstone, a well-known and highly respected Nottingham family. The marriage is recorded in the register of the church of St. Nicholas, Nottingham, on the 9th June 1795.

The artist is there mentioned as belonging to the Parish of St. Peter's, but later we find him as a member of the Independent Church. In 1837 a Thomas Barber (probably the artist) was one of the Deacons of the James Street Independent Church, of which the Rev. John Wild was the Pastor. This gentleman witnessed the artist's will in 1842 and also inherited some of his paintings, of which more anon.

By his first wife Thomas Barber had the following children :

- Thomas, born 1798.
- Hugh Atherstone, born 1799.
- Henry, born 1801.
- Ann Atherstone, born 1803.
- Joseph, born 1804.
- Alfred, born 1805. Died in infancy.
- Alfred, born 1808.
- Frederick William, born 1813.

With the exception of the last, the above were all baptized in the Castle Gate Congregational Chapel, Nottingham.

During my searchings after family history I paid a visit



MRS. THOMAS BARBER
from a painting by THOMAS BARBER

to Mr. C. T. Tallent-Bateman of Chapel-en-le-Frith, who kindly gave me what information he could concerning the artist's life and character. He was firmly convinced that the artist belonged to the United Brethren (Moravians), but in this he was mistaken.

His wife, Mary Atherstone, was a Moravian, and Thomas Barber appears to have been closely associated with members of this church and entertained them frequently at his house in Nottingham; also to have painted portraits of all the contemporary Moravian bishops and leading ministers, including Bishop Clemens and Sister Clemens.

Some time after the death of his first wife, Mary, which took place in Derby on 25th September 1825, the artist married Anna Elizabeth Bateman, widow of William Bateman. She had three daughters and a son by her first husband, but there was no second family. The son, Ignatius Bateman, was the father of Chas. T. Tallent-Bateman mentioned above. This family also belonged to the Moravian Church.

Mr. Tallent-Bateman told me that some time in the 'eighties he stayed for an Easter holiday at the famous inn, 'The Green Man and Black's Head', Ashbourne, and he became friendly with the aged landlord there, who told him that he had known the artist very well and that the latter had paid lengthy visits to the inn when he was painting the Fitz-Herbert pictures. Sometimes the artist had stayed at Norbury Hall, near Ashbourne, while executing these commissions.

The old landlord of the inn confirmed what Mr. Bateman's father and Sister Clemens had stated—that the artist was an extremely handsome man, standing well over six feet in height, and of a very dignified aspect and graceful step.

He was also a good dancer, and played the organ, harp, and flute well; the latter instrument was for many years in the possession of the Bateman family. Old letters also mention that he wrote poetry. If he exhibited these other talents to the same degree as he did his portrait painting, he must have been a very accomplished man.

It is interesting to record that Thomas Barber twice refused

a knighthood, preferring the more rural existence of Nottingham and Derby to the honours offered him in London.

Therefore, although his talent ranked high with other artists of his time, his work is not so widely known, although he was certainly celebrated in the Midlands, where he practised, and many of the noble families there have portraits executed by him.

He practised his art in Nottingham until about 1819, when he moved to Derby, and during this time, in pursuance of commissions, he visited all or most of the mansions in the neighbourhood, including those in the Dukeries (Nottinghamshire).

Mr. Tallent-Bateman gave me the following list of places at which the artist painted :

Welbeck Abbey (Duke of Portland).

Clumber Park (Duke of Newcastle).

Worksop Manor (Duke of Norfolk). Here every one of his paintings was consumed in the disastrous fire which brought the mansion to ruin.

At Chatsworth he painted several portraits of the Cavendishes (Duke of Devonshire) and Manners portraits at Belvoir Castle (Duke of Rutland). He is also known to have painted for the following families :

Denman of Nottingham.

Saville of Rufford Abbey.

Arkwright of Wellesley Castle, &c.

Muster of Annersley Park, Notts.

Curzon of ?

Chandos-Pole of Park Hall, Chesterfield.

Jervais of Quordon Hall, Derby.

Strutt of Belper.

Walker of Osmanton Hall.

Earl Ferrers of Ashby-de-la-Zouch.

Fitz-Herbert Wright of Alfreton, Derby.

Earl Spencer of Althorp.

Bagshawe of Ford Hall.

Bagshawe of Wormhill Hall.

A painting representing 'The Agony in the Garden', which for some time formed the altar-piece in St. Peter's Parish Church, Nottingham (but now placed near the tower entrance), is by Thomas Barber and was presented by him to the church. When I was in Nottingham at Easter, 1925, I saw this picture; it is very large, about 8 feet square, painted on wood, but unfortunately is now so dark that only the head of Christ is discernible.

I was told that another painting had been given by the artist to the church at Edwalton, near Nottingham.

In the Art Gallery, Nottingham Castle, are the following paintings by Thomas Barber:

Miss Elizabeth Hoare of Derby, afterwards Mrs. John Rawson-Walker. 1826.

John Rawson-Walker, artist of Nottingham, 1796-1873, by Thomas Barber (Jun.). 1822.

Thomas Barber (self-portrait). 1841.

Henry Kirk-White, 1785-1806. Poet. Native of Nottingham.

Thomas Stevenson, Sen., 1792-1873.

Jonathan Dunn, 1771-1857. Sheriff of Nottingham, 1795. Coroner 1816. Painted about 1815.

William Cartwright.

Lord Denman. Lord Chief Justice 1832-50. M.P. Nottingham 1820-6, 1830-2.

Also these landscapes:

The Trent at Wilford.

The Cow Drinks.

Lenton from Nottingham Park.

Several of these pictures were presented to the Art Gallery by R. T. Wild, Esq., the son of the Rev. John Wild, who, it will be remembered, witnessed the artist's will, and also inherited some of his paintings.

From the account of the Exhibition of Thomas Barber's pictures held in Nottingham in 1893 it will be seen that there are still a large number of them in existence in England,

but the following list is of portraits actually owned by different members of the family :

| <i>Subject.</i> | <i>Owner.</i> |
|--------------------------------------|------------------------|
| Thomas Barber (self-portrait) | I. Mitford-Barberton |
| Mary Atherstone (Mrs. Ed. Damant) | „ |
| Zachariah Atherstone | „ |
| Hugh Atherstone (copy by John Beeby) | „ |
| Ann Atherstone (copy by John Beeby) | „ |
| Thomas Barber (self-portrait) | T. Rex Barber |
| Tom Barber (Jun.) | „ |
| Mary Barber (Mrs. Thos. Barber) | „ |
| Ann Barber (dau. of Thos. Barber) | „ |
| Frederick William Barber | „ |
| Tom Barber (self-portrait) | H. M. Hilton-Barber |
| Thomas Barber (self-portrait) | Kathleen Smart |
| Mary Barber (Mrs. Thos. Barber) | „ |
| Alfred and Ann Barber | „ |
| Hugh Atherstone | Dr. Walter Atherstone |
| Ann Atherstone | „ |
| Alfred Barber | Mary and Henry Darvall |
| Mrs. John Gill | „ „ |
| Boy with a Pitcher | „ „ |
| Hugh Barber | Gray Hilton-Barber |
| Mrs. Hugh Barber | Monty Hilton-Barber |
| Hugh Atherstone | Ethel Hilton-Barber |
| Mrs. Hugh Atherstone | Fanny Hobson |
| Thomas Barber | Gray Hilton-Barber |
| Mrs. Thomas Barber | „ |
| Henry Barber | „ |
| Mrs. Henry Barber | Charlie Hilton-Barber |
| Anne Barber | Gray Hilton-Barber |

| <i>Subject.</i> | <i>Owner.</i> |
|--------------------|-----------------------|
| Tom Barber | Monty Hilton-Barber |
| Thomas Barber | Charlie Hilton-Barber |
| Mrs. Thomas Barber | „ |

Hugh Barber had a portrait of Anne, daughter of Thomas Barber, which he sold to Henry Wood of Grahamstown. On the latter's death it was sold by public auction and bought by a Mrs. Peacock. I tried to buy it from her, but she refuses to part with it.

Thomas Barber appears in Redgrave's *Dictionary of Artists of the English School*, where it states that he came to London and studied under Sir Thomas Lawrence.

'He practised in Nottingham about 1810 and in that and the following years was a contributor at the Royal Academy. In 1819 he was residing at Derby and exhibited at the Academy a portrait of Mrs. Siddons, in 1823 two portraits of young ladies, in 1824 "The Sisters".

'In 1829 he was still residing at Derby and was for the last time a contributor to the exhibition.

'He was well known and encouraged in the Midland Counties and is said to have made a considerable sum by his profession.'

Unfortunately the above account does not give the names of all the portraits exhibited at the Academy, for in 1828 he exhibited at the Royal Academy his famous picture of Lt.-Col. Desbrowe, M.P., Vice-Chamberlain to Queen Charlotte.

Among the many other persons of high rank in society, art, and literature whose portraits were painted by the artist was the poet James Montgomery, whom the artist painted in 1824 on the invitation of the Sheffield Literary and Philosophical Society. A full account of this picture appears in vol. iv of Holland and Everett's *Memoirs of James Montgomery*, and the following extract is taken from it:

'Mr. Barber, an artist from Derby, being on a professional visit to Sheffield this summer, it was suggested to some of the members of the Literary and Philosophical Society—by

a lady, we believe—that an opportunity was afforded for obtaining a portrait of their president; and thus at once paying an appropriate compliment to the poet, and providing an ornament for their museum.

‘A meeting of the members was held to consider the subject, at which Dr. Knight proposed and Mr. Everett seconded a resolution to the effect that a full-length portrait of Mr. Montgomery should be painted by Mr. Barber: the stipulated price, one hundred and fifty guineas, to be raised by subscription.

‘Aug. 5. The artist began the picture in the large room at the Toutine Inn, which was gratuitously lent for the occasion.

‘During the entire progress of the painting, which occupied about seven days, Mr. Everett was present at the sittings; he thus not only watched the development of the portrait, suggesting various improvements in detail, but he devised all the accessories, and what was more important, kept alive by his conversation that expression of countenance which was in the issue, so successfully fixed on the canvas.

‘When the picture was finished, as the room destined for its ultimate reception at the Music Hall was not ready, it was confined to the care of Mr. Everett who determined to allow it to be seen at his house in Market Place.

‘Between fifteen and sixteen hundred persons including most of Montgomery’s more respectable townspeople availed themselves of this “private view”.

‘As Mr. Everett was about to leave Sheffield for London he determined, before parting with the picture, to treat the public with a sight of it—for this purpose placing it opposite a large window fronting the street.

‘This experiment was *too successful* to be risked for more than a single day, during which thousands crowded to the exhibition, and most of them, often in terms more expressive than refined, avowing their admiration of the “vera effigies” of one whom they so generally knew and so highly respected.’

The head was copied for an engraving which accompanied a memoir of Montgomery published in 1828.

Thomas Barber was held in such high esteem and his work so admired that in 1893, fifty years after his death, a Special Exhibition of his paintings and those of John Rawson-Walker, a landscape painter, also a native of Nottingham, was held in the Art Gallery, Nottingham Castle. I believe there are several of the catalogues of this Special Exhibition in the possession of the family, but it is as well to mention a few particulars concerning it.

A committee, with Mr. Harry Wallis, the curator of the Nottingham Art Gallery, got the collection together, and people who possessed pictures kindly lent them from all parts of the country, and of course those in the permanent collection at the castle were included.

Lord Middleton kindly lent several portraits of his (the Willoughby) family, and many other pictures were obtained from the noble families mentioned earlier.

Miss Amenia Barber, then of Leek—now of Heaven—lent several portraits which have since been inherited by Hilton-Barber and his branch of the family.

The biographical notes from which I have made extracts were supplied by Mr. C. T. Tallent-Bateman of Chapel-en-le-Frith.

The following is taken from *The Nottingham Daily Express* of Friday, 24th February 1893.

A NEW EXHIBITION AT THE CASTLE

THE WORKS OF BARBER AND RAWSON-WALKER

No collection of paintings ever exhibited at the Castle has afforded more diversified interest than is likely to be aroused by the works which it will be the privilege of the public to inspect for the first time to-day.

The permanent collection of the Nottingham Castle Museum may contain paintings by men of greater repute than the artists whose work is now collected in the Long Gallery; the new works brought together at intervals in the course of each year may more adequately represent the various schools of modern art; the Local Artists' Exhibitions may

attract a larger number of those among us who aspire to create as well as to appreciate, but this collection of the works by Rawson-Walker and Thomas Barber, natives of Nottingham, will have wider interests than any of these.

For in bringing together the works of these two men Mr. Wallis has but filled the task of re-creating forgotten and long-lost entities.

He has made Nottingham conscious for the first time of having produced two distinguished artists, whose renown, if based on the merit of their achievements, would be little short of national.

The men were in part contemporaries; they were friends, they attained distinction in different branches of art and their subjects, whether in portraiture or landscape painting, are full of local interest.

Here, surely, are all the elements that could give a lasting value to any collection of pictures. The pity is that the exhibition is but for a time; it cannot remain, and soon the existence of these Nottingham artists will be forgotten again, or find a record only in the dry catalogue of their collected works.

The visitor has only to walk the length of the gallery to be at once assured of the merit of these pictures and closer examination of them serves but to deepen the impression.

Barber was a portrait painter and over 70 of his portraits are included in the collection. Many of the older residents of Nottingham will be able to judge for themselves of the fidelity of the portraits as likenesses, for among Barber's sitters were some of the well-known Nottingham worthies.

As works of art, the value of the portraits is assessed by connoisseurs as very high indeed. In almost every canvas the treatment attains the same high standard of excellence. The artist has caught and fixed some transient expression that not only gives life to the portrait, but character to the subject, so that the collection affords a study in all varieties of human nature.

No wonder that such a painter should have been esteemed

in his own inner circle of artist friends as worthy of the highest honour they could bestow.

Barber's modesty alone was the effectual bar to his obtaining the rank of Academician. To qualify for admission to the Royal Academy he would have had to reside in London, but not even the glittering prospect of one day succeeding his tutor Lawrence in the Presidency could tempt him from retirement in his Midland home.

The press report continues with biographical notes of the two artists and a long description of the pictures.

On the same date *The Nottingham Daily Guardian* also published an interesting account of the exhibition under the title of 'Local Art at Nottingham Castle', wherein it drew attention to the outstanding merit of Thomas Barber's work.

The artist lived for some years on Standard Hill, Nottingham, presumably from the time of his marriage until he moved to Derby, and it was here that Frederick Wm. Barber was born in 1813.

From 1819 to 1829 Thomas Barber was living and practising in Derby, where he had a house at Friar Gate and later at 15 Green Lane. It was while he was living in this town that he lost his wife Mary and two of his children Anne and Tom; they were buried in the family vault at Brookside Chapel. All trace of this vault has disappeared.

On his return to Nottingham in 1829 the artist lived with his second wife and her daughters at a house in the Derby road until 1833 or later, and when Nottingham Park was opened up as a building area he moved to this beautiful estate. His house was called 'Parkside', and it was here that he died on the 12th September 1843 in his 73rd year, and was interred in the Nottingham General Cemetery.

I visited his grave when in Nottingham in 1925 and had it cleaned up; it was then in fairly good condition. The grave is No. 830 and is against the wall near the right-hand top corner of the cemetery, opposite the main entrance from the Derby road. A weeping ash grows over the grave, which is

covered by a large, flat stone level with the ground, bearing the following inscription.

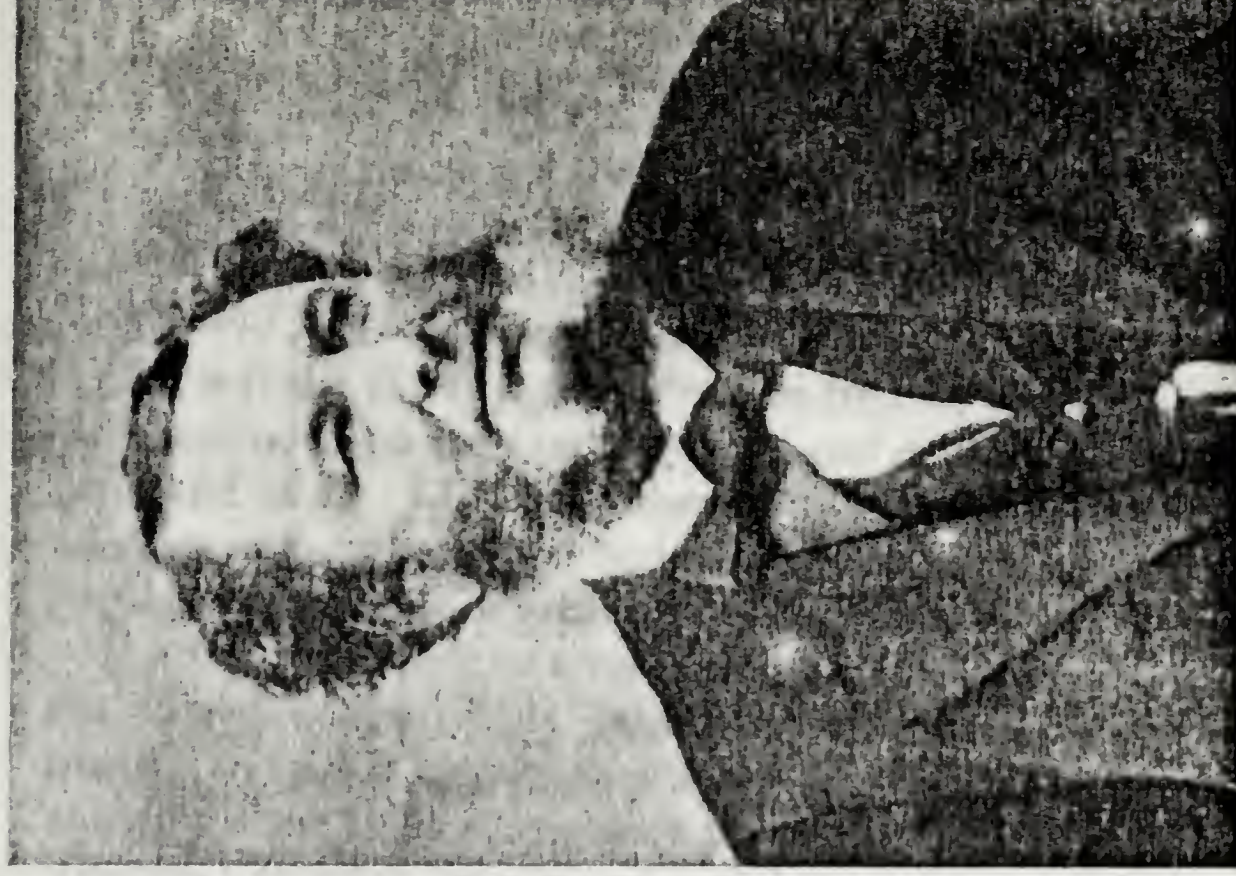
SACRED
to the Memory of
THOS. BARBER, Artist
who departed this life the 12th day
of September 1843 in the 73rd year
of his age.
Precious in the sight of the
Lord is the death of his saints.
Here rest inshrined the sacred dust
Waiting to hear the trumpet sound when
Summoned graves give up their trust.

I have a copy of his will, obtained from York, and in this the artist left his house, personal effects and pictures, &c., to his wife for her lifetime. She died on the 31st December 1854, aged 86, and was buried in the Abney Park Cemetery, and the house was then sold and the proceeds divided between the sons Henry and Joseph, it being stated in the artist's will that the other sons had already received their shares.

The pictures, or most of them, were divided among the sons, but the rest of the household effects came into the possession of the Bateman family, and it was from Mr. C. T. Tallent-Bateman that I obtained a self-portrait of Thomas Barber and a number of landscape pencil sketches done by the artist in the years 1803 and 1804. These drawings are executed with the greatest care and precision and show how sincere he was in everything that he did, for 'art is long and life is short'.



TOM BARBER
from a painting by THOMAS BARBER



JOSEPH BARBER
son of THOMAS BARBER

CHAPTER III

THE BARBERS OF NOTTINGHAM

Tom, Henry, Anne, Joe, and Alfred

THOMAS BARBER (*Junior*), 1796-1824

HE was the eldest son of Thomas Barber, the artist, and was born on the 31st May 1796 and died in 1824 at the early age of 28. Like his father he possessed considerable talent as a portrait painter, and but for his early death would probably have made a great name for himself.

It is presumed that he commenced his studies in art under the able direction of his father, but he must have subsequently trained in London, for at one time he was living and studying there. His father, who was a personal friend of Sir Thomas Lawrence, may quite possibly have obtained for him a place in the latter's studio.

In the Art Gallery and Museum, Nottingham, there is a finely executed portrait by Tom Barber of John Rawson-Walker, the landscape painter. When I saw this portrait in 1925 I was struck by the wonderful skill and workmanship, and I feel convinced that if he had lived longer he would have become famous.

Monty Hilton-Barber has an unfinished self-portrait of Tom Barber, and Rex Barber has a fine portrait of him painted by his father Thomas. In a letter from Mrs. Thomas Barber to Henry, dated 1823, she states that Tom was busy at work portrait-painting and that he had his own exhibition room. The letter is written from Derby at the time that Thomas Barber was living there, and it appears from the context that Tom's studio was also in this town. She says that if he could only get enough orders he could easily make £500 a year, and adds that he was a very slow painter, possibly overlooking the fact that *ars longa vita brevis* and that if a thing is worth doing it is worth doing well.

Tom was a good singer and he had a wonderful voice. He used to sing Thomas Moore's melodies with such depth of

The Barbers of Nottingham

feeling that he brought tears to the eyes of his listeners. He never married, though the letter mentioned above (1823), states that at that time he was paying much attention to his cousin, Miss Beeby.

Poor Tom! From all accounts he seems to have been a good fellow and loved by all, but he died in Nottingham on the 14th May 1824 from inflammation of the lungs. His body was brought to Derby and buried in the Barber vault at Brookside Chapel.

THE REV. HENRY BARBER

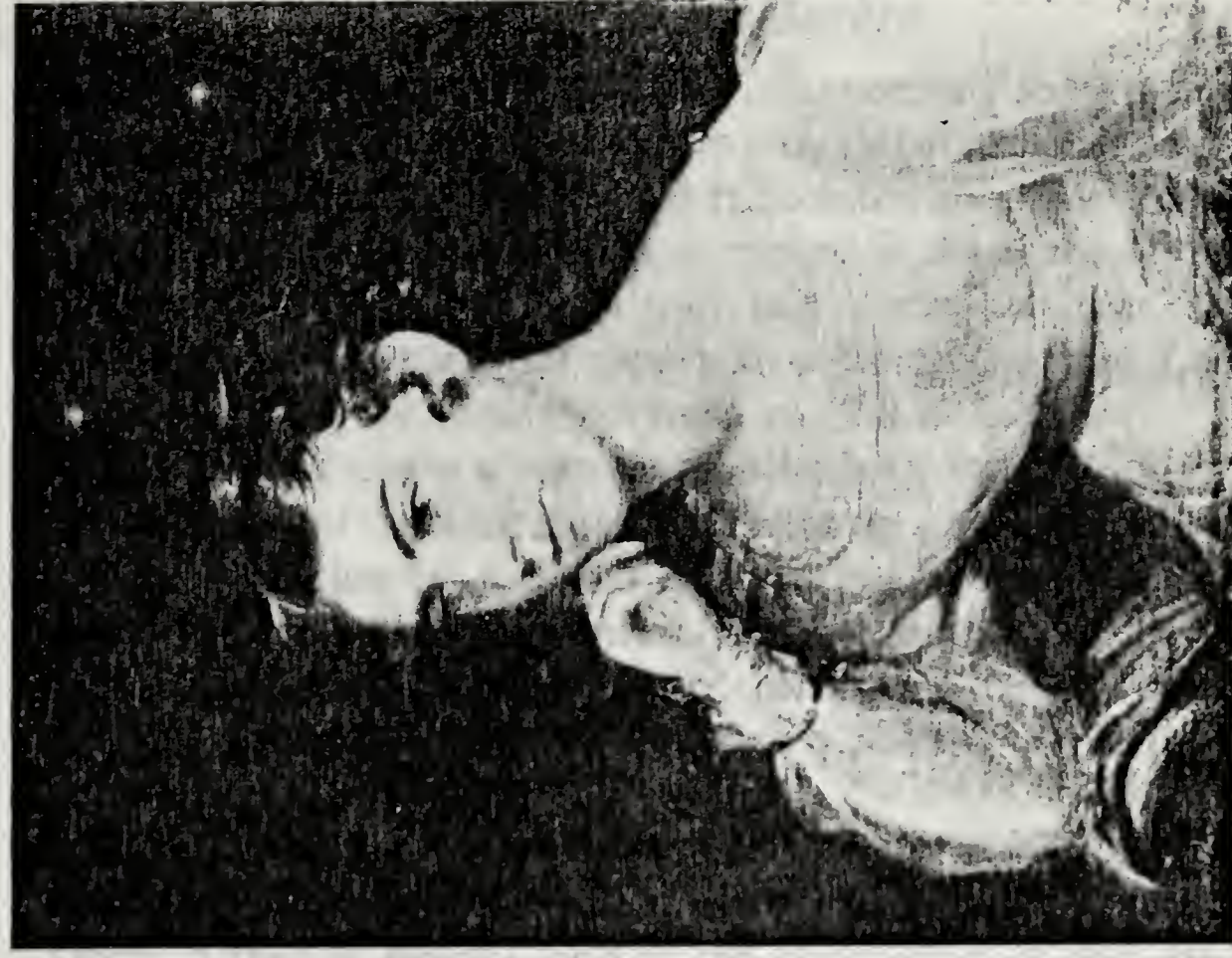
He is the only parson in the Barber family; the third son of Thomas Barber, the artist, and was born in Nottingham on the 28th May 1801, and his baptism is recorded in the Castle Gate Congregational (or Independent) Chapel, Nottingham, on the 17th November 1801.

Following in the same line of thought as his father, who was at one time a Deacon of the James Street Congregational Chapel, Henry became a Congregational or Independent Minister. I do not know where he studied but believe it was at Wymordly College, near Stevenage, Herts., for several letters were addressed to him at this place, the year being 1823, when Henry was 22 years of age.

At Leicester on the 19th February 1828 he married Hannah Mary, daughter of Jonathan Atherstone (son of William Atherstone), and by her he had two daughters—Mary, who died at the age of 16, and Amenia, who never married and who died at Leek, Staffordshire, in 1912 at about the age of 75.

The Rev. Henry Barber, shortly after his marriage, immigrated to America as a missionary, and both his children were born there. He settled at a place called Amenia, Dutchess County, in the State of New York. I have been told that his mission station was called Amenia and that eventually a town sprang up round it and that his second daughter was named after the place.

He possessed considerable town property there which eventually became very valuable, and on his death it was



REV. HENRY BARBER AND HIS WIFE HANNAH (*née* ATHERSTONE)

from paintings by THOMAS BARBER

bequeathed to his daughter Amenias. Apparently some solicitors got hold of it and she wrote to my father asking him to come to America and try to get it back for her—she would not pay any expenses or offer any reward in the event of this venture being successful, so they had a row and that was the end of it. She left her money to a Home for Stray Cats and Dogs and the family portraits to Hilton Barber.

However, she was a very useful member of the family for all that, saved innumerable old letters, and had a very wide knowledge of the family history. I have used her notes and letters most extensively in compiling this book, and as I have subsequently been able to substantiate most of the information, on the whole they should be tolerably correct.

In 1857 Amenias came over from America and lived for a time with relations in England, staying for a while with her Uncle Alfred at Bristol, and at the conclusion of this visit returned to her parents in America.

She also paid a visit to South Africa, staying with my grandfather Frederick and his wife at 'Highlands'. While in the 'Sunny South' she made a number of water-colour sketches, some of which were left at her death to Bertram White of Bedford.

Henry had studied painting in Nottingham before he joined the Church, and Amenias inherited her artistic talent from her father and grandfather.

There is a water-colour painting of a soldier by Henry Barber in the Art Gallery, Nottingham Castle.

Little is known of Henry Barber's activities in America. He strongly opposed slavery in the States and some of his letters to the papers are still in existence.

In May 1842 his father Thomas was seriously ill, and, as they did not expect him to live long, Alfred wrote to Henry imploring him to come over and see his father before he died. He came over in a sailing-ship in July 1842, the journey occupying twenty-six days from New York, and on his arrival in Nottingham, instead of finding his father dead and buried as he fully expected, Thomas Barber had almost

completely recovered. After spending a few months with the family he returned to New York in the latter end of 1842 in the packet-ship *Montreal*.

Later in life (1859) he and his wife Hannah returned to their native land and lived at No. 10 Westbourne Park, Bayswater, London, but from there they moved to Leek in Staffordshire.

The Rev. Henry Barber died there on the 9th January 1878.

ANNE ATHERSTONE BARBER

She was the fourth child and only daughter of Thomas Barber, the artist, and was born in Nottingham on the 21st December 1802 and baptized in the Congregational Chapel in Nottingham. Very little is known of her, although there are several portraits of her painted by her father.

In the winter of 1819 she was travelling by coach from Nottingham to Derby when the coach broke down, and they were forced to spend the night on the road. A heavy snow-storm overtook them, and from the cold and exposure of this night spent in the broken-down coach Anne contracted inflammation of the lungs which resulted in her death in Derby on her seventeenth birthday. She was buried in the family vault built by her father in the cemetery of Brookside Chapel, Derby.

This Brookside Chapel was subsequently taken down and a new Congregational Church built on the site. During the building operations the Barber vault and tombstone must have been removed, for grandfather Frederick William was unable to find any trace of it when he visited Derby in 1879.

Grandfather states that his mother, sister Anne, and brother Tom were all buried in this vault.

JOSEPH BARBER

He was the fourth son of Thomas Barber, the artist, and was born in Nottingham on the 28th May 1804, and his baptism is recorded in the Castle Gate Congregational Chapel there.

I have not been able to discover where he was educated, but he finally studied at the Royal Academy of Music, London, and in all probability took his degree there, for he was a fine musician both on the piano and the organ, and he made his living by this profession.

Not much is known of Joseph, for he left England in 1826, sailing to America in company with Jonathan Atherstone. I have not been able to discover who this Jonathan Atherstone was; at any rate, it is not Henry Barber's father-in-law; but he may have been a grandson of Hugh Atherstone and a cousin of Joseph.

Joseph Barber held a good position in America as a music master, and it will be of interest to quote here the following letter from Hugh Barber to his brother Henry, as it mostly concerns their brother Joseph, and is rather amusing.

Even Hill, May 1st, 18—

Dear Henry,

Wonders never cease, and as your wonder will be more excited to divine the cause of my writing to you at this time, you may expect in this letter wonderful news, I assure you.

Joe has arrived, not his ghost but his own personal self, and clad in a comfortable portion of flesh, not fat; pounced upon us like a sudden thunderclap, unexpected and alarming. To be sure, we had been apprized by a certain lady, who by the way is soon likely to be your sister, that he intended to sail from Philadelphia on the 20th March, but as Father had written to him in February advising him by all means not to come over for Miss N. at present, we were in hopes that he would receive this letter before he set sail. But the fates decreed it otherwise and after a passage of 36 days he arrived at Liverpool.

His object was of course to fetch the lady before alluded to, and Jonathan and a Mr. Shaw with whom Joe lives and who has proved himself one of Joe's friends advised him to come over without loss of time.

You are aware that he gave it out that he was married—well people became so inquisitive on this subject that it was high time to produce Mrs. Barber for their personal and ocular satisfaction. Jonathan very kindly gave Joe a cheque on his bank at Leicester either for £70 or for what sum he might want to pay both their passages and Joe was to pay Jonathan when he could.

After we were satisfied on this head, we were rather in alarm about the lady's constancy, as from diverse causes we were very much afraid she would reject him altogether from his indelicate conduct in commissioning a Captain to bring her to America under the assurance of Miss Barber, and Miss Newton had told Father only a few weeks since that she could not possibly go in less than a year and a half, if she ever went at all. She gave Father every reason to suppose from her expressions, that she would have nothing more to do with him.

However, Master Joe went to her and soon returned with a grave face saying that she received him very coolly and *would not go*.

Here was a pretty piece of business. However Father went to her and soon brought her round, explained everything to her, showed her that unless she made up her mind to go with him, that Joe must absolutely take unto himself another lady for a wife, for it was impossible for him to go back without a Mrs. Barber, from what he had told the Americans.

In the meantime Father gave her time to think seriously about it and to decide by the next day whether she would consent to be Mrs. Barber or not.

During the meantime we consulted (we three) amongst ourselves who would do for a wife in case Miss N. refused. Diverse and sundry young ladies were thought of, whom we intended to thus honour and it was decided that overtures should immediately be made to one of the Miss Brookhouses whom we knew were more likely to suit than any others and it was planned that a party should take place where Joe could meet them and eye them askance as it were, which should be the happy one.

Already we had followed up these 'chimeras dire' and I had made up my mind as to the first thing to do after we had given a little Mrs. to a daughter of the house of Brookhouse, in as much as you will recollect that she would become a *sister*, laudably to set about converting the young ladies from Quakerism!!!

When lo, in the midst of these our charitable and well-meant intuitions, a letter from a lady fair, set us from this topsy turvey dream fairly on our legs again. Miss Newton consented to go-go-go.

We therefore declined a relationship with the Brookhouses and I very quietly left the young ladies in the gall of Quakerism!

Joe is doing capitally in America and is getting £300 a year which with Miss Newton's money, £115 per annum, £100 per annum of which they take to America (that is the principal in solid gold—£2000) will make £400 odd which will go as far as £500 per annum here.

Joe's pupils have all promised to await his return, and as time is money in this case they will be married and shipped in the course of another fortnight or three weeks and will sail on either the 16th or 20th.

There's news for you!!!

We are all well. Father has finished the Marquis.

Goodbye.

Your affect. H. B. (Hugh Barber)

One of the old family letters states that Joe sailed to America in 1826; in this year he was 22 and this was probably his first visit. As he appears to have been fairly well established in America with his friends and his pupils, the date of his marriage would probably be three or four years later, say in 1830.

How long he remained in America is unknown; in fact we know less of Joe than any of the other sons of Thomas Barber. Of his family we know that he had only four daughters, one of whom was named Violetta. One of them married a Mr. Carr and had a daughter named Katie.

The first of these is the fact that the
 present state of the country is such that
 the people are not in a position to
 do more than to maintain the
 present state of things.

The second of these is the fact that
 the people are not in a position to
 do more than to maintain the
 present state of things.

The third of these is the fact that
 the people are not in a position to
 do more than to maintain the
 present state of things.

The fourth of these is the fact that
 the people are not in a position to
 do more than to maintain the
 present state of things.

The fifth of these is the fact that
 the people are not in a position to
 do more than to maintain the
 present state of things.

The sixth of these is the fact that
 the people are not in a position to
 do more than to maintain the
 present state of things.

The seventh of these is the fact that
 the people are not in a position to
 do more than to maintain the
 present state of things.

The eighth of these is the fact that
 the people are not in a position to
 do more than to maintain the
 present state of things.

The ninth of these is the fact that
 the people are not in a position to
 do more than to maintain the
 present state of things.

The tenth of these is the fact that
 the people are not in a position to
 do more than to maintain the
 present state of things.

Later in life Joe returned from America, probably in the year 1844, for in this year he visited his brother Alfred who was living in Jersey Isle, and at any rate he was not in England at the time of his father's death in 1843, for a letter of that date states that Alfred was the only son in England.

Joseph settled in Guernsey Isle, where he taught music, but unfortunately he was not able to get many pupils. Later on we find him at Plymouth, and in 1857 he went for a tour through Wales.

He had inherited a portrait of his sister Anne, but I do not know whether this is extant or not. The rest of the life-history of great-uncle Joseph is unknown, and the next record of him is his death at the age of 68 on the 6th December 1872.

He was buried on the 9th December 1872 at Lazayre Church, Bowring Road, Ramsey, Isle of Man.

ALFRED BARBER

He was the sixth son of Thomas Barber and was named after the preceding son Alfred, who had died in infancy.

Alfred Barber was born in Nottingham on the 19th March 1808, was baptized in the Castle Gate Congregational Chapel on the 27th November 1809, and died at Totterdown, Bristol, in 1884.

He married the 'Belle of Nottingham', Elizabeth, the daughter of John Gill, and by her he had one son, Alfred, and four daughters, Mary Frances, Helen Maria, Emily Ada, and Florence Amenias. The youngest daughter was named after her cousin Amenias, daughter of the Rev. Henry Barber.

The eldest daughter never married and died in Bristol at the early age of 30. Helen, the second daughter, became engaged to Alfred Darvall, who immigrated to Australia. His fiancée subsequently went out to him and they were married in Victoria in October 1862.

Alfred Darvall was tall and good-looking, of kindly nature and artistic temperament. He spent most of his life prospecting in Australia and called himself a 'gold-digger'. He visited Africa in 1872 and for a time dug diamonds in the



ALFRED BARBER AND HIS SISTER ANNE
from portraits by THOMAS BARBER

'New Rush' mine, now called Kimberley. He was fairly successful in this venture and later returned to Australia, where he died at Beechworth in April 1889. His wife Helen lived to the ripe age of 80 and died at Oakleigh in Melbourne in September 1915.

Alfred and Helen Darvall had a family of two sons and one daughter. Laurence died at Marorpna, Victoria, in November 1900, but Mary and Henry, who are both unmarried, are still fit and flourishing and are at present living at 'Aberdien', 27 Gladstone Avenue, Armadale, Melbourne.

Henry has inherited the artistic talent of his ancestors and is a sculptor in his spare time. Unfortunately the lack of local demand has prevented him from making it his profession.

I frequently hear from my cousins Mary and Henry Darvall, and to them I am indebted for much of the information in this chapter.

Emily Ada, the third daughter of Alfred Barber, born in Nottingham on the 11th June, was baptized at the James Street Independent Chapel, and died in Bristol on the 9th February 1924 at the age of 86. In 1876 she married John Sherrard Smart and lived at Fishponds, Bristol. Their only daughter, my cousin Kathleen, is a regular correspondent of mine and has also helped me with this biography of her grandfather.

I have not been able to find out much concerning Alfred Barber. For some years he lived at Park Street, Nottingham, practising the then newly discovered art of portrait-photography. An old letter records that in 1840 he purchased for £500 from a Mr. Blaid the patent rights for a particular process of photography, the agreement stipulating that a certain percentage of the profits from the business had to be paid to the discoverer. This was an unfortunate venture and Alfred lost a lot of money in it.

He continued residing in Nottingham until his father's death in 1843, and at this time he was the only son living in England, Joe and Henry having gone to America, Hugh and Fred to Africa.

In 1844 Alfred moved to St. Helier, Jersey Isle, where he practised his profession, moving again two years later to the Isle of Wight. It was here that his wife Elizabeth died on 25th November 1846 and is buried at Ryde. He next lived at Winchester for about six years, settling finally at Totterdown, Bristol, where he remained until his death in 1884.

From all accounts Alfred was a very fine character, always cheerful and kind-hearted. In his earlier letters he expresses complete disbelief in a life beyond the grave; it was a great worry to him that he could not accept the words of Christ. Later in life he was confirmed and became a true follower of Christ in thought and deed. It appears to have made a lasting impression on him, for he frequently mentions in his letters what a great comfort it was to know with certainty that there was a life in the world to come.

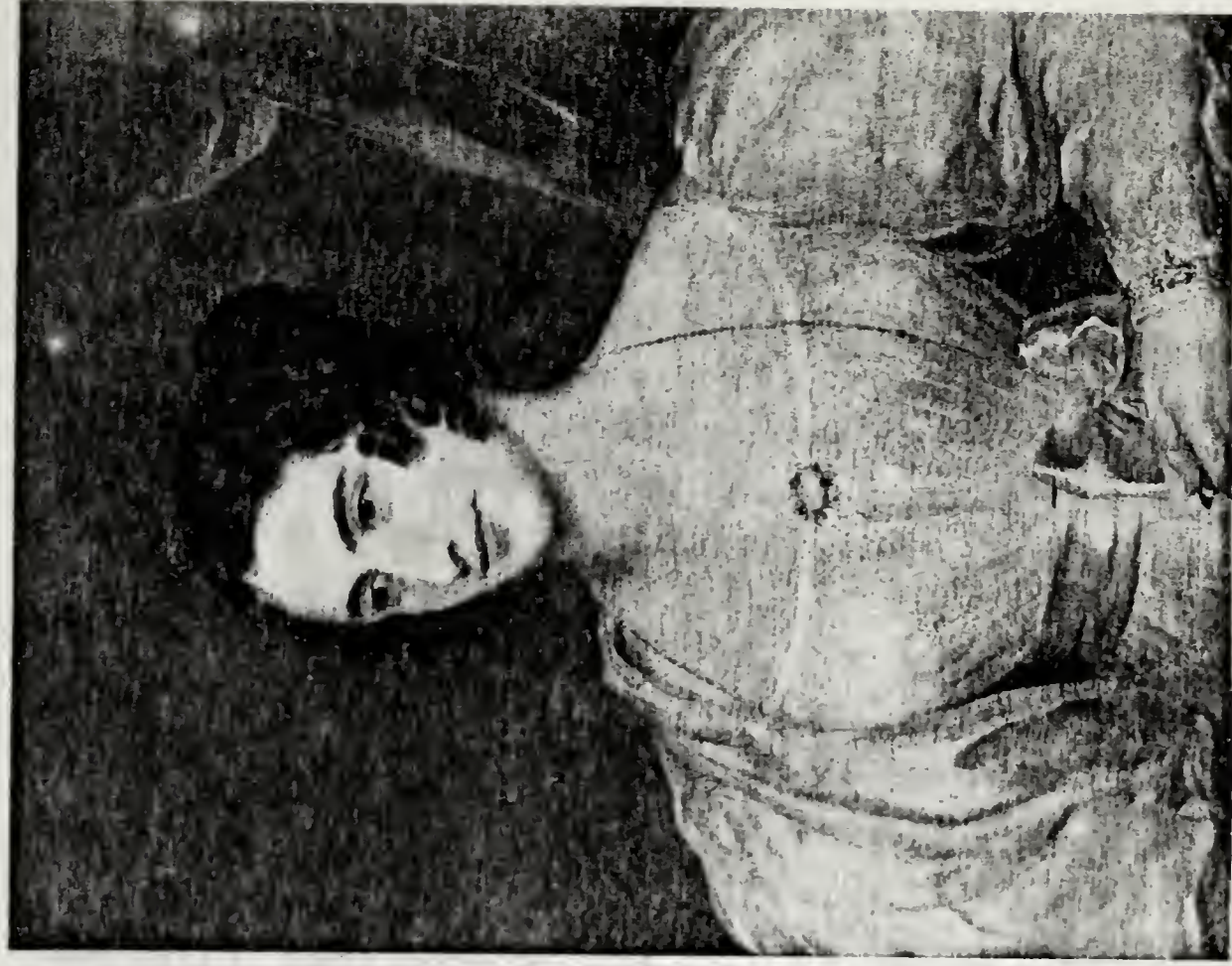
In his latter days, being old and lonely, he wrote and asked his brother Fred to come and live with him. Fred, who was then about 60 years of age and tired of the turmoil and strife of diamond digging in Kimberley, handed over the business to his sons Fred and Harry and went to England to live with his brother Alfred. These two old brothers lived together for about eleven years at Totterdown and amused themselves with photography.

Holding a degree for chemistry, Frederick learned the whole process from his brother, including the making of the sensitized plates. From his description the work was very intricate and often resulted in failure after hours of hard work.

In his old age Alfred had a severe fall which confined him to his bed for some weeks; another misfortune was that he became extremely deaf, which was a great handicap to him as he was particularly fond of music and used frequently to attend concerts.

After Alfred's death in 1884 Frederick remained in Bristol until 1889, when his wife and sons came to England on a holiday and he returned with them. Alfred had inherited from his father a number of family portraits, including a

self-portrait, one of his wife, and a large picture of Alfred and Ann as children. These are at present in the possession of my cousin, Kathleen Smart. In addition to these Mary and Henry Darvall have four paintings by Thomas Barber, viz. Alfred Barber, Elizabeth Gill (Alfred's fiancée), Mrs. John Gill, and 'A Boy with a Pitcher'.



HUGH BARBER AND HIS WIFE ANNA (*née* HOARE)

from paintings by THOMAS BARBER

CHAPTER IV

HUGH BARBER

HUGH ATHERSTONE BARBER (1799-1878)

HE was the second son of Thomas Barber, the artist, and was born in Nottingham on Christmas Day, 1799, being baptized at the Castle Gate Independent Chapel. Like all his brothers he was given a good education, possibly at Eton College, where his younger brother Frederick studied some years later.

Among his other accomplishments he spoke French and German fluently, played the organ, and sang well. After leaving college he studied languages for a time in Geneva, and being an excellent swimmer he had ample opportunity of practising this sport in the lake.

As his father Thomas gave all his sons a profession in addition to their ordinary college career, Hugh finished his education by studying chemistry in London.

On the 15th September 1830 he married Anna, daughter of John Hoare of Derby (see Appendix). She was the sister of Elizabeth Hoare, who married John Rawson-Walker, the artist, of Nottingham (see Thomas Barber's biography).

The wedding was celebrated by the Rev. C. T. Hope at All Saints' Church, Derby. After that the couple lived for some years at Twickenham, Middlesex, where three of their children were born:

Arthur Hugh, born 21st January 1832.

Emily Ann, born 5th July 1833.

Graham Hoare, born 1st October 1835.

After residing at Twickenham for six years, Hugh Barber moved with his wife and family to Leamington in Warwickshire, where the following names were added to the family tree:

Catherine, born 27th December 1837.

Frederick Guybon, born 30th December 1838.

Anna Maria, born 7th March 1840.

Barbers have always been pioneers, preferring the independent life of a settler in the colonies to being cooped up in a crowded English city. Of Thomas Barber's six sons, Alfred was the only one who remained in England (except Tom, who died young); all the others left England either for America or South Africa.

In 1840 Hugh Barber went out to the Cape, following his younger brother Frederick, who had gone out the year before. For a while he farmed in Lower Albany, near Port Alfred, but subsequently moved to Alston Fields in the Bedford district.

Hugh Barber's third son, Hilton, was born on the 28th February 1842 at 'Hilton', near Grahamstown, and Frances Harriet, the youngest daughter, was born in Grahamstown two years later. This farm 'Hilton' was then the property of Mr. George Cumming, but is now owned by Monty Hilton-Barber.

A sad misfortune occurred at Alston Fields when all Hugh's family suffered from typhus fever and they lost their eldest son, Arthur, at the age of 12. He is buried at Alston Fields, and the stone covering his grave is now hidden by a bush which has grown over it.

Another misfortune followed in the form of the Kaffir war of 1846 which came immediately after a severe drought, during which time they had experienced exceptional hardships. War now deprived them of the little they had left. All their stock was captured by the Kaffirs, and they were compelled to abandon their home and retreat into Grahamstown.

Here they lived under siege conditions and suffered continual hardships in the lack of food and other comforts of life. In a letter written by Hugh at that time he describes how they were living on rice and bad meat for which they had to pay exorbitant prices, while butter, milk, and vegetables had been unobtainable during the last six months.

All the farmhouses in the neighbourhood had been burned, and native 'impis' were continually to be seen on the hills around Grahamstown. He was with the burgher force

PEDIGREE SHOWING THE MALE DESCENT OF THE HILTON-BARBERS OF 'HALES OWEN'

THOMAS BARBER. Born in Derbyshire = ANN TOMLIN (*née* Abbott) widow of William Tomlin. Married at St. Peter's, Nottingham, 24 Aug. 1762.

THOMAS BARBER of Nottingham, = MARY ATHERSTONE, daughter of portrait painter. Born 28 March 1771 in Nottingham. Died 28 Sept. 1843 in Nottingham.

HUGH ATHERSTONE BARBER of 'Alston Fields', Bedford, S.A. Second son. Born in Nottingham 25 Dec. 1799. Died in Cradock, S.A., 3 Feb. 1878.

HILTON HILTON-BARBER, of 'Hales Owen', Cradock. Fourth son. Born at 'Hilton', near Grahamstown 28 Feb. 1842. Died at 'Hales Owen' 6 Sept. 1928.

HARRY ATHERSTONE HILTON-BARBER of 'Arthur Leigh' near Cradock. Born 4 Sept. 1867. Marr. in Feb. 1910 Celia, dau. of Clinton Andrews of Uitenhage, South Africa.

JOAN HILTON-BARBER Born 24 Dec. 1910.

HAROLD MONTAGUE HILTON-BARBER. Born 21 Nov. 1904. Marr. in 1929 Mary St. Leger. Issue: Guy Montague, born 22 Jan. 1932.

MAURICE HILTON-BARBER Born 8 Aug. 1912.

ALICE MARY HILTON-BARBER. Born 1 Sept. 1907.

ROGER HILTON-BARBER Born 2 July 1914.

THOS. GEO. HILTON-BARBER. Born 19 Feb. 1910.

SYDNEY HILTON BARBER, B.A., Advocate of the Supreme Court. Born 20 Mar. 1869. Died in England 1907. Marr. Zema Horwood. (No issue.)

HUGH MONTAGUE HILTON-BARBER of 'Hilton' near Grahamstown. Born 15 Oct. 1872. Married on 23 Jan. 1904 Harriet Mary Silcock of Norfolk.

GEOFFREY HILTON-BARBER Born 29 Mar. 1920.

FANNY ELLEN HILTON-BARBER. Born 26 Jan. 1912.

CHARLES EVELYN HILTON-BARBER of 'Sydney' near Cradock. Born 25 Sept. 1879. Marr. 20 Aug. 1904 May, dau. of Robt. Anderson of Colesburg.

CYRIL HILTON-BARBER Born 7 July 1905.

ELIZ. EVELYN HILTON-BARBER. Born 26 July 1915.

GRAHAM ATHERSTONE HILTON-BARBER of 'Hales Owen', Cradock. Born 1 June 1881. Marr. in 1904 Gretchin, dau. of George Ulig of Somerset East.

MARGUERITE HILTON-BARBER Born 7 May 1906.

HILTON HILTON-BARBER Born 14 Sept. 1908.

SYDNEY HILTON-BARBER Born 3 Dec. 1909.

GRAHAM HILTON-BARBER Born 20 Oct. 1912.

MARY E. HILTON-BARBER Born 11 Sept. 1921.

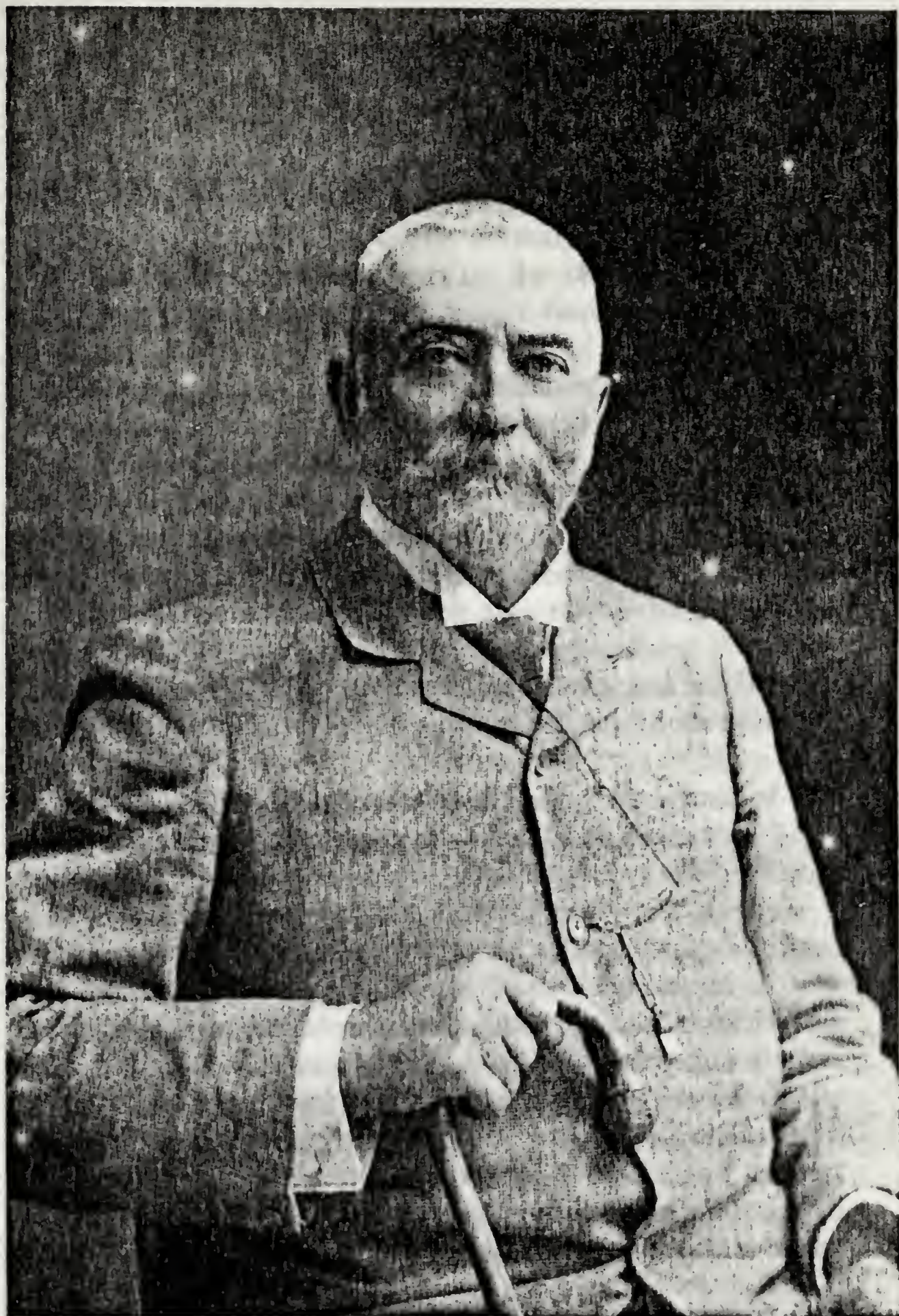
defending the town and had to go on picket every fifth night, and clashes with the natives were frequent.

The 'peace' which followed was very insecure, and armed natives still roamed through the country stealing and murdering. Hugh had lost everything he had possessed and had to resort to his talent and learning for a livelihood.

Settling in Grahamstown he was appointed organist at the Cathedral, also holding the post of librarian, while Mrs. Barber kept a school. Although only 48 years of age Hugh never seemed to recover from the financial disasters of the 'war of the axe'; he never took up farming again but ran schools in several places, principally in Port Elizabeth and later in Bedford.

Later, when his son Hilton was farming at 'Gray Park', near King William's Town, they came to live with him for a time and then moved into the town. When Hilton was farming at 'Hales Owen' they wanted to be near him, so they came to Cradock and lived there in Bree Street until the death of Hugh Barber in 1878. After his death his wife spent her remaining years at 'Hales Owen'.

Hugh Barber represented the old type of English gentleman, a lovable character with the kindest of dispositions, refined manners and tastes. He played and sang well and was highly accomplished in many subjects, but unfortunately he was not a good business man and had a hard struggle for existence in adverse circumstances, being also handicapped with the claims of a large family.



HILTON HILTON-BARBER



A. B. C. D. E. F. G. H. I. J. K. L. M. N. O. P. Q. R. S. T. U. V. W. X. Y. Z.

CHAPTER V

HILTON BARBER

HILTON HILTON-BARBER (1842-1928)

HILTON BARBER was the seventh son of Hugh and Ann Barber, and was born on the 28th February 1842 at 'Hilton', Mr. George Cumming's farm, near Grahamstown.

At the age of 20 he went to 'Highlands', where he learnt farming under his uncle, Frederick Barber. While here Mr. Tom White (senior) offered to give him a start at sheep-farming at 'Gray Park', near King William's Town, kindly giving him 1,400 sheep on shares. So he left 'Highlands' and started work on Mr. White's farm, where he was so successful that after a few years he was able to purchase the farm from Mr. White and also return to him the sheep.

Hilton farmed sheep here for some years, and his brother Guy also purchased a farm in the neighbourhood which he called 'Gray's Gift'.

In 1866 Hilton Barber married Fanny, daughter of Dr. John Atherstone of 'Iron Pot', near Grahamstown. They had a family of five sons and five daughters which firmly established the Barber clan in South Africa.

From 'Gray Park' Hilton went on an interesting hunting-trip into the wilds of the North-Eastern Transvaal. It was arranged that he should meet his brother Gray and their mutual friend George Cumming in Pretoria. He consequently left by post-cart for Aliwal North, and from there the rest of the journey was done in an ox-wagon. A nasty accident occurred on the post-cart journey when the horses bolted and the cart was overturned. Many of the passengers were injured, and Hilton's arm was so hurt that he nearly abandoned the idea of continuing the journey.

An account of this hunting-expedition was published in the Johannesburg *Sunday Times* of 7th January 1917, and is quoted here.

AFTER BIG GAME

In 1874 I was sheep-farming in British Kaffraria. At this time my brother Graham was in the Transvaal, and from there he went big-game shooting. I occasionally received letters from him, telling one what grand sport he was having shooting lions, etc.

On one occasion he gave me an account of a race which he and a friend had after four lions, two old and two half-grown. When he got within 70 yards the lioness stood and defied him to approach. He dismounted and fired. The bullet entered the centre of the head, and the lioness dropped dead where she stood.

These accounts made me long to join him in his next trip. At the end of April I started off to join him. I purchased a small wagon and fitted it up comfortably with a cartel, etc. I had ten beautiful Zulu oxen all alike in colour. I took one riding-horse, and with a driver and leader I started off. I could only get a sporting Snider, a combination with 14-bore shot barrel. I managed to pick up a double-barrel pin-fire 12-bore rifle. I travelled up in the wagon to the Transvaal which took many weeks. On the way, in the Free State, I had grand sport after wildebeste, blesbok and springbok. One morning, a little north of Bethlehem, I came upon a large camp of trek Boers from the Western Province, on their way to the Transvaal. I saw they were excited about something, so I outspanned and inquired the cause, and found they were preparing for a big shoot on the adjacent flats. My horse was very tired and I told them that if they could give me a mount they could have my bag. We started off with a Scotch cart for the game, which I managed to fill myself with five wildebeste and two blesbok.

I trekked on, shooting all the way, till in due time I reached Pretoria where my brother and a friend, Mr. George Cumming, were waiting with their wagons. We got all our supplies for the trip in Pretoria, and I bought another horse. We had to take large supplies of mealies for our horses. We trekked through to Lydenburg, which was then called

Nazareth, and then up the mountains towards Mac Mac. The roads in some places were exceedingly bad, especially at a place called Devil's Knuckles, near which there was a gorge. The path was so steep that we had to reim (brake) the three wheels of each wagon besides tying a mimosa tree at the back. The slope was so great to the lower side of the road that we had to hold the wagon up with reims to prevent it falling over. This had to be done to each wagon in turn. We finally reached Mac Mac. Whilst there we rode over to Pilgrims' Rest, which was six miles away.

There were six hundred alluvial gold diggers there, and they were very surprised to see us. They all looked the colour of the yellow sand in which they were working. They seemed very cheerful. I never heard that they had any luck. On returning to camp a large dog followed us. He joined our party and proved our best dog after buffalo. We started to trek down to the low veld, or the shooting area. On descending a narrow mountain-road, the wheel of my wagon, which was in the middle, collapsed. Fortunately Mr. Cumming's wagon wheel fitted mine, so we put it on my wagon to get it to the bottom of the hill. The next day we sent back the wheel for his wagon. We had to leave my wagon and driver behind with the necessary tools to cut and dry wood for new spokes. We trekked on towards the Lebombo Mountains, along the Sabie River, and had the finest sport that any one could desire.

One morning my brother and I rode off accompanied by two men leading two dogs. After riding for an hour we saw two buffalo enter a dense bush in a kloof. We told the men that when they saw we had reached the top of the kloof, they were to release the dogs and follow the spoor. We heard the dogs give tongue and the buffalo crashing through the bush. They broke cover a hundred and fifty yards below us, with the dogs snapping at their heels. We dismounted and fired. The bull was slightly wounded. We gave chase. It is astonishing at what a pace these animals run. We caught up and I dismounted. My brother called out 'Look out to your left.' Fortunately I had not discharged my rifle. I was

standing next to my horse which was cropping the young grass, and did not notice the bull, who was charging full at us. This bull, which we had previously wounded, had been standing behind a tree waiting for us. I fired at him when he was within 15 or 20 yards from me. The bullet struck him a few inches too low on the forehead. I fired the next barrel when he was five yards from me. The bullet took away half his teeth. A buffalo always charges with his head held straight out. As I pulled the trigger I jumped aside and the bull missed me by a few inches. I made for a tree. The horse never moved, which no doubt saved my life.

As I ran, I looked over my shoulder and saw the bull's horns buried in the flank of my horse. My brother and I fired together, and both bullets hit him behind the shoulder, within a couple of inches of each other. He staggered and another bullet finished him. I only had time to take off the saddle and bridle from my horse, when he staggered and a bullet through the head finished poor old Foley.

We shot all kinds of big game. We had about 40 native followers, who lived on the game we shot. They were particularly fond of fat quagga. We only wasted meat once. We were shooting koodoo one afternoon, and on returning we saw 60 buffalo within a mile of camp. Next morning, taking the natives and dogs we followed up the spoor. We expected to find them within a few miles, but it took us hours to locate them. We thought it strange of them to move so fast till the mystery was solved by seeing in a marshy place the spoor of lions on those of the buffalo. We followed till three o'clock and then saw a large troop of buffalo resting under some trees. They had described a circle and were within a mile of where we had seen them the day before. We got within 60 yards and I fired and wounded one, which the dogs got at bay and we soon finished him off. We raced after the troop and shot eight by sundown.

We stayed on in this neighbourhood shooting all varieties of big game. I forgot to mention that Mr. George Cumming lent his old native driver a double-barrel muzzle-loading rifle. The old chap, not knowing it was loaded, loaded it

again. He returned the rifle, not having had a shot. A couple of days later Mr. Cumming took a walk, accompanied by a black boy, to have a shot at anything he might see. Seeing no game he shot at the stump of a tree. The rifle, being doubly loaded, burst into many pieces. I got the black boy to take me to the spot and found a good many pieces of the rifle, but could not find either of the hammers. Mr. Cumming's left arm was laid bare from just above the wrist to above the elbow—a fearful wound. This spoilt his shooting for the trip.

After having shot all the game we cared to, we turned back to the place where we had left my wagon in charge of the driver. We found that lions had been there and killed two horses and several oxen. We stayed there a week mending the wheel, which was no easy job. We drove half the spokes into the hub, the other half into the felloes and laced them together with raw buffalo hide. When we had finished mending the wheel we started up the berg. Half-way one of the oxen was sick, bitten by tsetse fly. We left him and trekked on.

Next morning I told the driver and another man to go back and see to the ox. They came running back breathless, saying five lions were eating it, and, on seeing them, made off into a deep kloof. We saddled up hastily and rode to the carcass, dismounted, and took up the spoor of the lions down the kloof. When we got about 100 yards we returned, as we saw them making farther down the kloof. We ran down outside the bush in the endeavour to head them. We waited there for some time but saw no sign, so my brother asked me to go back outside the kloof and to come down in it, and drive the lions to them (Mr. Cumming was with him).

When I had gone half-way back outside the bush I saw a large lioness sneaking out on the opposite side of the kloof. I fired and shot her (about 90 yards off). No sooner had I fired when another came out, which I also shot, and then a third at which I shot and at which Mr. Cumming also shot and declared that he had hit it, and as I had already got two to my gun I said he might claim it. A fourth lion was

making off down the kloof. He was a long way off so I put up the 200 yards sight and missed him. The bullet struck immediately over his head, much to my disgust. We skinned the lions and returned to our wagons, and trekked on to the top of the berg. This ended our shoot, a most enjoyable trip.

A rather exciting incident which was omitted from the foregoing newspaper report is worth mentioning here as it certainly was a 'narrow shave' for Hilton Barber and may easily have ended fatally. It was during the early part of this expedition that he was galloping after springbok on the Free State flats. His horse put its feet into an ant-bear hole and Hilton was thrown, but unfortunately his foot caught in the stirrup and he was dragged along the ground for some distance, the horse kicking frantically all the time and only missing his head by inches. Luckily he was wearing an elastic-sided boot which fortunately gave way and came off, otherwise he would have most certainly been killed. (I have decided to wear elastic boots, even on a bicycle.)

At 'Gray Park' Hilton Barber first interested himself with horse-racing, and at this time his principal horses were 'Billy', 'Gambush', 'Masher', 'Paramount' (no relation to Pardeberg), and 'Oxygen', &c. From that time onward he has always taken the keenest interest in this sport and is a well-known figure at all the important races, which he has attended regularly for many years.

Apart from scores of races of lesser importance he has won seven South African Derbys, five of which were at Port Elizabeth, one in Johannesburg, and one in Durban. In the course of his racing career he knew many important people, including Cecil Rhodes, Dr. Jameson, and all the different Governors. Sir Hamilton Gould-Adams was a particular friend of his and they were often together at shooting parties at De Beers.

In 1875 he sold 'Gray Park' and bought 'Hales Owen', near Cradock, and here he farmed ostriches very successfully until the slump came. (We've got another one now.) 'Ruby'

and 'Old Jack' were two of his famous ostriches, while in other branches of farming he took many prizes for mohair and goats.

As Captain of Barber's Horse Hilton did good work in the Kaffir war of 1878 and his services were mentioned in the memoirs of Sir Evelyn Wood, who was then in command of the British troops.

In 1880 he went to England with his brother-in-law Frank Holland and Mr. George Armstrong, and on his return Hilton brought back with him 'Buxton' and 'Erl Konig', two famous race-horses.

In 1882 his wife, Fanny Barber, died and five years later, in 1887, he married Alice, daughter of Major Boys.

Later in life Hilton Barber compounded his two names into a surname, calling himself Hilton Hilton-Barber. This surname has also been assumed by his sons, and at present Rex Barber is the only member of the clan, so far as we know, who still bears the old name.

The ostrich industry was again flourishing in 1903, and it was thought that possibly the Egyptian ostriches might be exploited in some way. Consequently Hilton Barber, accompanied by his son Monty and Sydney Gilfillan, paid a visit to Egypt and inspected ostriches there. However, they were not favourably impressed and did not purchase any, but continued their journey to England, visiting Italy and France *en route*.

While in England on this occasion Hilton bought several good race-horses, including 'Cherry Ripe', 'Sauce Tatare', 'Desert Maid', and 'Lady Trenton', while among his other well-known horses which he owned at this time were 'Maid of Honour', 'Surprise Sauce', and 'Gardiner'.

An incident showing what a well-respected, popular man Hilton Barber is occurred at the Port Elizabeth Show in 1925, when Admiral Goodenough, in charge of the South African Navy, was inspecting his troops. At the march past, as a mark of respect, the Admiral asked Hilton Barber to acknowledge the 'royal salute'.

Since the above was written, I am sorry to have to report

the death of Hilton Barber on the 6th September 1928. As the obituary notice in a local paper views his activities from a different angle and makes interesting reading, it is quoted here in full.

HORSE-BREEDER AND SPORTSMAN

The late Mr. Hilton-Barber.

Death yesterday morning removed from our midst at the age of 86 Mr. Hilton Barber, a South African gentleman, widely known, popular and much respected throughout this country and whose passing away at so ripe an age will be universally lamented.

Mr. Barber, during the earlier years of his career, lived in British Kaffraria, where he carried on marino sheep-farming until in about 1876 he moved into the Midlands, having bought from Mr. Thomas Scanlen that farm which has now become so well known, Halesowen, near Cradock, where he lived for over half a century and has died there.

His coming to the Cradock district synchronized with the meteoric rise in the ostrich-farming industry, into which Mr. Barber plunged with all his natural foresight and energy and in which he rapidly reached the highest pinnacle of success as an ostrich-breeder.

At the same time being an ardent admirer of what to him was a noble creature, a good horse, he laid the foundation of the famous Halesowen Thoroughbred Stud.

Instinctively an unerring judge of a good animal, he spared no expense in keeping up his stud to the highest standard in well-selected sires and mares and established and maintained to the last a reputation of being in the foremost ranks of the thoroughbred breeder.

Only recently, it will be remembered, when his age and health no longer permitted him to give personal attention to his stud, did he dispose of it by public auction.

Every inch a sportsman of the first water, he indulged during the greater portion of his life in the 'Sport of Kings',

and only until a short while ago Mr. Hilton Barber, stately in figure, handsome, and with an attractive personality, was one of the most heartily welcomed visitors on the course.

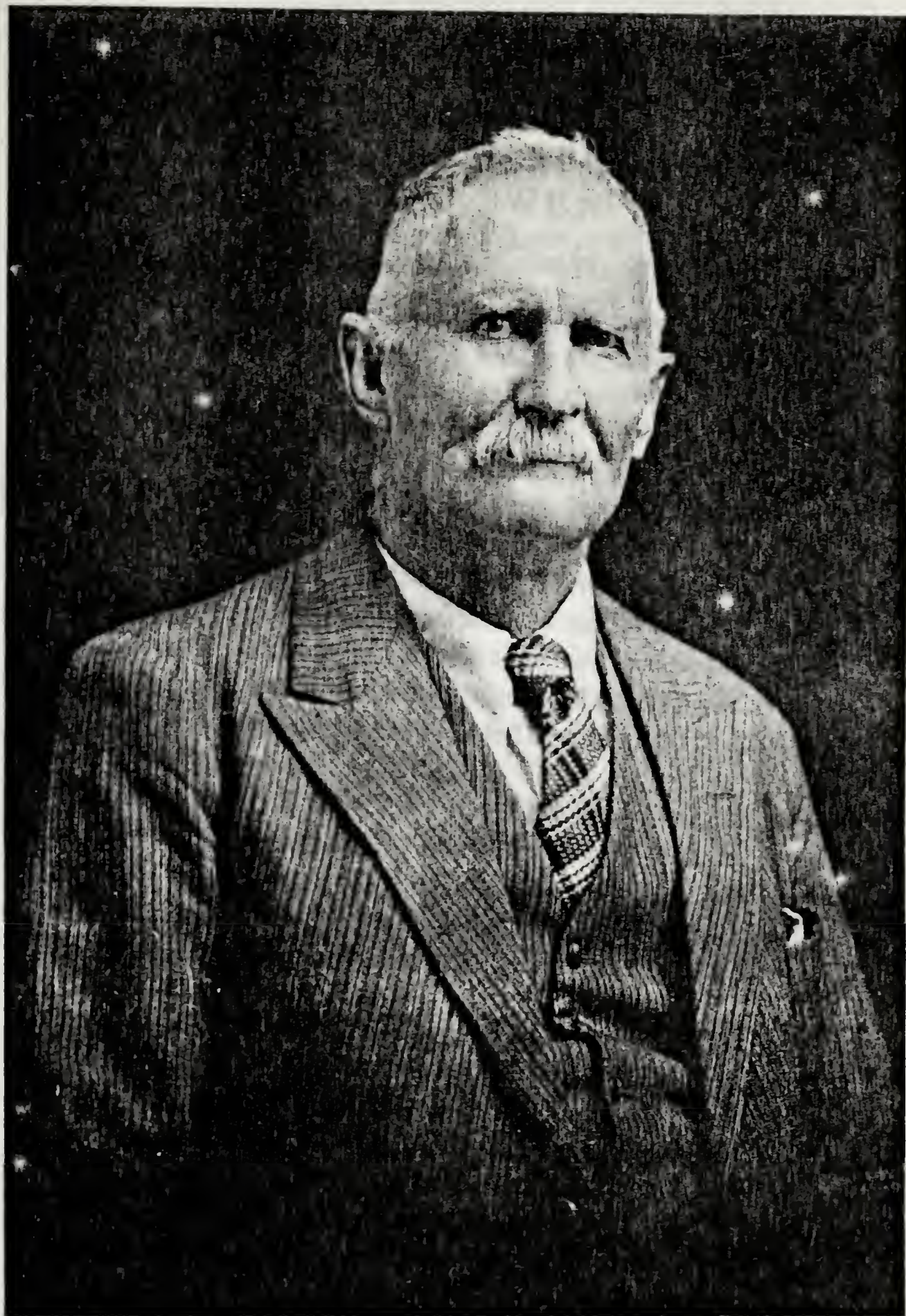
All who knew him also knew what he meant to horse-racing, for it was his ambition to hold high the tone of that noble sport, and indeed by few men have its traditions as a clean and honourable pastime been maintained with greater sincerity.

The incentive to the pursuit of high class horse-breeding in this country has in a greater measure also been due to that princely sportsman, Mr. Hilton Barber.

Mr. Barber was twice married, his first wife being a Miss Atherstone and the second, who survives him, a Miss Boys. Of the first marriage there were born ten children, of whom survive him four sons, Harry, Monty, Gray, and Charles, and four daughters, Mrs. Sidney Gilfillan, Mrs. Geof. Antrobus, Mrs. Hobson, and Miss Ethel Barber. A son Sydney, a barrister who practised in Pretoria, died at the opening of his career; he also lost a daughter named Ida.

To a very wide circle of friends as well as to his devoted family the death of Mr. Hilton Barber will be deeply regretted. A courteous gentleman, one of pleasing address and winning manners, he was at all times an engaging companion, a bright raconteur with a sparkling wit and an inimitable teller of no end of good stories—a fresh one for every friend and for every occasion.

On the walls of his recent home hang fine oil paintings of a number of deceased ancestors, noble figures, and the generation which has now passed away in the persons of the deceased and his two brothers Gray and Guy, who died before him, all men of grand physique, is followed by his stalwart sons—scions of a noble family and all steadfast South African farmers.



HARRY ATHERSTONE HILTON-BARBER



Portrait of the author, Mr. J. H. P. [illegible]

CHAPTER VI
THE HILTON-BARBERS OF
'HALES OWEN'

Harry, Sydney, Monty, Charles, and Gray

AFTER the death of Hilton Barber the farm 'Hales Owen' was purchased out of the estate by Gray, who had to pay out the rest of the family for their shares in the inheritance.

The old family portraits were divided and are now owned according to the list which appears in the biography of Thomas Barber.

It has been very difficult to get together anything like a comprehensive record of the activities of the descendants of Hugh Barber. Although they are the principal branch of the Barber clan and are numerically stronger than the M.-B.s on the Equator, we have generally lived about 3,500 miles apart, which has made matters worse.

In compiling this history I have on many occasions appealed to them individually and collectively for old family anecdotes, hunting-yarns, and other adventures that would be of interest to those that follow after us. You will see that I have not been very successful, although I have done my best.

HARRY ATHERSTONE HILTON-BARBER, eldest son of Hilton Barber, was born on the 4th September 1867 at 'Hilton', near Grahamstown.

He first went to school at Cradock and then on to St. Andrew's College, Grahamstown, where he remained from 1882 to 1884.

When he was quite a youngster he and his brothers were shooting target at ostrich eggs across the Fish River. They had an old muzzle-loader, charging it with black powder from a flask and a lead bullet, and firing it with a cap. The gun must have been too hot, for while Harry was pouring down the powder the flask exploded in his hand, and he

received a terrible wound which exposed the bones of the palm of his hand. Fearing that he would get lock-jaw, some one rushed off for Dr. Fecksen in Cradock, who came out and sewed up the wound. Harry suffered no ill effects from this except a lifelong scar.

Harry used to get a penny each for mice he caught and had a mouse-trap set behind his bed. Without looking to see if there was anything in the trap or not he put his hand behind the bed and picked up the trap. He got a shock to find that he had caught a big cobra, and it was only because the wire of the trap was pinching the snake's mouth shut that he was not bitten. It was such a near thing that he kept on looking at his hand and was quite disappointed because he could not find a bite anywhere.

In his youth Harry was one of the finest athletes of that time and for some years took all the principal prizes at most of the important athletic sports held in South Africa. At the age of 14 he took six of the first prizes for running at the Cradock Sports, and even at the age of 30 he won three first and three second prizes in Johannesburg, one of these being for putting the weight. Altogether he has won about 150 first prizes for athletic events and also a number of prizes for tennis.

Harry's best time for the 100 yards was $9\frac{4}{5}$ seconds at the Fish River Rand Sports. In Port Elizabeth he was given a gold medal for setting up a record for the 100 yards with the time of $10\frac{1}{5}$ seconds. His best time for the 220 yards was 23 seconds, for the $\frac{1}{4}$ mile 50 seconds, and he could do the $\frac{1}{2}$ mile in 2 minutes.

On one occasion, in Johannesburg, he entered for seven events in the S.A. Championship Sports in which he won five firsts and two seconds.

When Harry was at St. Andrew's College it was in the old days before the modern buildings had been put up, and the Rev. Mr. Matthews (nicknamed Boots), the Principal, lived with his wife in a large double-storied house where Lower House now stands. As it was a big place, a number of boarders lived there; they gave old Boots a terrible time and

were always up to something bad. Generally Harry was at the bottom of it.

One night, when Mr. and Mrs. Boots were out, they carried a donkey upstairs and left it in the passage. Coming home at about midnight, Boots collided with the donkey. Of course there was an awful row, and amid profuse apologies Harry and the rest had to carry the braying donkey down again, agreeing with Boots that they should not have done it and at the same time trying to think out something a bit worse for the next occasion.

This donkey must have been the school mascot or emblem of wisdom, for it was very tame and was frequently used in some prank or other. Harry tied it to the bell-rope one night and got severely 'toll'd off' for doing this.

Knowing that Harry held the undisputed position of the school's 'bad boy', one of the other boarders bet him that he would not throw a blanket over the Principal's head when he came up to the dormitory in the dark.

As money was always wanted for the tuck-shop opposite St. Andrew's, the bet was concluded, and Harry waited in the dark for his chance. When old Boots came in Harry threw the blanket well over his head and squeezed it down hard. This prank got Harry into serious trouble and he would probably have been expelled, but with many apologies he said that he thought that it was one of the boys and so he was 'let off' with a caution.

After leaving St. Andrew's he helped his father on the farm for a number of years at 'Hales Owen'. It was during a hunt here that Harry was wounded. One of the hunters blazed off at a duiker just as it ran in between him and Harry who was about 100 yards off. I don't know what happened to the duiker, but Harry got seven buck-shot pellets in his chest. They pierced his coat and shirt and lodged just beneath the skin.

Harry remained at 'Hales Owen' until 1896, when he went into partnership with a man named Harries, farming at 'Hilton', near Venterstadt, until 1903. At this time Monty was at 'River-view', near 'Hales Owen'. Harry and Monty

then exchanged farms, Harry taking over 'River-view' and Monty going to 'Hilton'.

In Uitenhage on the 8th February 1910 Harry married Celia, daughter of Clinton William Andrews, the Resident Magistrate of that town. The eldest son of Dr. William Andrews of London, Clinton Andrews was a master of the Diocesan College, Capetown, but joined the Civil Service and was Magistrate at Cradock and Uitenhage. Andrews fought in the Kaffir war of 1877 and others.

Harry and Celia have a family of three sons and one daughter:

Joan, born 24th December 1910.

Maurice, born 8th August 1912.

Roger, born 2nd July 1914.

Geoffrey, born 29th March 1920.

Harry Hilton-Barber, who is the present head of the clan, is living at 'Arthur Leigh', near 'Hales Owen', while Maurice, the eldest son, has joined the police in Rhodesia.

SYDNEY HILTON BARBER was the second son of Hilton Barber and was born on the 20th March 1869 and died in London in 1907.

He first went to the Boys' High School in Cradock and subsequently studied at St. Andrew's College, Grahamstown, from July 1882 to June 1888, passing his Matriculation in 1885, Intermediate in 1887, and the B.A. (Lit. and Philos.) in 1888 (Univ. C.G.H.). He continued his studies at Cambridge and the Inner Temple, taking his Law Tripos Examination with distinction in 1891.

On returning to South Africa he was admitted to practise as an Advocate in the Supreme Court of the Cape Colony and the High Court of the Transvaal Republic. He elected to settle in the latter, where he soon acquired a good practice, but on the outbreak of the Anglo-Boer War (1899) he returned to the Cape, where he served the Imperial Government in several responsible positions. For several months he acted as censor for the correspondence of Boer prisoners.

Sydney Barber was selected by Lord Milner as Head of



SYDNEY HILTON BARBER



H. MONTAGUE HILTON-BARBER

the Commission to translate the Statute Law of the Transvaal and Orange Free State into English. He was also Assistant Legal Adviser to the Governor of the Transvaal.

Like his brothers he was a good athlete, and for four years in succession he won the long jump at St. Andrew's College, his record for this event being 20 ft. 5 in. He was also first in putting the weight in 1887 and in the high jump in 1888.

During his stay in England he visited Nottingham, and, like the writer, he endeavoured to unravel the intricacies of the family history. His extracts from church registers in Nottingham have been very helpful to me, particularly in compiling the Atherstone pedigree, and, had he been alive now, this book would have been more of a success with so brilliant a man to assist me.

He married Zema Horwood, but there was no family.

Sydney Hilton Barber, although comparatively young, made great progress at his profession and undoubtedly would have had a brilliant career, but unfortunately he died in London in 1907, whither he had proceeded for medical advice.

He is the only member of the family who has taken up law (the rest of us spend our time dodging it!).

HUGH MONTAGUE HILTON-BARBER is the third son of Hilton Barber and was born at King William's Town on the 15th October 1872.

He first went to school in Cradock and later to St. Andrew's College, Grahamstown, where he remained from 1885 until 1889.

Like his brother Harry, during his young days he was a particularly good athlete and won many prizes at running and jumping, his best time for the 100 yards being $9\frac{4}{5}$ seconds.

At the age of 20 he started farming on his own, being fairly successful with sheep and ostriches on a farm called 'Montague', near Cradock. From here he moved to a farm called 'Krantz Place', also in the Cradock district, and then to 'Hilton', near Venterstadt.

At the outbreak of the Anglo-Boer War in 1899 he was

farming at 'Montague' and joined the transport, where he was placed in charge of a company of wagons operating from Naauwpoort at the time that General French made his feint to attack Colesburg. After this the transport was ordered back to De Aar, but with the usual hardships and exigencies of the campaign he got enteric fever. His father, Hilton, brought him to 'Hales Owen', and after his recovery he was appointed as Intelligence Officer, it being his duty to guide the troops and conduct scouting parties in the area between Graaff Reinet, Cradock, Tarkastadt, and the Sneeuwberg.

There had been a scrap with the commandos of Odendaal and Bezuidenhout at a place called Quaggers Hoek, and one of the Boer commandants had been wounded while the rest had retreated. This commandant had been placed in a scotch cart and was being taken along the road when Col. Hunter-Weston and a company of Imperial troops, whom Monty was guiding through the district, came upon the scene. Seeing a scotch cart doing about 30 m.p.h. down the road in top gear, Hunter-Weston thought that perhaps they were trying to get away, so he sent a party forward and captured it, wounded commandant and all.

Nearing a farm belonging to a Dutchman named Michau, whom he knew, Monty rode up to the house and inquired from him where the Boers were, as they had lately retreated in that direction. Michau was very surprised to see him and replied that the Boers were all round there and had only just left the house, and he advised Monty to get away as soon as possible if he did not want to get shot.

Returning to the column he told the Colonel that the Boers were reported to be in the immediate neighbourhood and advised him not to continue any farther until they had been located.

But Hunter-Weston decided to push on, and while he and Monty were riding ahead with the advance guard on a narrow path through a dry river-bed they ran right into an ambush (bad luck!).

The Boers had hidden themselves on a rocky hill about

150 yards away and suddenly opened fire on the men and horses as they were crowding through the narrow drift. For a moment pandemonium reigned, and the only thing that saved them from all being wiped out was the heavy cloud of red dust which hid everything in the valley. A number of horses were shot and several of the men were wounded, one fatally, but most of the bullets seemed to be going high. There was such a general mix-up in the dust that it was impossible to see anything.

Hunter-Weston ordered a 'retreat' (which was instantly obeyed) and had the wounded men carried away, he himself going out of the ambush last. Monty then commandeered a wagon from a neighbouring farm and had the wounded men taken to Cradock, where one poor fellow died.

During this time he was frequently out with scouting parties of about twenty men under him, locating the Boers and keeping in touch with the main column by means of dispatch-riders and carrier-pigeons.

In 1903 ostriches were paying well, but Hilton Barber thought that perhaps the hardiness of the Egyptian ostrich would improve the South African breed, so he, Monty, and Sidney Gilfillan went on a visit to Egypt. But they did not like the Egyptian birds, so they gave up the idea, said good-bye to the Sphinx, and travelled on to England, visiting Italy and France *en route*.

While in England Monty became engaged, and on the 23rd January 1904 married Miss Harriet Mary Silcock of Norfolk, and has the following five children:

Harold Montague, born on the 21st November 1904.

Alice Mary, born on the 1st September 1907.

Thomas George, born on the 19th February 1910.

Fanny Ellen, born on the 26th January 1912.

Elizabeth Evelyn, born on the 26th July 1915.

The first three are married and are living on farms in the neighbourhood of Grahamstown.

Harold married, on the 21st December 1929, Ellen Mary St. Leger, eldest daughter of Dr. and Mrs. A. J. St. Leger of Grahamstown, late of Rosebank, Cape. They have one

son, Guy Montague Hilton-Barber, born on the 22nd January 1932.

Alice married James Blair-Smith, third son of the late Mr. and Mrs. Fred Smith of Ayr, Scotland, on 28th April 1931.

Tommy married Inez Hester Bowen Williams, only daughter of the late Dr. Williams of Rhodesia and of Mrs. Spreckley of Bexhill-on-Sea, England, on 16th April 1932.

In 1920 Monty sold his farm near Venterstadt and moved to the Albany district, where he purchased the farm 'Atherstone' from Thos. T. Hoole. He also bought 'Hilton', the birthplace of his father, and is living there now farming sheep and cattle. 'Atherstone' was sold in 1932 and Monty bought 'Coldspring' from a Mr. Glass, and Tommy and his wife are now living there.

CHARLES EVELYN HILTON-BARBER. He is the fourth son of Hilton Barber and was born in Cradock on the 25th September 1879. At this time a Kaffir war was in progress, and his father was on active service under Sir Evelyn Wood. He was consequently named after Sir Evelyn Wood, of whom his father was a great admirer.

He spent the first four years of his life at 'Hales Owen', and when his mother died he was sent to his aunt Polly Holland at Haddon Farm, near Adelaide, until he was seven years old, when he returned to 'Hales Owen'.

A year later, when his father married again, Charles and his brother Gray, hearing terrible tales of step-mothers, packed up their belongings in a donkey-cart and ran away from home. They only managed to get as far as the station when they were coaxed back by their new mother with a gift of bananas.

As a boy he narrowly escaped being killed when returning home from a hunt on a neighbouring farm. He was thrown from his horse, but his foot caught in the stirrup and he was dragged for about a hundred yards, when luckily the saddle came off.



CHARLES HILTON-BARBER



GRAHAM A. HILTON-BARBER

THE
EAST
INDIA
COMPANY



He first went to school at the Gill College, Somerset East, and finished his education at St. Andrew's College, Grahamstown, leaving there in 1897.

After a year at 'Hales Owen' he left for Mr. R. H. Struben's farm, 'Tafelberg Hall', as a sub-manager.

At the outbreak of the Anglo-Boer War he joined up with the 'First City Volunteers', afterwards known as Marshall's Horse, and took part in General Ian Hamilton's march to Pretoria. He was later seriously wounded in an encounter with General De Wet's men at Rhenoster Kopje in 1900, and while lying wounded he narrowly escaped being burned to death in a grass fire which came within a few feet of him, but he was fortunately saved by a sudden change in the direction of the wind.

Some of the Boers then arrived on the scene. At that time they hated particularly the British South Africans who were fighting against them. While Charles was lying there wounded, one of the enemy pointed a rifle at his head and said (in Dutch) to his companions: 'This man understands Dutch; it seems to me that he is not an Englishman.' Knowing the danger of admitting this, Charles said to the officer in charge: 'Does he want to know where I am wounded?' This feigned ignorance of the language undoubtedly saved his life, for much to his relief the officer said: 'Leave him alone, he is a "Rooinek".'

After recovering from this wound Charles joined the Cradock Defence Force and was discharged from this in 1902 at the end of the war.

In 1904 he married May, daughter of Robert Embleton Anderson of Montague, Colesburg, and has one son, Cyril, born on the 7th July 1905, and an adopted daughter, Dolly.

For a few years he farmed in the Venterstadt district and in 1907 moved to the Transvaal, where he managed a farm for Mr. P. Taylor at the 'Eye' of the Mooi River. Two years later he returned to Knutsford, where he farmed until the outbreak of the Great War.

As an officer in the German West Campaign he was in charge of 'A' Squadron in the Cradock Commando. He was

discharged when the Union Forces had taken German West Africa, and in 1916 he re-enlisted for service in German East Africa in the Mechanical Transport.

One day, while out on convoy on a dangerous road, the steering-gear of his car went wrong and the car ran away downhill, exceeding the speed-limit all the way. At the bottom of the hill there was a *krantz*. While the car was looping the loop through the air, Charles fell out, landing in the branches of a big tree unhurt. The car was a total wreck.

In this campaign he got malaria very badly and was invalided back to Capetown and finally discharged.

After farming various places he finally bought 'Sidney', near 'Hales Owen', where he grows lucerne and specializes in Wanganella stud sheep. Charles has a fine orchard and has made a special study of fruit trees, and his knowledge of this subject has earned him a wide reputation in his district.

GRAHAM ATHERSTONE HILTON-BARBER is the fifth and youngest son of Hilton Barber and was born at Cradock on the 1st June 1881.

After studying at the Gill College in Somerset East he went on to St. Andrew's College, Grahamstown, where he finished his education, leaving there in December 1898.

In his youth he was an excellent runner, competing in the 220 yards, quarter-mile, half-mile, and mile. In addition to many prizes he has won gold medals for putting the weight, his best being 42 ft. 6 in.

On leaving college he managed for some years the farm 'Glen Avon' for Mr. John Brown, but later returned to 'Hales Owen', where he farmed sheep and ostriches on shares with his father.

At this time the irrigation scheme at 'Hales Owen' was negligible. I think there was a small $2\frac{1}{2}$ -ft. furrow that watered the kitchen-garden, or something like that. Since he has been on the farm he has developed an enormous irrigation scheme, and the water-furrows that now run through

the farm from the various dams and weirs on the Fish River would make fair-sized rivers.

Originally they had a private weir, and then the Government built three more schemes: the Scanlan Weir and the two Marlow Weirs. This then gave 2,400 morgan under water on 'Hales Owen'. When the Grassridge dam was built, Gray was compelled to put in an enormous area—up to 950 morgan—under water, and the farm is handicapped by excessive water-rates.

In one season 'Hales Owen' produced 3,650 bags of wheat and 3,800 bags of maize, which is a record for one man's efforts in the Cradock district. In addition to these large areas under water there are extensive tracts used for grazing, as the whole farm is 4,500 morgan. In addition to this Gray has bought the farm 'River-view', which is 2,900 morgan, making a total of 7,400 morgan.

'Hales Owen' used to be famous for its ostriches, and if you happen to be in the Natural History Museum at South Kensington you will see a fine group of 'Hales Owen' birds in a glass case.

Such names as 'Old Jack', 'Old Wales', 'Young Wales', and 'Black Prince' are among the aristocracy of South African ostriches. During his lifetime 'Old Jack' made £10,000 for his owner, and a good pair of breeding-birds from 'Hales Owen' were often sold for £1,000.

To give one an idea of how well ostriches were paying during the boom, chicks from 'Hales Owen' were booked a year ahead at from £6 to £15 each when three months old. When the new type of incubators were invented 'Hales Owen' used to raise from 300 to 500 chicks a year, and sell them all.

'Old Wales' running with three hens produced 88 chicks, which were sold at £10 each, which is £880 for one year. The following year Gray refused an offer of £600 for 'Young Wales' and his three wives. That year he got from them 111 chicks, which were sold at £6 each.

There was a very fine bird at 'Hales Owen' called 'Hobbles'; he was too fierce for the breeding-camps and so was kept on the veldt.

Gray had to ride through this camp one day on his way to a land in which the natives were reaping. 'Hobbles' spotted him and came like a bullet. He charged straight at the horse; the impact was so great that he nearly knocked the horse over.

Just as they met Gray grabbed 'Hobbles' by the neck and got on to his back. The bird went absolutely mad with rage. He swelled up his neck and hooted like a Union Castle boat; he stamped the ground and pranced about until he was too tired to kick or peck. Then Gray left him, thinking that 'Hobbles' had had enough and would keep away for the day. But 'nothing doing'; he waited there in ambush for $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours, so Gray took his horse through a gate and went by another way. But he still had to cross a portion of the camp. 'Hobbles' knew this and set off like a streak of lightning.

Gray had half a mile start and set off at full gallop. Half-way over he looked back. There came 'Hobbles' at full tilt; he had made up the difference and was overtaking him at 50 miles per hour. Although at full gallop the bird kicked a piece of skin off the horse at the back of the saddle. At this moment Gray struck 'Hobbles' on the neck with a stick and nearly killed him.

'Hobbles' was being plucked once, and when the stocking was taken off his head the first thing he saw was a Hottentot 20 yards away. He charged for the Tot and the Tot charged for the fence about 20 yards beyond. Just as he was being overtaken the Tot made a magnificent 5 yards' dive, clean through the fence without even taking off a button. It must have been the funniest thing imaginable (except for the Tot).

This bird was such a nuisance that he was hobbled for a year, but it did not make any difference, and when they were taken off he was just as *kwaai* as ever. He was finally sold with a hen for £100, but he got blinded with a thorn *tak* while trying to kick some one. After that he became useless and had to be killed.

Gray had a very thrilling experience once while riding out from Cradock to 'Hales Owen' (8 miles) during a record thunderstorm. He had gone in to see the Cradock show and

was all 'dolled up' in a new suit of clothes and was riding a fine horse of North American breed.

Gretchin had been left alone and he had promised to return, so despite a terrific thunderstorm beating up, he set off at 6 p.m. in the hope of getting back to 'Hales Owen'. He had hardly started before it came down by the bucketful, raining 3·7 inches in an hour.

Coming to the main sluice it was now a roaring river, 20 feet deep and 50 feet wide. The water had risen so high that the waves were almost touching the narrow metal foot-bridge that ran across parallel to the rails. This was protected on the outside by a railing, but on the inside there was nothing, and one could see the open space between the sleepers and the rails and the raging torrent sweeping underneath. To make matters more difficult, in fact almost impossible for a horse, there was a 4-foot wide opening between the bank and the commencement of this narrow foot-bridge.

Gray led the horse up to this opening, patted him, and whispered in his ear that he expected him to hop over on to the metal foot-way. The horse jumped, but his iron-shod hoofs slipped on the metal and he nearly fell off, but Gray supported him until he got his balance and then led him over the stream.

This may not sound much, but those who knew the place and remember the record thunderstorm, consider it a wonderful feat for a horse, while others have found difficulty in believing that a horse could accomplish this.

At the next sluice the water was running so high that the railway line was covered, but here there was a galvanized iron foot-way, now submerged, over which the horse allowed himself to be led; the horse swam the other sluices, the water coming up to the saddle-flaps.

To give you an idea of how severe had been the down-pour, the entire country-side was under water and 200 yards of the railway embankment had been washed away. Many of Heathcote's ostriches were washed out of his camps, over the 10-foot high railway embankment. Practically every

fence in the neighbourhood had gone. As the torrent swept down on the fences the wire-netting collected all the debris, and hundreds of yards of fence were pushed over at one time. The accumulated mass would then sweep forward, and away would go the next fence.

It was now quite dark, so Gray abandoned the horse and continued the journey on foot, but when he came to the narrow 2-foot wide aqueduct, which was used as a bridge, the stream had risen 17 feet and was lapping the aqueduct, and it looked as if it would be swept away at any moment. It looked so frail and insecure that he decided not to risk it and took a three-mile walk round, crossing a 400-yard section of washed-away railway line on his hands and knees.

In the darkness he missed the turn-out gate by half a mile, which led to further scramblings through thorns and mud, and when he got back to 'Hales Owen' it was 9.30 and the flood-water was up to the front steps—and the new suit was completely 'done in'.

Gretchin, of course, had been very worried, as she knew that Gray would attempt to get back, but the native house-servants had pacified her by saying that the *boss* would surely have been drowned!

The old house at 'Hales Owen' is now used as a holiday resort and has been much improved lately—additional rooms have been added, and a swimming-bath, tennis-courts, and midget golf-course have been made.

Gray has an interesting group of old family portraits painted by Thomas Barber. It is worth remembering that at one time these portraits were buried, possibly in 1846 when Hugh Barber and his family had to retreat to Grahamstown during the Kaffir war.

One portrait, that of Mrs. Hugh Barber, was damaged by Edgie Claremont sticking an assegai through the brooch; it is a wonder his great-grandfather did not come and 'spook' him.

In 1904 Gray married Gretchin, daughter of George Ulig, Esq., of Somerset East, and has the following family:

Marguerite, born 7th May 1906.

Hilton, born 14th September 1908.

Sydney, born 3rd December 1909.

Graham, born 20th October 1912.

Mary Evelyn, born 11th September 1921.

On the death of Hilton Barber the four surviving sons each had the opportunity of buying in the property. The others declined as they already had their homes elsewhere, so Gray, who had been farming the place for many years, bought it from the estate, paying out the other heirs.

He is still farming there, but is having a tough time with the depression and the high water-rates.





FREDERICK WILLIAM BARBER AND HIS WIFE MARY ELIZABETH,
daughter of MILES BOWKER of 'Tharfield'

CHAPTER VII

MR. AND MRS. FREDERICK WILLIAM BARBER

FREDERICK WILLIAM BARBER (1813-92)

HE was the seventh and youngest son of Thomas Barber, the artist, and was born in Nottingham on the 20th May 1813. Like his elder brothers, he was given a good education, commencing his studies at Olney, and then going on to Eton College. Finally, after leaving there, he studied for a time on the Continent.

He held a full certificate as an analytical chemist, but I do not know whether this was obtained in London or while he was studying on the Continent in company with his cousin, William Guybon Atherstone, who was then a medical student. Atherstone took his M.D. at Heidelberg in 1839, and it is quite possible that Frederick was with him at this place.

At the conclusion of their studies he and Atherstone went for a long walking tour for several months through France, Holland, Germany, Switzerland, and Italy. During this tour they visited many of the places associated with Lord Byron, and my father said that he had many times heard his father talk of their scrambles in the Alps, and heard him recite portions of Byron's poems connected with the places they had visited on this tour through western Europe.

In the ruins of the Castle of Drachensfeldt they buried a bottle containing their names, and in 1889 when Frederick travelled up the Rhine with his wife, sons, and Sydney Barber, he pointed out to them the place where the bottle had been buried fifty years before.

It was on this walking tour in 1839 that Frederick had a rather unpleasant experience while skating with a friend on a river in Switzerland. This friend of his, who was some distance ahead, suddenly disappeared through the ice. Frederick raced to his assistance, but before he arrived at

the broken place in the ice he saw the dark form of his friend being carried by the current beneath the ice upon which Frederick was skating. Of course it was impossible to do anything to save him, and he was never seen again.

After this trip on the Continent my grandfather returned to Nottingham, but hearing that his cousin was going out to South Africa, he decided to accompany him.

Towards the end of 1839 Frederick Barber and Dr. William Guybon Atherstone came out together to South Africa in the *Robert Small*, a boat of 1,000 tons, arriving in Algoa Bay in December.

Thomas Barber had given his son Frederick sufficient money to make a start at sheep-farming, but before buying land for himself he started as a pupil on the farm of Dr. John Atherstone, the father of W. G. Atherstone.

After this came a varied life, alternately fighting Kaffirs and farming; and in 1845 we find him farming near Graaff Reinet on a farm named 'Bloemhof'. It was while he was farming here that he married Mary Elizabeth, the daughter of Miles Bowker, of Tharfield, Lower Albany.

Being very busy on his farm he wrote to his betrothed to come up and marry him in Graaff Reinet, but the young lady's mother promptly replied that if she was not worth fetching he could leave her where she was. This very soon brought him down, and they were married in the Settlers' Church at Bathurst, Lower Albany, in 1845.

It must have been shortly after his marriage that the Kaffir war of 1846 broke out, possibly before the newly-married couple had time to get back to their home at Graaff Reinet, because Frederick was with the Bowkers (his brothers-in-law) in the laager at Thorn Kloof, near Carlisle Bridge.

With the exception of Bertram and Robert, the whole Bowker clan were there, also John Atherstone and some of the neighbours, making a total of thirteen white men and a number of Hottentots. They had concentrated all their stock there, numbering 40,000 sheep, 200 cattle, and 100 horses.

It was on the 2nd May 1846 that some of the native

herdsmen came running home reporting that the Kaffirs were driving off the sheep. William and Miles Bowker and two Dutchmen who were on cattle-guard and had their horses with them galloped off at once.

John Mitford Bowker, John Atherstone, and four others followed on foot, and after running for a couple of miles came upon the horsemen firing at a number of Kaffirs who were driving off the sheep. Many of the Kaffirs were armed and were firing back at them.

At this moment about 100 mounted Kaffirs and 300 to 400 on foot emerged from the forest with the intention of surrounding the horsemen, but seeing the six white men on foot, decided to kill them first. They charged down on them, but were kept at bay by accurate fire. The white men retreated from one patch of bush to another, which afforded a certain amount of cover, but each time they came out into the open a hail of bullets whistled past their heads. One of the party, a young man named Webb, had his ankle broken by a bullet. They had to carry him, and they would have been surrounded had not a further party consisting of Holden, Sep and Octavius Bowker, and Frederick Barber arrived in the nick of time. They opened fire at the wing of the impi which had almost completed a circle and kept them at bay.

They were all good shots and Octavius never missed. They picked off the leading horsemen and the rest drew up in confusion. William and the other horsemen then arrived, and the whole party was then able to get back to the camp.

They were attacked several times at night but were able to beat off the invaders. They were unable to feed their stock and thousands of sheep were stolen daily.

They paid one of their Fingo servants sixty rix-dollars to run through with a message to the Governor at Fort Beaufort asking for assistance, but *he* was unable to help them.

The neighbouring forests offered ample protection to the Kaffirs, and the whites were unable to prevent their stock from being stolen, so they decided to abandon Thorn Kloof and retreat into Grahamstown, which they did, having several

brushes with the Kaffirs on the way in. (A more detailed account of this fight is given in the chapter on the Bowkers of Tharfield.) The sheep and cattle were sent under escort into the Graaff Reinet district. Some of the Bowkers took their families and stock to Robert Bowker's at 'Glen Avon', near Somerset East.

Frederick Barber then joined the Burgher force and was on active service through this war. When peace had been restored he returned to his farm, 'Bloemhof', near Graaff Reinet. He had lost practically everything and had to make a fresh start.

It was in Graaff Reinet that the eldest son, Frederick Hugh, was born on the 8th January 1847. Then for a time Frederick Barber farmed in partnership with his brother-in-law, Thomas Holden Bowker, on a farm called 'Signal Kop', near the Great Fish River. It was here, during a war or native rising, that they buried a lot of old china and family plate. It could not have been worth much for it was never dug up again. This is the second lot of buried treasure in the family, the former lot being buried at Tharfield, near the Kowie. The Tharfield treasure is of considerable value, and extensive searches have been made by the Bowkers to try to recover it. It is known that two large silver candelabra and much other family plate and a number of willow-pattern plates were buried in a small valley about a quarter of a mile from the back of the Tharfield house.

From 'Signal Kop' Frederick moved to Upper Albany, purchasing a farm which he called 'Highlands'. This farm is about 15 miles west of Grahamstown and about a mile and a half from the present 'Highlands' railway station. It is the highest place in the Albany district and is situated in a wild and stony country with great woods and deep valleys, which in the olden days, before the civilizing influence of the railway, were a veritable paradise for sportsman and naturalist, for game was plentiful and there was much undiscovered in its fauna and flora.

Its wild and romantic scenery is much the same now, though game is scarce and the naturalist has discovered its

unnamed treasures on the hills and in the forests. The running fountains of fifty years ago have mostly dried up, with the result that the neighbourhood is somewhat arid in appearance, like many other parts of South Africa.

However, it is a particularly good sheep-farm, and wool from this neighbourhood generally fetches a good price. The farm 'Highlands' is now (1927) owned by a Mr. Rippon.

In 1840 the farm belonged to a Dutchman named Barends, and when Frederick Barber purchased the property the former owner had partially erected a building intended for a Dutch Reform Church, which the good man had been unable to complete owing to the outbreak of a Kaffir war.

Frederick farmed sheep here for some years, but as sheep-farming, wool-classing, &c., were not so scientific as they are to-day and these early settlers were handicapped by having to transport their produce often for hundreds of miles, it was a hard life in those days.

Kaffir wars often ruined all the hard work of years, for the settlers were few and isolated, and on the outbreak of a war the farms were deserted, for the women and children were concentrated into laagers while the men went out to fight.

My father told me that his first recollections were of being carried as a child into the Cathedral in Grahamstown when the women and children were concentrated there during some native scare or attack.

It was here, at 'Highlands', that my father, the second son, was born on the 7th September 1850, and the daughter, Mary Ellen (known as 'Highlie' for Highland Mary), was born in Grahamstown on the 14th September 1853.

In 1850 another Kaffir war broke out against the Chief Kreli, and the farm was deserted while Frederick was away on active service. No record of his experiences in this campaign exist except that he 'shot a nigger', and considering the fierce fighting that often occurred in these wars he probably accounted for a good many but did not have time to cut notches on the stock of his gun.

After Kreli had been successfully driven over the Kei

River and peace had once more been restored, the Government gave out farms to those who had fought in the war.

Thomas Holden Bowker, M.L.A., a brother of Mrs. Barber, gave out the farms on behalf of the Government and Frederick was given a farm on the Zwart Kei. This farm he called 'Lammermoor'. Some of his Dutch neighbours thought the name denoted his wish for more lambs.

He and his wife and family went to live here in 1854, while the farm 'Highlands' was leased to a Mr. Game. It was during the occupation of Mr. Game that a beautiful picture of Frederick and a brother painted by their father was destroyed. A spring cleaning was in progress and the picture was taken outside. A severe hailstorm occurred and this heirloom was battered to shreds.

They all lived happily at 'Lammermoor' for a few years, but finding the locality detrimental to his wife's health they returned to 'Highlands' in 1858. The old, half-finished Dutch Reform Church was now completed in the shape of a substantial farm-house, and here they lived for a time while the family was being educated.

On one occasion Frederick was staying with his brother-in-law, Robert Bowker, M.L.A., at 'Craigie Burn', near Somerset East. While out hunting there on horseback, night came on before he could get back home, and in the darkness he lost his way. Knowing that there were several dangerous precipices in the neighbourhood he decided that it would be safer to walk. He therefore dismounted and was leading his horse through the bush with the reins on his arm when suddenly he stepped off the earth into mid-air and hung by the reins: his horse staggered backwards and after a scramble he got back on to the ground again.

He then took another route and eventually got back to the house. He went back the next morning to see over what place he had so nearly fallen the night before. It gave him the cold shivers when he discovered that he had actually dangled in mid-air over that giddy height near the Glen Avon Waterfall with a sheer drop of about 300 feet on to the stones below.

In the years 1868-9, when the exciting news of the discovery of diamonds on the Vaal River and elsewhere spread like a lightning flash across the country, Frederick Barber, with his eldest son, was amongst the first pioneers. Messrs. Ernest Franklin and Charles Cumming accompanied them, and for a while they worked at the long-deserted Mission Station of Peniel and afterwards at Gongong and Delport's Hope, where they found several diamonds of considerable value which afterwards realized over £1,000.

The thrill of the diamond-fields, with their undiscovered wealth, and the daily expectation of unearthing a diamond the size of an orange, was enough to excite the most unimaginative of men, and all other ways of making fortunes seemed to fade into insignificance. From far and wide people came with their picks and spades, and a bag for the diamonds; and if they could not ride, they walked.

Once he had caught the fever of diamond-digging, Frederick returned to 'Highlands', leased his farm again, and in company with his whole family returned to the diggings which had opened at Du Toit's Pan and De Beer's, on the Dutch farm 'Vooruitzegt', which being interpreted into English means 'Foretold'. The name seemed to have a prophetic intent as the wonders of De Beer's were soon known throughout the world.

Here the Barbers pegged out a claim in the centre of the mine in what is now known as Old De Beer's. At this time more than half of the mine was still unpegged and the undisturbed grass and trees were still growing on the spot where now the yawning chasm reveals the excavations of man in his thirst for wealth.

Shortly before their arrival the Bultfontein Mine had been discovered, but the diggers here had been ejected by the London and South African Exploration Company, with the result that they were highly indignant at this selfish procedure.

They accordingly held a mass-meeting and decided that they should 'jump' the mine early the next morning. That evening the Barbers decided not to wait until morning and

thus chance others getting there before them, so they resolved to go and peg their claim at once. They had no sooner prepared their pegs when a friend, a Mr. Willie Franklin, came along and reported that other diggers were likewise inspired with haste and had started for the mine, so off they all rushed in the dark, carrying their pegs, picks, and shovels. On getting into the thoroughfare from De Beer's to Bultfontein they found it crowded with hurrying diggers with their gear. They accordingly lost no time in getting to their destination and by the light of a waning moon pegged their claim and at once started excavating a large hole to prove their right to the ground pegged.

It was a bitterly cold night and the low scrub and grass afforded little protection, but after they had made a sufficient impression on the hard surface of their claim to be able to prove their right to it, they built a large fire and so spent the night chatting round its cheerful blaze and discussing the curious state of affairs, or assisting later arrivals to peg claims.

Diggers were arriving at all times of the night, and towards morning the whole surface of the mine was pegged, with the exception of the space occupied by a mud-walled house belonging to Mr. Webb, the representative of the Company they had ousted.

A Mr. William Hutton, arriving in the morning and finding all the claims taken up, at once put in his pegs at the corners of the house, so not only did Webb lose his mine but he could not even call his house his own. It was in the mud walls of this house that diamonds were found, and one could be seen protruding from the surface of the plaster.

Mr. Webb was very angry at this high-handed proceeding and called a meeting of the diggers on the bank of a dam about a hundred yards below his house, where the right of the diggers to jump his mine was hotly discussed and he again threatened to eject them. The diggers told him that if he did not accept claim-licences then and there they would throw him into the dam and pay none at all, at which point

the meeting broke up and they started work on their new holdings.

The surface of this mine for the first foot was extremely rich, and diamonds to the value of £30 *per diem* were collected by the diggers while this lasted. The theory to account for this was that the mound on which the mine was situated was at one time considerably higher and that erosion had reduced it, carrying away the friable surface and leaving the diamonds, many stones being actually found amongst the grass-roots and almost on the surface. The gems, though small, were of a superior quality and brilliance.

Mr. Webb, on seeing the determination of the diggers, decided to accept a claim-licence of ten shillings per month per claim.

Not long after this a Mrs. Ortlepp gave a picnic under a large tree to the west of Old De Beer's Mine. Here one of the guests, a Mr. Rawson, during the dinner, found a diamond in the grass under the tree, so he returned there the next day with a sieve and sorting-table and during the day discovered three diamonds.

These were the very first diamonds found on the Kimberley mine. On the discovery the news soon spread about, and a great rush of diggers from all other mines was the result, and four or five hundred claims were pegged.

These new diggings were known as the 'New Rush' mine for several years until Sir Henry Barkly became Governor of the Cape and renamed the place Kimberley.

Prior to the pegging of some five hundred claims on its surface the Kimberley kopje was covered with long grass and mimosa trees, and one very large tree on its summit was known as 'Gilfillan's Tree', as here Mr. William Gilfillan had pitched his tent.

An interesting picture of this kopje and Gilfillan's tree was painted by Mrs. F. W. Barber, and it is at present in the Albany Museum with her other paintings.

This hill was about 25 acres in extent and rose about 20 feet above the level of the plain. The hill has now vanished and the great Kimberley mine yawns in its place.

A number of claims pegged in the first rush were not on diamondiferous ground, and of two claims, Nos. 146 and 147, pegged by the Barbers, No. 147 was only partially on the rich diamond pipe. Here they worked for about three years with considerable success, but at the end of this period they had worked out all the yellow ground from their claims and had reached an extremely hard blue surface. At this time the method of working the 'drying floors' had not yet been discovered, and as their claims ceased to pay well they disposed of them.

While in Kimberley Frederick Barber erected a soda-water and ginger-ale factory, and as Kimberley has always been a thirsty place it was a great success. I have always understood that he was the first to discover the process of making aerated water, and I have never heard of it being made prior to the date 1872.

Mr. and Mrs. Barber were well known and liked by all in Kimberley, and many people of note who visited the town stayed with them. The Governor, Sir Henry Barkly, and F. C. Selous, the famous hunter, were frequently guests of theirs, and on one occasion when Selous was seriously ill in Kimberley Mrs. Barber nursed him back to health again.

After some years Frederick Barber left Kimberley and went to England to stay with his brother Alfred, who was old and lonely. They lived together at Totterdown, Bristol, for some years, and Alfred taught his brother the then intricate science of photography. He had to make his own photographic plates and dry them in a dark room, and a usual exposure in those days was 100 seconds in the sunlight. After the death of his brother Alfred in 1884 Frederick remained on in Bristol for some years, and in 1889 his wife and sons came to England.

They all went together for a trip on the Continent, travelling up the Rhine, which was extremely interesting to Frederick as he had studied in Germany fifty years previously and he remembered all the old castles and buildings on the Rhine which he had seen in his youth. They returned



'NEW RUSH' (KIMBERLEY) IN 1872
from a painting by MRS. F. W. BARBER

together to South Africa and for the remainder of his life Frederick Barber lived in Grahamstown, where he died on the 2nd January 1892 and is buried in the old cemetery above the railway station.

He was a somewhat retiring, studious man and used to contribute regularly to the newspapers on different subjects in which he was versed, and in his studies in chemistry and the analysis of the soil to discover what it needed to produce certain crops he was much in advance of the men of his time. In social gatherings, &c., he was always well to the fore with his songs and ready wit; one of his favourite pieces was 'The Friar of Orders Grey', which he used to sing in the costume of a Grey Friar.

MARY ELIZABETH BARBER (Mrs. F. W. Barber)
(1818-4 Sept. 1899)

This much talented and altogether remarkable woman was the daughter of Miles Bowker of Tharfield, near Port Alfred. She was born in England in 1818 and came to South Africa with her parents, who were settlers, in 1820. South Africa has not yet produced another of either sex who has rivalled her with brush and pen, and her extensive knowledge of botany, natural history, and entomology was outstanding.

In her youth she was the constant companion of her father, himself an ardent student of nature, and from him she learnt the principles of these sciences. From early youth she displayed an innate love of natural history pursuit in all its branches, and with the roving lives that these hardy settlers lived she had ample opportunity for collecting beetles, butterflies, and plants and painting them from life.

Though cut off from the resources of civilization and without the helpful encouragement of fellow students, she developed her powers of observation and accumulated many facts which in later life brought her the friendship of Charles Darwin, the Hookers, and Dr. Harvey, materially assisting the latter in the compilation of the *Thesaurus Capensis*, many of her discoveries being named after her in this book. From

her love of natural history sprang a lifelong correspondence with Charles Darwin and many other eminent men of the day.

Many of her papers of observations on South African fauna and flora were read before and published by the Linnean Society. Her genius was also recognized on the Continent, and she was elected a member of the Hungarian Ornithological Society. Her portrait was painted especially for some society on the Continent, possibly the above, and many of her papers were translated into foreign languages.

It was only through the foolish law barring women from becoming members of English Natural History Societies that her election was prevented.

During the early troublesome times on the frontier the family were frequently shut up in laagers surrounded by hostile Kaffirs, and on several occasions had to flee for their lives.

In the year 1845 she was married to Frederick William Barber, seventh son of Thomas Barber, and had two sons and a daughter.

In 1854 her husband was granted the farm 'Lammermoor' on the Zwart Kei for service in war against the Chief Kreli, and here many of her observations were made; but in 1858 they returned to the farm 'Highlands' where she had lived previously, and it was here that her principal investigations were made in the life-studies of butterflies, her valuable services being handsomely acknowledged by Mr. Rowland Trimen in his work on the *Butterflies of South Africa*.

In 1872 she accompanied her sons to the diamond-fields of Griqualand West, living for years in wagons and tents, all her spare time being occupied in observations and in making collections, and here a number of her pictures were painted.

Her hospitable home was the rendezvous of all the men of note who visited the country during the early days of Kimberley.

In 1880 she took up her abode with her sons at 'Junction Drift', a farm on the Fish River, and in 1886, on gold being discovered on the Witwatersrand, she accompanied them there.

In 1889 she visited Europe for the first time since her

childhood, travelling in England and on the Continent, returning to the Transvaal in 1892. She visited the Cape Colony at various times and often stayed with her brother, Col. James Henry Bowker, in Natal.

Her death took place in Pietermaritzburg, Natal, on the 4th September 1899.

During her lifetime she presented to the Albany Museum, Grahamstown, her herbarium and her collection of butterflies, and it was therefore judged best by her children to present her paintings also to this institution, where they will find an honourable place amongst the exhibits, and where they will be a means of instruction to many visitors and may even stimulate some to follow in her footsteps.

To all who see these pictures it will be a surprise to learn that Mrs. Barber never had any instruction in drawing or painting, yet many of her paintings could scarcely be surpassed by a good professional artist. In addition to her talents already recorded she was gifted in music and poetry.

A volume of fifty of her poems, reflecting clearly the many mental powers of this much gifted authoress, was published by her son F. H. Barber in 1898. This is entitled *The Erythrina Tree and Other Verses*. The first poem, 'The Erythrina Tree', is given with this biography.

Though Mrs. Barber only published comparatively few scientific papers, they are of lasting merit, and a brief review of those that can be traced is given below.

'Locusts and Locust Birds', *Trans. S. African Philosophical Society*, vol. i. A valuable and comprehensive paper bringing together all that was known at the time about the common S. African migratory locust, its enemies, &c.

'On the Peculiar Colours of Animals in Relation to Habits of Life', *Trans. S.A. Phil. Soc.*, vol. i. She successfully combats Mr. Wallace's theory of the production of colours in animals and upholds Charles Darwin's theory of female selection in many instances. She then deals with the *indicative* or *banner colours* in polygamous

birds, *protective colours* in some bright-coloured birds and butterflies, and she records interesting observations on the colours of chameleons.

‘A Plea for Insectivorous Birds.’ Read before the Eastern Province Literary and Scientific Society, Grahamstown, July 1886, and published in pamphlet form. In this paper the authoress enters a strong plea for the preservation and protection of insectivorous birds for ethical and practical reasons.

‘On the Structure and Fertilization of *Leparis Bowkeri*’, *Journal Linnean Society (Botany)*, vol. x, pp. 455–8 (with 7 figures in the text). It records the observations on the orchid made at ‘Highlands’, near Grahamstown.

‘On the Fertilization and Dissemination of *Duvernoia adhatodoites*’, *Journ. Linn. Soc. (Botany)*, vol. xi, pp. 469–72 (with 5 figures in the text). She shows that this plant is almost without exception fertilized by the large carpenter bees and also describes the peculiar method by which the seeds are dispersed.

Two papers were read to the Linnean Society, but, it seems, were not printed: ‘On the Stone-Grasshopper of Grahams-town, South Africa’ (Proc. Linn. Soc., 4th Feb. 1869) and ‘On Carnivorous and Insectivorous Plants’ (Proc. Linn. Soc., 1st Dec. 1870). The observations in the former have been referred to by Trimen and others.

Her best-known paper is perhaps the following: ‘Notes on the Peculiar Habits and Changes which take place in the Larva of *Papilio Nireus*’, *Trans. Ent. Soc.*, 1874, pp. 519–21 (with plate). Mrs. Barber was one of the first to discover the variable protective resemblance in the pupae of certain butterflies and to discuss its probable causes. *Papilio Nireus* will, thanks to Mrs. Barber’s paper, remain a classic example of this peculiar power of adaptation. (See E. B. Poulton’s *The Colours of Animals*, International Science Series, vol. lxviii, 1890.)

In her correspondence with friends, some of whom have been mentioned before, and who include some of the fore-

most men of her time, she must have been bubbling over with interesting facts discovered by her. Many of the works of these friends have numerous citations from her letters, e.g. Layard and Sharpe's *Birds of South Africa*, Trimen's *South African Butterflies*, Harvey's *Thesaurus Capensis*.

Many of her plants are mentioned in the *Flora Capensis* and other botanical publications, and many of her discoveries of new species of insects and plants were named after her. The genus *Barberetta* was named by Harvey in her honour, and the genus *Bowkeria* was dedicated to her and her brother Col. Bowker.

I will let two of these friends speak for themselves to show the value of her contributions. R. Trimen, in the preface to his *South African Butterflies*, p. ix, says: 'To Mrs. F. W. Barber, the sister of Col. Bowker, I am also greatly indebted. Long known to European botanists for her attainment and discoveries in regard to the Flora of the Cape, this lady has a wide acquaintance with South African Natural History generally, and in 1863 turned her attention specially to Lepidoptera. With characteristic generosity—knowing that I was bringing out a book on the subject—Mrs. Barber offered me the fullest aid, and constantly since then have her net, pen and artistic pencil been actively engaged in the furtherance of my work. Of special value have proved her graphic accounts of the habits and stations of the butterflies of the Eastern Districts of Cape Colony, where she has chiefly resided, and her coloured drawings of larvae and pupae, some of which are reproduced in Plates I and II of this volume.'

Harvey, in his *Thesaurus Capensis* (vol. i, p. 24), in dedicating the genus *Bowkeria* to her and her brother, states that she has contributed largely to our knowledge of plants of the Eastern Province. In a footnote he adds the following: 'In one of Mrs. Barber's recent letters she writes: "I am one of your converts; it is to you that I owe the existence of my hobby, for I never should have known anything of botany had I not, by mere chance, seen a copy of your *Genera of South African Plants*, with the introduction to botany at the

beginning of it. This volume I borrowed and here commenced some of the happiest days of my life; for in all places and at all times, in peace and in war, botany has been one of my greatest pleasures; and often when we have been driven away from our homes, and had them burned by savages, and have had nothing to shelter us but a wagon for months together, then botany has been my sovereign remedy to drive away care. . . . So you see, anything I can do to assist you, by collecting plants, is only repaying the debt of gratitude I owe to you for 'value received'."''

'I trust', Harvey continues, 'I violate no confidence in thus printing part of a lady's letter, which I do because it happily illustrates the power of botany to afford interesting amusement and occupation when shut out from society and from ordinary pursuits. How many unemployed hours of a forced or voluntary bush life are tediously spent, which might be pleasantly and usefully filled up if the mind were imbued with Natural History tastes! When the observing faculties have been once aroused and directed to natural objects or phenomena, the taste for recording observations and collecting specimens quickly follows, and the late victim of ennui, now "all eye, all ear", finds that time no longer lags, but runs only too quickly away. I am happy to say that I have made more than one South African "convert", but if my little book had produced no other result than the pleasure it has afforded to my excellent correspondent, and the interesting specimens she has contributed for what she calls "value received", I should consider myself amply repaid.'

May her collection of pictures, a lasting monument of her 'conversion', bring us many more such converts:

PICTURES OF HISTORICAL INTEREST

(in the Albany Museum, Grahamstown)

1. The COLESBURG KOPJE or New Rush, 1871. This picture was painted a few months before Colesburg Kopje was recognized as being diamondiferous. It forms, as everybody knows, the site of the Kimberley mine. The two

figures near the top of the kopje represent Messrs. F. H. and H. M. Barber.

2. General view of KIMBERLEY in the 'early days'. A town of tents.
3. Residence of Madame Favre—NEW RUSH, DIAMOND-FIELDS (KIMBERLEY).
4. A street in NEW RUSH, DIAMOND-FIELDS (KIMBERLEY), where Mrs. Barber lived with her family in the early days.
5. St. Cyprian's Church, NEW RUSH, DIAMOND-FIELDS (KIMBERLEY).
6. The grave of William Edward Boys, son of Major Boys, NEW RUSH, DIAMOND-FIELDS (KIMBERLEY).
7. One of Mrs. Barber's encampments at DE BEERS (1871), showing amongst other things the cask in which the water had to be carried from a distance of three or four miles, the cart used for riding the ground off the mine and also for general purposes, sieves for sifting ground, &c.
8. KIMBERLEY MINE when first rushed, showing 'Gilfillan's Tree' (a Kameeldoorn, which is also in picture No. 1). On the left is the camp, which afterwards became the main street of Kimberley.

PICTURES OF BIRDS

9. *Myrmecocichla bifasciata* (BUFF-STREAKED CHAT). Male, female, nest, and four eggs.
10. *Turdus olivaceus* (CAPE THRUSH). Male, female, nest, and two eggs.
11. *Pachyprora capensis* (CAPE FLY-CATCHER). Male, female, nest, and three eggs.
12. *Aegithalus capensis* (CAPPOC VOGEL). Male, female, and nest.
13. *Pyromelana capensis* (BLACK AND YELLOW BISHOP BIRD). Male, female, and nest.
14. *Vidua principalis* (PIN-TAILED WIDOW BIRD). Male (in breeding plumage) and female.

88 *Mr. and Mrs. Frederick William Barber*

15. *Upupa Africana* (SOUTH AFRICAN HOOPOE). Two females.
16. *Coracias garrula* (EUROPEAN ROLLER). Male and female (?).
17. *Corythornis cyanostigma* (MALACHITE-CRESTED KING-FISHER). Male and female.
18. *Melierax gabor* (RED-FACED GOSHAWK) with *Cinnyris afer* (GREATER DOUBLE-COLLARED SUN-BIRD).
19. *Vinago delalandei* (DELALANDE'S GREEN PIGEON). Two males.

PICTURES OF REPTILES

20. *Dispholidus typus* (BOOMSLANG).
21. *Chameleon namaquensis* (CHAMELEON).

PICTURES OF MOTHS AND BUTTERFLIES

MOTHS

22. *Pachypasa*. Male, female, caterpillar, and pupa.
23. (?) Male, female, caterpillar, and pupa (in outline only).
24. *Trabala ochroleuca*. Male, female, caterpillar, and pupa.
25. *Parasa amoema*. Male and cocoons.

BUTTERFLIES

26. *Meneris Tulbaghia*. Male and female.
27. *Acraea Horta*. Male, female, caterpillar, and pupa.
28. *Acraea Rabira*. Two males, one female, caterpillar, and pupa.
29. *Pyrameis Cardui*. Two of typical form, two of aberrant form, caterpillar, pupa, and cocoon.
30. *Eurema Hippomene*. Two females, two caterpillars, pupa, and cocoon.
31. *Precis Sesamus*. Two specimens showing both surfaces of the wings.
32. *Precis Pelasgis*. Two females showing both surfaces of the wings.
33. *Diadema Misippus*. Two males, one female, two caterpillars, and a pupa.

34. *Charaxes Jablusa*. Two females showing both surfaces of the wings.
35. *Charaxes Neanthes*. Male and female.
36. *Myrina ficedula*. Two males, caterpillar, and pupa.
37. *Hypolycaena Lara*. Two males, caterpillar, and pupa.
38. *Lycaena Baetica*. Two males, one female, caterpillar, and pupa.
39. *Lycaena lucida*. Two males and a female.
40. *Callidryas florella*. Two males, two females, caterpillar, and pupa.
41. *Colias Electra*. Two males, two females, caterpillar, and pupa.
42. *Pieris Hellica*. Two males, one female, caterpillar, and pupa.
43. *Papilio Lyaeus*. Two males, caterpillar, and pupa.

PICTURES OF PLANTS

Nat. Order: IRIDACEAE.

44. 1. *Antholyza revoluta*.
2. *Gladiolus*.
3. *Gl.* sp.
4. *Acidanthera platypetala*.

45. 1, 2. *Dierama pendula*.

Nat. Order: AMARYLLIDACEAE

3. *Lapeyrousia cruenta*.
46. *Haemanthus magnificus*.

47. *Cyrtanthus sanguineus*.

Nat. Order: ARACEAE.

48. *Dracunculus vulgaris*.

Nat. Order: PROTEACEAE.

49. *Protea hirta*.

Nat. Order: RANUNCULACEAE.

50. *Clematis Stanleyi*.

Nat. Order: CUCURBITACEAE.

51. A fruiting branch of a cucurbitaceous plant.

Nat. Order: RUBIACEAE.

52. *Burchellia capensis*.

Nat. Order: ASCLEPIADACEAE.

53. *Huernia reticulata* (?).

54. *Huernia tabata*.

55. *Huernia* sp.

56. *Duvalia Jacquiniana*.

57. *Caralluma lutea*.

58. *Stapelia hircosa*.

59. *Stapelia variegata*.

60. *Stapelia glabricaulis*.

61. *Stapelia patula*.

62. *Stapelia patula*.

63. *Stapelia tsomoensis*.

64. *Stapelia* sp.

65. *Stapelia horizontalis*.

66. *Stapelia hircosa*, 'The Black Stapelia'.

67. *Stapelia* n. sp.

68. *Stapelia roriflua*.

69. *Stapelia grandiflora*.

70. *Stapelia* sp. (?) (marked in pencil 'quite new genus?').

71. *Stapelia ambigua*.

The following poem on the *Erythrina* tree or Kaffir-boom is quoted from Mrs. Barber's book of verse mentioned previously.

THE ERYTHRINA TREE

A CAROL OF THE WOODS

*Bright, glorious Erythrina tree,
Queen of the forests near the sea,
Herald of springtide, wild and free.
Thy scarlet blossoms reared on high,
Above the woods in beauty lie,
Tinted in russet purple dye;*

*While morning beams in laughing glances
Are quivering amongst thy branches
And glowing flowers as day advances.*

*Bright, glorious Erythrina tree,
Queen of the woodlands near the sea,
Haunt of the sun-bird and the bee.
'Neath sunny skies they feast for hours,
Quaffing the nectar of thy flowers
Whose scarlet petals fall in showers.
On dark and amethystine wing,
Flitting from flow'r to flow'r they sing
Their joyous songs to thee in Spring.
A shower of ringing notes on high,
Apparently from out the sky,
Descend on earth all merrily;
While the cicada's ceaseless strain
From day to day—again, again,
Is heard through forest, dell and lane
Thrilling the woods, a wild refrain.*

*Bright, glorious Erythrina, how
Thy scarlet blossoms clothe the bough,
The 'Red man' of the woods art thou.
With thy broad banner floating free
Proclaiming 'seed-time' silently
To each dark Aborigine.
No written calendars have they,
Thy early flow'rs brook no delay,
The season due for toil all day.
When Kaffir maids with hoe in hand
Off to the fields, a cheerful band—
They go to plant umbona¹ land,
Singing a quaint, wild roundelay;
While o'er each 'pick' the sunbeams play,
Working in tune the livelong day.*

¹ maize.

*Bright, glorious Erythrina tree,
As time flies imperceptibly
The Spring's precursor thou shalt be.
High o'er the forest, dark and green
Thy crown of beauty will be seen,
While sweeping seasons intervene.
And many a field of golden corn
Spread over sloping hill and lawn
Shall ripen on each jocund morn.
And many a brilliant sun-bird's song
Shall echo the lone woods among.
While red-winged lauries sweep along,
And from the shadowy depths below
Their deep-toned notes in cadence flow,
As sounding through the woods they go.
Far from the busy world, away
Where singing toils the bee all day
'Mid the wild flowers where sunbeams play.*

*Bright, glorious Erythrina tree,
Remote from cities, near the sea
My wingèd thoughts have flown to thee.
Queen of the woods, I love thee well,
O! for a home with thee to dwell
For ever in the forest dell.
From life's stern battle would I hide
By some bright, sparkling fountain side,
Regardless of all time or tide.
Forgotten be the world's wild roar,
The turmoil of her careworn shore.
Oblivion shield me evermore,
My canopy the sheltering trees,
My dream the song of birds and bees,
Good-bye to all things saving these.*

CHAPTER VIII
FREDERICK HUGH BARBER,
F.R.G.S., J.P.
(1847-1919)

HE was the eldest son of Frederick William and Mary Barber and was born in Graaff Reinet, South Africa, on the 8th January 1847, during the time that his parents were living on the farm 'Lammermoor' in that district.

His boyhood days were spent in what was to him and his brother, Hal, the unparalleled joy of riding and hunting on 'Highlands', where his father was then farming sheep. From 1861 to 1864 he was at St. Andrew's College, Grahamstown, where he was a member of the Cricket XI, in which he was a good bowler.

While digging diamonds with his father in Kimberley in '71 he was offered a commission in the F.A.M. Police by Sir Walter Currie. Accepting this, he was stationed for about two and a half years at Post Retief, near the Winterberg.

His brother wrote him such exciting and interesting letters of his hunting experiences in the Northern Transvaal that he could not stick the deadly routine of the Police Force any longer, so he resigned his commission and returned to Kimberley.

Here a great change had taken place; from the tented camp he had left a great galvanized-iron town had sprung up, with a canteen at every street-corner. The mine, upon which the grass was still growing when he left, was now a vast hole into which thousands of wire ropes were stretched from the staging above in which stood tiers of windlasses. Thousands of 'buckets', iron and leather, ran on the wires, hauling up loads of blue gravel. At the bottom of the mine were thousands of busy workers: the thud of their picks, the rattle of iron wheels upon steel ropes, the groan and creaking of the windlasses, and the songs and shouts from these thousands

of human ants came up from those working far down in the great basin.

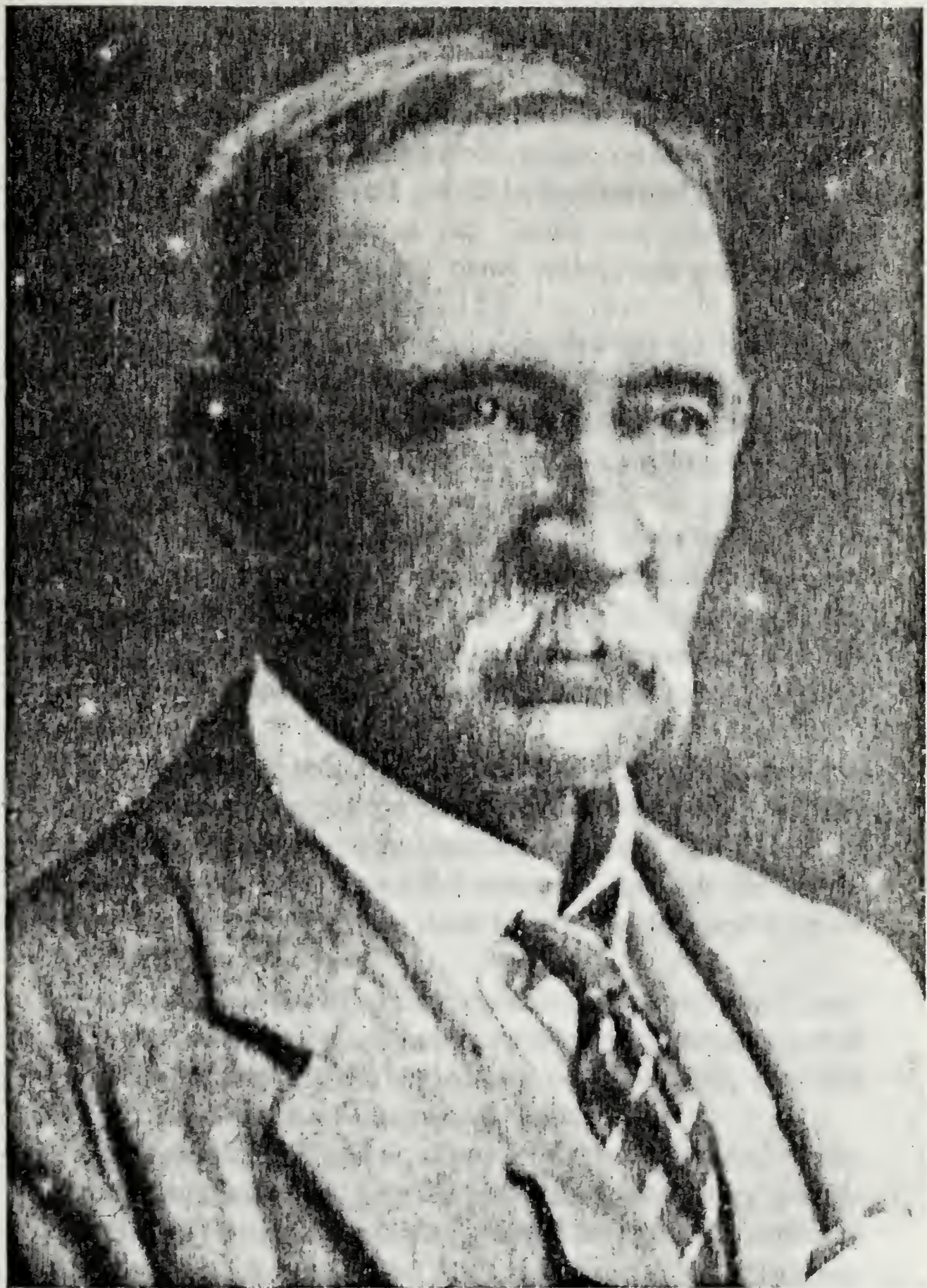
In February 1875 Fred Barber met an old friend named Zambezi Brown whose interesting descriptions of the glowing splendours of a hunter's life in the far interior enticed him to accompany Brown on his next expedition. Levitt Frank, another friend, joined the party, contributing a wagon and a span of oxen. They decided to shoot elephants until they reached the Victoria Falls and then come home with the ivory. As money was unknown to the natives in the interior, a quantity of native trade-goods was taken, also some muzzle-loading 8-bore guns and powder, as with these goods they intended to pay their boys, buy food, &c.

Three lighter-hearted hunters never left Kimberley and its brown halo of dust, its flies and fleas, and its mixed inhabitants all struggling, toiling, and scheming; while before the hunters stretched illimitable Africa, free and boundless.

Passing through Barkley on the Vaal River they struck the Harts River at Spalding's canteen, but as the drivers were rapidly trying to get drunk they pushed on to Taungs, where they visited the wily old Grekwa chief, Morikorane. As he did nothing but beg for brandy and tobacco they continued through the grassy plains of Bechuanaland.

On these highlands of Bechuanaland they had excellent sport, shooting wildebeste, springbok, blesbok, paau, and korhaan. This is an admirable cattle-country, and the grass on the banks of the Harts River was 10 feet high.

Passing through the interesting village of Lichtenburg they got into the hilly country where Zeerust is situated. The district of Marico, of which Zeerust is the centre, was formerly the home of the Matabele tribe of whom Mazilikatze was the chief or king and the father of the late famous chief Lobengula. Mazilikatze with his clan had seceded from the famous chief Dingaan, King of the Zulus, and, fleeing across the Drakensberg, the Free State, and the Transvaal, had settled in this fertile country. Here they built a number of kraals, the chief of which was Mosega, and among the



FREDERICK HUGH BARBER

hills are still to be seen the stone fortresses into which they used to fly when worsted by the Boers.

The hunters camped at the farm of a Mr. Botha, the Field Cornet, but as Zambezi Brown's wagon was loaded with guns and other contraband goods he inspanned again in the night and fled. Smelling a rat, Botha and his two sons followed Brown's wagon for many miles, but were unable to overtake him.

Botha's hospitality had waned considerably on his return, so Fred and Frank moved on through Fourie's farm, where stood the last house in the Transvaal, and on to the Marico River, where they came upon Brown camping near the junction of that river with the Crocodile, or great, grey, greasy Limpopo River, all set about with fever trees.

They congratulated him on his escape from the smuggler-catcher. He told them that in his flight he had upset his wagon and had difficulty in righting it, expecting all the time to see the custom-house officer and his sons charging down upon him.

They had now got fairly into the Bushveld, which extends from the Dwaarsberg to the Zambezi, and hunting down the banks of the Limpopo to its junction with the Notwani they encountered the most beautiful scenery. Among the shady trees and mossy banks they soon forgot the toil and dust of old Kimberley.

In this hunters' paradise they shot roebuck, bushbuck, and duiker, and such feathered game as partridges, pheasants, and guinea-fowl, enjoying the strenuous out-door life, and the absence of worry from business or bills.

They were camped in some *kamiel doorn* trees, and it was near this spot that the hunter Gordon Cumming's boy, Hendrik, was carried off in the night by lions and eaten. A strange fatality seemed to haunt the spot, for Fred's old shooting-pony was also killed and eaten here by lions a year later.

From this camp they moved on to Shoshong or Bamangwato, where they visited Khama, the highly respected and trustworthy King of the Bechuanas. Bamangwato, a long town of straw huts, was on the level plain, below a rocky

ridge which served as an admirable place of retreat should some enemy prove too strong for them.

Brown here left them and continued his trading-expedition into Matabeleland, while two friends, George and Argent Kirton, joined the party, and, bidding farewell to their friend Khama, they all trekked out of Bamangwato *en route* for the Victoria Falls.

Here their first serious trouble began, for they got into heavy sandy country, and the oxen, unaccustomed to roads of this nature, refused to pull any more. As the water-holes were situated at long intervals from each other something drastic had to be done, and it was after much beating and swearing that they eventually got the wagons to Lectautsi, a deep blue pool in a rocky canyon.

Fred Barber's description of the magnificent view from the high ridge above the Lectautsi pool is worth quoting.

'In the foreground the blue pool of water, the white tented wagons, men, oxen, horses and dogs and the varied tints of autumn foliage. In the middle distance the dark, flat-topped forest stretching away north, south, east and west into the grey haze of distance until lost in the far away, dim horizon.

'How a scene like this impresses one—the vastness and solitude of this mysterious, limitless forest plain. Standing under a tree in the drowsy heat of an almost tropical sun, visions fill the mind and your immediate surroundings are forgotten. Beyond that grey, dim haze is the great Zambezi and its feathery palm-timbered banks, islands, and *Mosi-atunia*, its mighty falls. Up there Livingstone toiled wearily and fever-stricken through tropical forests and swamps to die amidst savages. Beyond that grey distance are the great lakes of Equatoria, the Mountains of the Moon, Ruenzori, the snow-capped, and Kilimanjaro and Kenya. The old Nile flowing past the pyramids, the Sphinx and the cities of the Pharaohs, the Sahara and here and there an oasis of palm trees and a fountain, the home of the tribes of Israel.

'Africa, the home and birthplace of the world's oldest history and tradition.'

Making a night-trek from here they got to Klabala, a sand-

pit from which the water had to be raised in buckets. A family of bushmen living here showed them the spoor of some eland which they followed for some time, eventually managing to shoot three and so replenish the food supply.

The balance of meat was given to these savages, who, grinning all over their ugly faces, carried it off to their huts. Then a scene of gorging, singing, and dancing made the night hideous. It is marvellous what a quantity of meat these children of the forest can 'stow away' in the space of a night. With them it is either a feast or a famine, and when unable to get meat they exist on tortoises, berries, roots, mice, and the bark of trees. Their stomachs by alternate periods of contraction and expansion, starvation and repletion, hang down in wrinkled folds or are round and shiny with fat rubbed over them.

Locusts are a rare delicacy with these people and they follow swarms for long distances, killing them when they settle at night and making depots in the sand.

From Klabala they made a long night-trek to Luali, another sand-pit, where the water had to be drawn for the oxen. Here another family of bushmen were living, who offered to show the party some giraffe. They followed the spoor for about two hours and came upon a herd of at least 200 eland, and beyond them stalked three fine giraffe. Galloping his horse through the eland, passing some of them so closely that he could have touched them, Fred Barber eventually got near enough to bag a fine bull giraffe, while the rest of the party shot some of the eland.

Here again, as at Klabala, the bushmen got outside more meat in a night than a vegetarian would in a lifetime.

After leaving Luali they pushed on through heavy sand towards some vleis called Marqua, a great distance off. After travelling for twenty-four hours without water they met two of Khama's hunters, who wilfully misdirected them by saying that good water was five hours' distance away on another route. Taking their advice they travelled all the next night and at 10 o'clock the following morning they arrived to discover that there was only a little mud.

They were now in a serious situation as they had been many hours without water, and the oxen and horses were exhausted. Kirton said that the only water was at a place called 'The Mountain', two days off, or Marqua somewhere in the bush on their right. So taking the most exhausted oxen and horses with him he at once set off in search of the latter place.

Towards nightfall the party at the wagons, to their intense delight, saw two bushmen approaching, one of them carrying a tin of water. They reported that Kirton had reached Marqua and had sent them back to assist in bringing on the other oxen.

It was fifty-four hours since they had left Luali, and during this time they had been travelling through heavy sand without any water, while Marqua was still 16 miles off.

After giving the relief party a good meal they were sent on to Marqua with the oxen, which were brought back later for the wagons.

At Marqua some fifty Bamangwatos arrived and tried to turn back the party, saying that Khama had forbidden people to camp there. The discussion became so heated that the hunters retreated to their wagons and armed themselves with their guns and rifles. At this stage of the argument a sub-chief arrived, who allowed them to remain there provided they did not shoot ostriches.

Between Marqua and 'The Mountain', which was the next water-hole, another unpleasant incident occurred. A tremendous grass-fire came sweeping down upon them, and they only just had time to light the grass on the other side of the road and drive the wagons on to the 'burn' as soon as it was cool enough to walk on, when the raging fire came down and nearly asphyxiated them with its smoke.

Pushing on, they came to the Nata River at its junction with the great Makarri-karri pan. They were told that this pan was from 30 to 40 miles wide and double that distance in length. The wind used to blow the water from one side of the pan to the other, and on their arrival there was about 4 inches of water and the next morning it was practically dry.

Some wonderful mirages were seen on this pan and on one occasion they followed some giraffe for some hours, but instead of getting any nearer to them they finally faded away altogether.

Where the Nata River ran into the pan was a magnificent pan of pink rock-salt which the natives were prizing up and carrying away in slabs.

Camping about 20 miles up the Nata they had good sport shooting giraffe, oryx, and ostrich. It was here that Fred Barber had the unenviable experience of getting lost in the bush for a whole day. Finally, towards night, he struck the dry bed of the Nata and followed it down for some hours. After scrambling through thorny bushes, climbing through dongas by the light of the stars, and expecting every moment to be jumped upon by a lion he came upon the high bank of the river and to his unspeakable delight saw the distant camp-fire.

It was not far from this spot that Selous was lost in the bush for some days.

Crossing the open plains between the Nata and the Klamanghanyani, where Fred bagged a fine ostrich, they got out of the dry bush-country into the groves of *gusi* trees and camped beside a great vlei in the shade of the forest.

Brown and Kirton's glowing accounts of the country were gradually getting within the grasps of belief, and the rest of the party began to think that they were not such colossal liars as they had at one time deemed them.

Passing northward they met an old Kimberley friend, Pat Wilkinson, who joined their party, while the Kirtons with their wagon left for a trading-station called Pandematenga near the Zambezi.

Levitt Frank, Pat Wilkinson, and Fred Barber, with their lone wagon and oxen, two horses, and native attendants, were now left to continue the expedition. One of the bushmen was a wonderful spoorer, and within a few miles of the camp he discovered elephant tracks which they followed.

Keeping a keen look-out ahead they had not gone far when a whistle from August, the bushman, warned them

that the quarry was in sight. Peering through the trees they perceived a huge grey moving phalanx of elephants. The first time a man sees elephants in their natural wilds marks an epoch in his life.

They drew up their horses and contemplated their quarry with feelings of amazement and admiration and a certain amount of dread. Suddenly the whole mass, as if awakened by an electric spark, became galvanized and like a rolling torrent swept forward, smashing everything in its way. As they galloped forward Fred lost touch with Wilkinson. Drawing up his horse within 60 yards of the fleeing herd he fired at a cow with good-looking tusks and had the good fortune to fell her with a single shot.

It must be remembered that on this and other hunting-expeditions in those days lead bullets and black powder were used, and even though they possessed the best fire-arms that could be procured they did not in any way compare with the heavy elephant-rifles of the twentieth century.

Remounting, he dashed forward, knowing that some of the best bulls were ahead. Getting well to the front he waited, but became suddenly aware of a great crashing behind him. Glancing round he discovered that he was between the horns of a large crescent of charging elephants. Feeling that this was rather an unhealthy spot he decided to try to prove an alibi with dispatch. Digging the spurs into his horse he dashed away until the limits of discretion had been reached, when he turned round and was surprised to discover that the elephants were nowhere to be seen.

Following the sounds of their retreat he came upon them again and getting a good opportunity fired at a large bull with good tusks. Trumpeting shrilly the elephant charged and another masterly retreat was necessary. Being unable to overtake him the elephant made off after the herd but on catching sight of his enemy he charged again. Fred stood firm and fired at the middle of his chest. Continuing his charge for a few steps the elephant came down on his knees, dying in this prone position with his tusks embedded in the ground.

Off-saddling here, Fred waited for some of the boys to turn up, which they did after a few minutes. After much shouting and halloaing Wilkinson, hatless and stirrupless, his bridle broken and the remains of his shirt hanging over his half-naked body, arrived on the scene. Red in the face from passion and disappointment he cursed everything until the atmosphere smelt of brimstone and treacle. He had wounded half the troop and they had been chasing him round and round the mapani trees, and he had only escaped by the skin of his teeth.

The next morning was spent in following the spoor of some of the elephants Wilkinson had wounded, but they had no luck.

Finding no fresh spoor they continued their journey towards the Zambezi, passing the fine pools of Tamafupa and Tamasetsi, and a little farther north the 'big baobab tree', well known to all travellers by its immense girth of 80 feet. The inside of this tree had been hollowed out, leaving a comfortable room 10 feet in diameter in which travelling natives slept.

At the trading-station of Pandematenga they found a number of traders with their wagons; one poor man was down with malaria and a few days later they had the unpleasant task of burying him.

Beyond Pandematenga was tsetse-fly country and the remaining 60 miles to the Falls had to be accomplished on foot.

Two other hunters, Anderson and Cross, joined the party, making a total of five, and with thirty native porters they set off, leaving the wagons and oxen in charge of the drivers.

As game was now scarce Fred devoted himself to catching butterflies, but unfortunately did not make any new discoveries.

In the stillness of the second night they heard the distant roar of the Falls—after all those months of travelling and hardships their goal was within reach and by daylight the next morning the camp was astir. A short walk brought them to the crest of a high ridge overlooking the Zambezi valley, and some 15 miles distant, to their intense delight,

they saw the columns of white spray rising from the dark forest to the height of 1,000 feet and forming a cloud.

By noon the intervening distance had been covered and they found themselves wading ankle-deep through water from the spray of the Falls. They had to struggle through dense underwood, monkey-ropes, tree-ferns, and all sorts of climbing plants growing luxuriantly in the continual spray. Pushing through the undergrowth into a flower-covered glade they found themselves on the brink of a mighty chasm hundreds of feet deep and facing a white wall of falling water extending right and left until lost in clouds of falling spray.

The mighty waters of the Zambezi river were falling over the face of a basaltic cliff and descending in snow-white feathery flakes into an abyss 400 feet deep. The bottom was only occasionally visible amid the chaos of foam and seething water.

Across the Falls one sees the calm blue water with many closely wooded islands dotted with palms. These islands are the home of a tribe of the Makololo.

Scrambling through dense underwood, with here and there an open space from which fresh vistas of the Falls were seen, they got into a grassy flat where they came upon the outlet of the river below the Falls. This chasm was about 100 yards wide, and through it poured like a mill-race the whole Zambezi River. A mile width of water above the Falls was here concentrated into a narrow pass, probably not more than 150 feet wide, and swept down between towering cliffs for about 20 miles.

The vegetation was most luxuriant, due to the tropical heat and the continuous spray, while numerous rivulets and cascades fell from the cliffs on all sides.

Not being able to live on the scenery they suddenly discovered that they were tired and hungry, so they camped beside a large baobab tree, a short distance above the Falls.

During the few days that they remained at the Falls Fred Barber spent much of his time making sketches of this remarkable scenery, the constant spray which changed continually with the varying gusts of wind making his task very

difficult. From these sketches he was subsequently able to make some very fine oil-paintings of the Falls.

While here their party was joined by two white hunters, bringing the total up to seven. Although they would have liked to have remained longer they were anxious to get back to the elephants and to where they would again be able to hunt on horseback, so bidding farewell to the Mosi-a-tunia they started back.

On the return journey to Pandematenga a herd of buffaloes, surprised in an inaccessible gorge, charged through the ranks of the sixty porters, who ran up the thorny mapani trees three steps at a time.

Near Tamafupa Fred had the exciting experience of being charged by a wounded buffalo, which fell dead within a few yards of him.

A few days later Fred, after following an elephant's spoor all day, was so tired and hungry that he was on the point of giving it up when he suddenly came upon the elephant standing under a tree. He raised his trunk and Fred fired into his chest. Through the smoke he saw the elephant charging. He says: 'To bound into the saddle was the work of a second and to get well under way about as much more. I wasn't a bit tired. I could have kept an appointment punctually a mile off in less than a minute. August and the two other boys had disappeared and I was disappearing also when the elephant plunged forward on his head and fell over dead.'

Very pleased with himself he returned to camp to discover that Wilkinson had shot four elephants during his absence.

While at this camp Brown, one of the hunters who had joined the party, had £180 stolen by a Cape boy named Harry, who also took a gun and fled south for Kimberley. After following him for two days they saw in the bush the glint of the sun shining on his gun-barrel. Stalking him carefully they pounced upon him while he was resting. Then they gave him twenty-five with the sjambok and brought him back to camp.

The traders here appointed a judge and jury and after a *fair* trial he was condemned to be hanged. A gallows was

erected and Harry, wailing and howling for mercy, was dragged up to this gibbet and a rope placed round his neck. After partially lifting him off his feet he was given another good hiding and kicked out of camp with the warning that if he were ever seen there again he would be shot at sight.

During the remainder of the expedition only one more elephant was shot, and as game was scarce and the weather hot they decided to return to Kimberley, which they reached in January, after being away nearly a year.

During the years 1878 to 1880 Fred Barber dug diamonds in Kimberley and other mines with a certain amount of luck, and then returned to the Fish River, where he farmed ostriches at 'Junction Drift', near Carlisle Bridge, until 1884.

In this year he and his brother Hal were prospecting in the De Kaap valley where they discovered the first gold reef and founded the town of Barberton. The account of Barberton and other activities on the Rand are mentioned elsewhere.

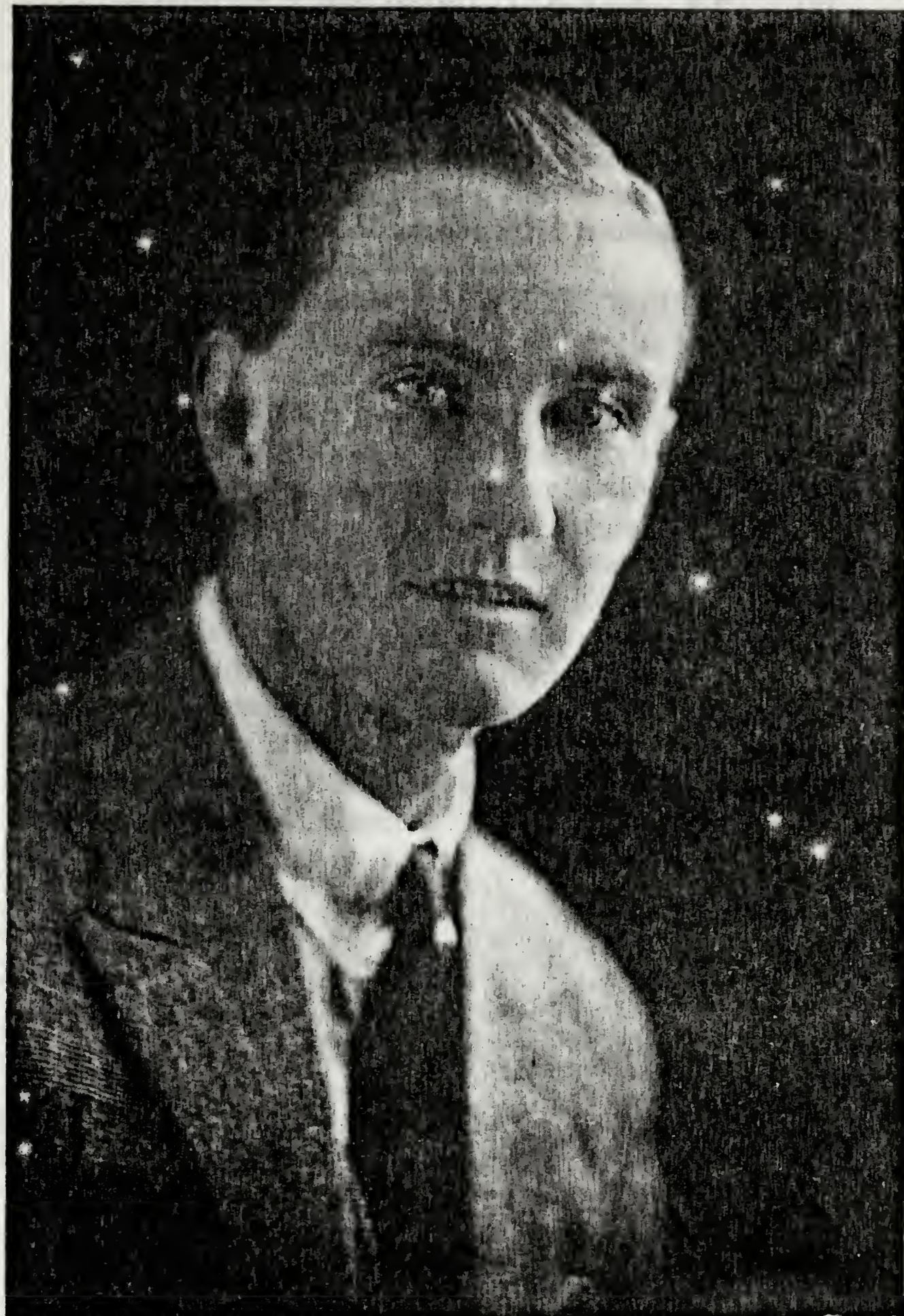
Many of Fred Barber's expeditions are unfortunately not recorded, although he hunted extensively in the North-Eastern Transvaal, Matabeleland, Mashonaland, German South-West Africa, Portuguese East Africa, and Bechuana-land.

At one time he held a number of world's records for antelope horns (*vide* Roland Ward) and also shot sixteen elephants and numerous other big game.

On two occasions he travelled extensively through Europe, and after his marriage to Miss Eira Rebecca Evans in 1898 they visited Egypt, where they travelled 170 miles up the Nile.

Fred Barber was also a talented landscape-painter, most of his pictures depicting strange scenery he had visited during his travels in the wilds, and he invariably included faithful representations of the types of antelopes and other game found in those parts.

For some years he lived in Grey Street, Grahamstown, where he was an active member of the Council, and on two occasions was requested to stand for the office of Mayor of Grahamstown, which offer he declined. He then bought 'Green Hills', a few miles east of Grahamstown, and farmed



THOS. HENRY REX BARBER



Figure 1. A person in a dynamic pose.

Figure 1. A person in a dynamic pose.

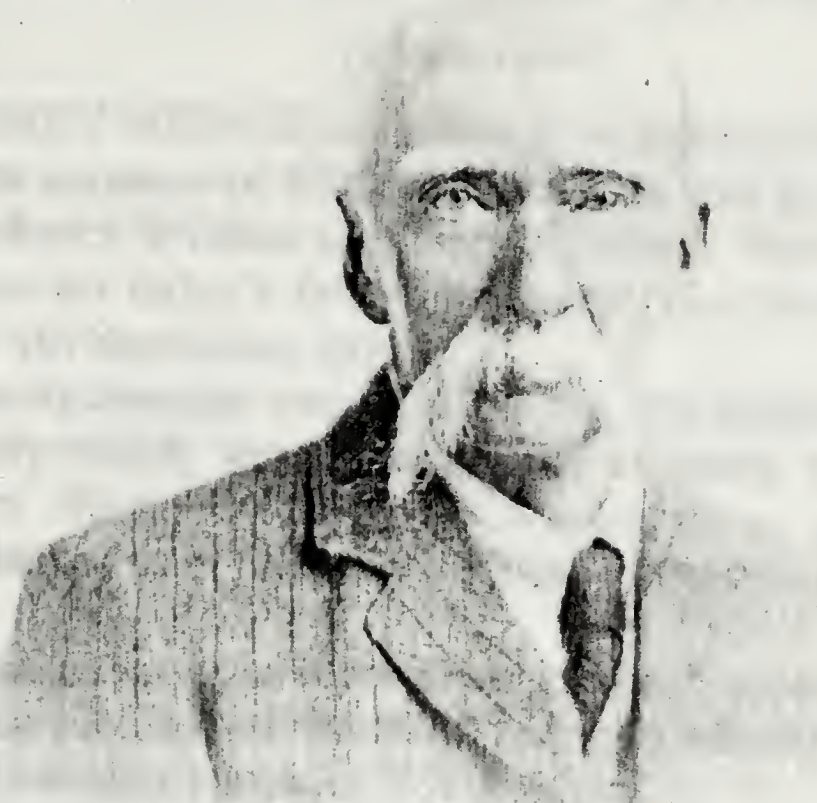
sheep there until about 1910, when he sold out and went to Rosmead where he farmed ostriches at 'Hiltondale'.

His brother Hal had sold out and gone up to British East Africa, and in 1915 Fred did likewise and went up and joined him. Here he bought two farms, one on the plateau near Eldoret and another at Elgon near his brother's property, 'Caverndale'.

He also built a house in Eldoret, where he lived with his wife and only son Rex. While here he became seriously ill, chiefly through insomnia and other nervous disorders, so his brother took him to South Africa for medical treatment, but a permanent cure was not effected, and after he returned to Eldoret he became gradually worse and finally died on the 19th May 1919 and was buried in the Eldoret cemetery.

Dear old Uncle Fred. It was always a pleasure to hear him play the piano or to visit his studio and see his paintings of the wild parts of Africa. Really a man of many talents—interesting and well read—and beloved by all.

His son, Thomas Henry Rex Barber, who in 1927 married Miss Elsie May Chiverton, is at present living on the farm 'Hughelgon', near Kiminini, in the Trans Nzoia, where he is farming coffee and maize.



HENRY MITFORD-BARBERTON

CHAPTER IX

HENRY MITFORD-BARBERTON, F.R.G.S.

(1850-1920)

HENRY MITFORD BARBER, who later in life assumed the surname of Mitford-Barborton, was the second son of Frederick William and Mary Elizabeth Barber, and was born on his father's farm 'Highlands', near Grahamstown, on the 7th September 1850.

Popular amongst men of all classes, Hal Barber, as he was generally called, was the true type of hardy pioneer, and whether diamond-digging in Kimberley or gold-mining in Barborton and Johannesburg, he always took a leading part.

Quoting from *Men of the Times* he was 'foremost amongst the great pioneers of the Rand and a prominent personality in the historical annals of South Africa'.

A keen hunter, he devoted much time to this grand sport, penetrating into the wilds of the Transvaal, Matabeleland, Portuguese East Africa, and the Kalahari Desert; he had a wide knowledge of these then almost unexplored parts of South Africa.

A Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society and also a keen naturalist, he has discovered several new species of insects and butterflies.

He was an exceptionally fine rifle shot, winning many shooting-medals and prizes, including the much-coveted 'Wimbledon Medal' which was competed for by all the keenest marksmen in Johannesburg.

During his hunting-expeditions he shot seven lions and much other big game of almost all species and at one time held some of the world's records in antelope horns.

His almost too fearless nature led to many exciting adventures, and on several occasions charging lions and buffaloes have been shot down within a few feet of his rifle. In Matabeleland he was badly gored by a buffalo, while some

years later he was severely mauled by a leopard on the Sabi River.

Hal Barber received his early education from his much-talented mother, later attended a farm-school at 'Highlands', and finally studied under a tutor who taught him French and German.

In 1869 his father, Frederick William Barber, moved with his wife, two sons, and daughter to the diamond-fields, and here they worked for some years with a fair amount of success.

As a fuller description of their activities on the diamond-fields appears in the biographies of F. W. Barber and Mary Elizabeth Barber his wife, we can pass on, merely mentioning one or two experiences of interest.

In those days each claim was dug separately, each holder leaving in conjunction with his neighbour 15 feet of claim, which thus formed a 30-foot road, used in carting away the soil. As the claims became deeper, it will be realized these unfenced roads became very dangerous, and nasty accidents often occurred.

On one occasion Hal Barber, whilst driving a scotch-cart along one of these roads, had to pass an ox-cart. A long-horned ox struck one of his mules with his horn, the mule shied violently, and over went the cart and mules into the 60-foot mine below. As the cart was in the act of falling Hal Barber made a wild leap for safety, landing on the extreme edge of the road. The bank broke away beneath his feet, but with extreme exertion he managed to scramble to safety. After turning a complete somersault the cart and mules landed on a heap of soft earth, and although the cart was broken to fragments, the mules luckily escaped.

When the claim was 60 feet deep the descent was usually made by a rope. Thirty feet down a landing 4 feet wide was left, from which another rope was attached.

One day, while ascending, Hal Barber was within a few feet of the surface when the rope broke, and he fell back into the mine. By extreme good fortune he fell on to the landing and managed to seize the second rope and save himself. A

60-foot fall is not considered a pleasure, even by those who climb the giddy Matterhorn.

Another exciting event happened in Kimberley when all the powder-magazines exploded. The concussion was so great that practically every window in the town was broken.

After toiling in the dusty diamond mines for three years, Hal Barber and his brother Fred decided to clear their lungs of diamondiferous soil by going on a hunting-expedition into the great unfrequented wildernesses of the North-Eastern Transvaal.

In the succeeding years they went on many hunting-trips into these wonderful and unexplored tracts of country. They were generally accompanied by some men friends, and were often away many months before they returned to civilization. Unfortunately no journals were kept of these interesting expeditions, and after fifty years very little is left of what few records were made. Hal Barber, generally accompanied by his brother Fred, went on at least fifteen different expeditions, the average duration being about six months. As many of these experiences cannot be separated, I have narrated them in a chapter on the joint expeditions of the two brothers, together with the founding of Barberton and their activities on the Rand, and this chapter should be read in conjunction with their biographies.

In 1872 an interesting expedition was undertaken by Hal Barber and his cousin Graham H. Barber, and a friend Guybon Cumming. They proceeded into the Waterberg and Zoutpansberg districts of the North-Eastern Transvaal, and in those days the 'Highveld' to the east of Pretoria, and the Waterberg to the north, were almost unexplored, and antelopes of practically every variety abounded in these parts. It was a veritable sportsman's paradise, and large game such as buffalo, giraffe, sable and roan antelope, sassabee, kudu, and waterbuck roamed through the wild forests, while on the plains the immense herds of blue wildebeeste and zebra were a wonderful sight.

The ostrich-farming industry was claiming considerable attention at this time, and it was Hal Barber's intention on

the return journey to purchase and capture a troop of ostriches to take back with him to the Colony. He had accordingly brought with him £300 in gold for this purpose, but not wishing to carry this amount with him for several months while on the hunting-expedition, he decided to bury it. They were camped beside a river, and taking the money with him he dug a hole in a suitable spot, and was on the point of burying the gold when he heard a stick snap in the bush somewhere near. Looking carefully around he saw a native woman amongst the trees, collecting wood. She had seen him digging and was keeping quiet, and no doubt would have discovered the money if he had buried it there. He consequently returned to camp and waited till evening, and then taking a different direction he found an ant-hill near a dead tree on the river bank. Making sure that he was alone this time, he measured off 7 feet from the ant-hill in the direction of the tree, and making a hole amongst the grass roots he buried the £300 in gold.

Leaving this camp they continued their journey, and from a high ridge on a Dutchman's farm Hal Barber counted on the plains no less than sixty-four troops of wildebeste, averaging 50 to 100 in a troop. There were many thousands of springbok and blesbok in sight and occasional wild ostriches. This will give one an idea of the immense numbers of game in these districts before the Boers made them into 'belong'.

They trekked on into the wilds of the North-Eastern Transvaal, hunting big game and enjoying themselves thoroughly after years of hard work in the diamond mines.

Being an ardent naturalist, Hal Barber spent much time in pressing flowers and collecting butterflies. It was on the Eland's River that he was the lucky discoverer of the *Acraea Barberii*, and another species of butterfly, both mentioned in Trimen's book on *South African Butterflies*.

From the Eland's River Poort they passed into the low-lying bushveld, where they shot their first blue wildebeste, impala, zebra, sassabee, &c. Passing the kraal of an old Kaffir chief, Zibedele, they proceeded to the newly discovered Esiting goldfields and remained here for a month trying

their luck at alluvial gold-digging, but as no luck attended their efforts they continued their journey.

They visited 'Potsdam', the home of an eminent Portuguese gentleman, Albisimi, who treated them well. 'Potsdam' was a large quadrangular fort with turreted corners on which cannons were mounted. Trekking in a northerly direction they came to some high ridges, and far away below them lay the Olifants River and the curious country of the Groote Spilonkin, consisting of a great many rugged granite kopjes stretching towards the Limpopo River.

Here all roads came to an end, and as they had been away for many months, they returned to Maraba's Stadt, a lonely post-office where they had arranged to get their letters. From Maraba's Stadt they crossed over some wild mountains into Makapan's Poort (named after a great native chief) and on through the deserted village of Piet Potgieter's Rust, which had been abandoned by the Boers on account of the ravages of malaria fever.

At this time, seeing the helplessness of the Boers, Makapan had attacked them, sweeping off practically all their stock. With great difficulty these refugee Boers reached Nylstroom, which was then also being abandoned on account of fever. Unfortunately five children, whose parents had been murdered, fell into the hands of the native chief, and later, when a commando of Boers recaptured their cattle and drove Makapan from his kraal, they discovered that this monster had boiled the five children in some large clay pots before he had deserted the kraal. The Boers swore dire vengeance on these cruel natives and subsequently had the satisfaction of carrying out their vows.

From Piet Potgieter's Rust they continued into the Waterberg district and stayed with the Landroste von Espin. From here Cumming and Gray Barber returned to Kimberley, the latter having heard of the discovery of a valuable diamond in his claim. During their absence Hal Barber and a Mr. Scott went ostrich-hunting, using a tame ostrich hen as a decoy. Unfortunately she eloped with an ostrich cock and has never been heard of since.

Hiring a Dutchman named Smidt and his wagon they spent some time capturing ostrich chicks. One morning Scott, who was walking ahead of the wagon, came back declaring that he had been attacked by a lion. When the others arrived at the spot no lion or spoor could be seen. Smidt then said that Scott had invented the story; high words and a struggle followed in which Smidt was heavily thrown and hurt. Smidt then seized and cocked his gun with the intention of shooting Scott, when Hal Barber fell upon him and disarmed him after a severe struggle. They then continued their ostrich-capturing without the services of Smidt.

Shortly after this Cumming and Gray Barber returned, bringing with them a friend named Randall Mackintosh.

On the banks of the Nylstroom they made a large camp for their ostriches. The Nylstroom was so named by the early Boer *voortrekkers*, who thought they had come on the source of the Nile. (That is what I would call stretching a point—quite a long stretch!)

Leaving the birds in charge of Mackintosh and Cumming, Hal and Gray Barber resolved to rush off and have a quick hunt for buffalo and giraffe, which were reported as fairly plentiful on the Palala River. Through Makapan's Poort they came to some big salt-pans, and here a swarm of locusts had settled in the night, and the local natives had killed thousands of them, and were conserving them in holes in the ground, which they covered with grass.

Beyond the salt-pans they proceeded down the Magalaquin River, coming to Mapela, an almost impregnable native stronghold, which had been previously captured and burnt by the Boers, after severe fighting, when the place had been stormed by 600 men. Beyond Mapela the Barbers crossed a tsetse-fly area, eventually camping in an open space in the forest.

After they were comfortably settled round the camp-fire, the stillness of the night was broken by a terrific battle between some lions and an unknown prey behind some trees near their camp. Words cannot describe the roaring and

growling, while in the midst the strange squealing noise of the victim could be heard. Then the tremendous thud of a large animal falling to earth was heard, and all night long the roaring of the lions calling their fellows continued, while hyenas, wild-dogs, and jackals collected around in large numbers.

The shadowy forms of animals were observed from the fire as they prowled around curious to see what intruders had invaded their solitude. At dawn the hunters crawled through the bush to investigate, disturbing on the way many wild-dogs, hyenas, &c., and these in their retreat frightened the lions away.

The much-eaten carcass of a three-quarter grown giraffe was discovered, and Graham Barber counted no less than thirteen lions making off through the bush. He managed to wound a large black-maned lion, which they tracked for some miles and eventually lost.

Without doubt, the squealing, piping-noise heard the previous night can be attributed to the giraffe, which most naturalists consider voiceless.

They now rode on ahead of the wagon, and Graham Barber shot a giraffe, while another was wounded by Hal Barber. While tracking this giraffe, which had taken refuge in some thorns, the natives called out 'A lion ahead'. Mounting his horse Hal Barber galloped ahead and saw a fine lioness making off down an open glade. As he was overtaking her she reached the end of the glade, so he jumped off his horse to have a shot, thinking that she would continue her retreat and escape. To his surprise he saw her facing him, 30 yards distant among some bushes. He fired, striking her between the neck and the shoulder, the bullet actually grazing the heart as it was afterwards discovered. She came at him with a leap and a bound: he sprang into the saddle and fled for dear life. The lioness was so close that he expected momentarily to have her upon him. In his retreat back along the glade he met his three natives who were following him. Seeing a charging lioness almost amongst them, in a trice they were all 20 feet up in some very thorny trees. Looking

back Hal Barber saw that the lioness had fallen to the ground, and he killed her with another shot. He was 22 years of age when he shot this, his first lioness, and the excitement of the lion-hunt quite eclipsed the wounded giraffe, and nothing more was heard of him.

On returning to the wagon he found that Gray Barber had brought the flesh of his giraffe to the camp, on a sledge made from a tree. This meat was dried into 'beltong' and the skin was used for wagon-whips.

The next day, while they were riding ahead of the wagon, a fine black-maned lion appeared on the bank of the Palala River, which they were approaching. Gray Barber saw him first, and fired, wounding him in the ribs. With a roar he bounded off the bank into the reeds, followed by another splendid lion. The dogs they had were unaccustomed to lions and would not follow, so they themselves cautiously tracked the lion through the reeds, and found that he had crossed the river on some stones, and had disappeared in the bush. After a long and tedious hunt the pursuit was abandoned. The following day was spent buffalo-hunting, but without any luck.

While returning to camp, Hal Barber crossed a donga by a rough game-track and rode almost on top of a huge black-maned lion that was lying in wait for game. He was almost under the horse's nose, and with a savage growl he bounded into the grass and scrub and disappeared. While searching for buffalo the following day, Gray Barber wounded another lion, which ran into a patch of thorns. Gray went round to intercept the lion should he break cover, and Hal Barber crawled through on the blood-spoor, but they found that the lion had gone straight through and was lost.

Gray Barber now developed malaria fever, so they returned to a Mission Station at Makapan's Poort where he was treated and cured. They then returned to their companions at the ostrich-camp on the Nylstroom.

Food for the ostriches was running low, so a lot of game was shot and taken to Zibedele's kraal and exchanged for Kaffir corn. The meat was about 10 feet high by the time they arrived there, but nevertheless fetched a good price!

Not far from them a rather noted lion-hunter named van Heerden was camped, but as one of his oxen had died, he had moved camp rather than drag the animal away. Hal Barber and Mackintosh set a trap-gun and a revolver at the carcass, hoping to shoot something, and they themselves lay in wait till 2 a.m. without any luck. After they left, the gun went off, and, later, two shots from the revolver were heard. Next morning they discovered that a jackal had been killed by the revolver, and they found the spoor of a lion that had been wounded by the gun. In his rage he had bitten the gun to pieces. The blood-spoor was followed till it entered a large patch of reeds, when it was abandoned.

Several lions had been at the carcass, so the next morning, as soon as it was light enough to see their sights, the party of four galloped to the carcass. Two lions broke away to the right, followed by Cumming and Mackintosh, and two lionesses were followed by Hal and Gray Barber. One of the lionesses took cover in some scrub and the other behind a large ant-hill in the open. Dismounting, they approached the ant-hill to within 6 yards, when suddenly the lioness bounded on to the ant-hill and sprang at Hal Barber. They both fired at once, Gray's bullet merely grazing her while Hal Barber's broke her right shoulder. She landed on his right and he dispatched her with his second barrel.

The second lioness was seen to retreat into some thick bush. Hal Barber threw in an old bone and she bounded out almost on to him, and he fired, wounding her in the chest. Gray Barber then fired, piercing her heart, but in spite of this she ran 30 yards before falling.

Hearing heavy firing up the river they galloped in that direction to discover van Heerden in a tall tree and his dogs holding a lion at bay. As they approached van Heerden fired again, killing the lion and wounding one of his dogs at the same time. The fourth lion had taken cover in some bush on a stony kopje. As they drew near he broke cover, and Gray Barber fired, wounding the lion, which immediately charged. Gray stood his ground and killed the lion with a second shot. These four lions were killed within twenty

minutes and were taken back to camp on a sledge amid great rejoicing.

Some days later Hal Barber came on a party of eight lions, and wounded one of them. Not wishing to follow alone he returned to camp for assistance, but the others had not returned. After waiting an hour Cumming and Mackintosh arrived, bringing with them a fine lion which they had shot. The lion was one of the eight which Hal had seen, and the wounded one was still with them.

The lions were very savage and three of them had charged together to within 20 yards. Not daring to fire at so many, Cumming and Mackintosh had stood firm, and the lions had retreated. Before they could mount their horses, two more lions had charged and they stood firm again and the lions retreated.

Lastly a single lion charged out in a great rage. This time they fired and Mackintosh's bullet struck short and Cumming imagined that he had killed the lion. Much to his disgust it was found that Mackintosh's bullet had killed the lion with a ricochet.

Judging by the shooting it is not surprising they allowed the others to escape, as this lion was only 12 yards distant.

Some days later on the Nylstroom Gray Barber shot a roan antelope which he was obliged to cover up and leave. Early the next morning he took a sledge to fetch the carcass, and on arriving there discovered a lioness and two cubs eating the antelope. They bounded away into the reeds, and the lioness, crossing the river first, lay down and waited for the cubs to arrive. She was facing him at about 120 yards distance, and Gray fired but she never stirred. Making a long detour he crossed the river and discovered the lioness lying dead, the bullet having entered the nostril and blown out the back of the skull.

While in the Waterberg Hal Barber accompanied a trader through Sandriver Poort to have a look at the country. After passing the Poort they saw a Boer riding rapidly towards them, and he brought the fearsome news that the Malabogh tribe had broken out in rebellion and that

they were in hostile territory and liable to be attacked. They consequently made a speedy return to the deserted village of Nylstroom.

It is interesting to note that in 1872-3 many of the Boers in these districts were still using flintlock guns. A Mr. Cobus Smidt, who used a 4-bore flintlock, once came into camp in a fearfully dilapidated condition minus gun and hat, and with his clothes all torn to ribbons. He had wounded a young wildebeste, which had charged and had behaved in a most unkind way towards him, so that he barely escaped with his life.

This incident recalls an experience of Hal Barber's, when he shot a wildebeste which dropped, as he thought, dead. Riding up, he dismounted to examine it when it suddenly came alive again, and with a snort, charged him from a few yards distance. With a bound he endeavoured to reach his horse, which fled terrified, and Hal Barber only managed to grasp the stirrup-strap as it galloped away. Holding on to this he did a record sprint beside the galloping horse, with the charging wildebeste a few yards behind. The stirrup-strap pulled off and Hal Barber went rolling in the dust for about ten yards. This sudden disappearance of his foe into a cloud of dust somewhat puzzled the wildebeste who stopped to see what had happened. Still grasping his rifle, Hal Barber fired from the ground, killing the wildebeste.

From the Nylstroom the party commenced their return journey, driving the ostriches which they had captured with them. They still intended purchasing a number on the way back, so when they arrived at the camp where Hal Barber had buried the gold, he took a pick and went out to dig it up again. Many months had elapsed and the country wore an entirely different aspect. During their absence the long grass had all been burnt, and the dead tree had also been destroyed by fire. Heavy rains had washed away all traces of the burnt tree, and as there were hundreds of ant-hills in the vicinity, he was quite at a loss to know where to dig.

In vain he dug circles round most of the ant-hills in the place, and, when in despair of finding the money, he

recognized trees which he had seen at a little distance from the spot, when burying the money. This gave him a clue, and finding a likely ant-hill he measured off 7 feet, and the first stroke of the pick brought up the gold. With this money he purchased nearly 100 ostriches, and these with the others were driven along the road with the wagon.

One day they met a Dutchman with a wagon, and as his oxen had never seen ostriches, they became panic-stricken and dashed across the veld bellowing, with their tails in the air. The old Boer, using much profane language, endeavoured to stop them. The wagon bounded over the stones, his wife and children jumped out to save their lives, and an open bag of meal in the back of the wagon emptied itself in a long white stripe across the veld. The entertainment was well worth the couple of pounds Hal gave the old Boer to pacify him.

On reaching the Orange River at Norval's Pont, the ostriches were driven on to the pont which was to take them across the river. In mid-stream the ostriches were frightened by something, and in an instant they all jumped into the water. A Mr. Surmon, wearing a heavy overcoat, was standing at the end of the pont and was knocked into the water with all the ostriches on top of him and narrowly escaped being drowned. Fortunately the ostriches all swam ashore and were none the worse for their dip. The rest of the journey was uneventful, but it is worth mentioning that this speculation in ostriches proved very successful.

Amongst some old papers I found the following press-cutting, being Hal Barber's account of 'Shooting in South Eastern Africa', 1890:

We left Johannesburg on the 25th April, our outfit being two wagons in which to carry all our provisions and bring back on our return the results of the chase and other curiosities—one a large ox-wagon drawn by sixteen oxen and the other a small light spring-wagon drawn by fourteen donkeys.

This wagon was to be used when in the Low Country, to go into the tsetse-fly country whither oxen cannot be taken

owing to the deadly nature of the bite of these insects; but donkeys will live if they are not very badly bitten.

Our party consisted of five, whose names were Alfred Wainwright, Aleck and Russell Bowker, John Briscoe, and Hal Barber, but they shall be called by their Christian names only in this account of our trip.

On leaving Johannesburg we travelled to Pretoria, which we reached in two days, and there we completed the rest of the purchases for our outfit. Our guns were one American 500 Express Winchester, two Martini Henrys, and two Colonial guns—500 bore rifle in the left barrel and smooth bore in the right.

From Pretoria we struck straight for Zoutpansburg, about 160 miles distant. On the way we had fairly good sport, shooting a considerable amount of small game such as reitbuck, springbuck, duiker, and steinbuck; we also shot a lot of feathered game such as guinea-fowl, korhaan, partridges, &c.

On the way to Zoutpansburg we passed through the well-known Waterburg district in which most of the above-mentioned game was shot. In Zoutpansburg we stayed a day or two at the little villages of Smitsdorp and Petersburg and then directed our course to Heinertsburg, a small mining-village among the Wood Bush Mountains. The scenery about there was very fine, the mountains being some of the highest in the Transvaal, with rugged cliffs and valleys filled with dense forests containing splendid timber, and the rocky peaks standing out against the clear blue sky. You could almost imagine they were the last few stepping-stones to a better land.

From the little village of Heinertsburg down to the Low Country the roads were most dangerous and bad for travelling over, for, in descending the mountains, in many places we were obliged to tie long poles and reins to the sides of our wagons at right angles and hang on with all hands to prevent them toppling over.

However, this difficulty was soon over and before long we found ourselves at the bottom of the mountains, having descended about 3,000 feet in about five miles. Here the

country was still undulating and the roads bad, but with patience and careful management we soon arrived at the so-called town of Agatha, consisting of a Gold Commissioner's and a Post Office combined, a store and canteen combined, and one or two dwelling houses.

The country between Smitsdorp and Agatha being thickly populated we saw little or no game. From Agatha we struck for the Selati River and spent some time on a farm called Callais, where for the first time we fell in with large game, bagging a fine koodoo and two reitbuck rams.

We also prospected this farm for gold on behalf of an English company and on this account we were obliged to go by a very circuitous route to the Umbabat River, where we intended doing most of our shooting.

From Callais, therefore, we bore away almost due south for several days, crossing the Selati, Makoetsi, and Olifants Rivers at almost right angles, close below where they flow out of the mountains.

On the Selati we bagged some fine waterbuck and bushbuck, the former being slain by John. The contrast in the scenery in these parts is very striking; for, looking west, one of the grandest ranges of mountains in south-eastern Africa meets the eye. Standing out some 5,000 or 6,000 feet above you, its precipices of dark red rock are seen, with bluff after bluff, until they are lost in the haze of the distance.

On looking east one sees what is known as the Bush Country, which is one endless mass of bush as far as the eye can see, sloping away to the Lebombo Mountains many miles away on the horizon. It was for this Bush Country that we were bound.

At the Olifants River we were obliged to build a raft upon which to float our loads across, as the water was too deep and would have come into our wagons had we attempted to take them over loaded as they were. We then crossed the Blyde River and went on to the Klaserie, where we were obliged to leave our large wagon as most of our oxen had died of some poisonous herb which they had eaten. We went on with our small donkey-wagon only.

From the Selati to the Klaserie we travelled along what was supposed to be the newly made Erasmus Road to Delogoa Bay, but in most places it was simply a clearing in the forest, and at the rivers we were obliged to prepare drifts for ourselves before crossing, as they were quite impassable.

Taking the remainder of our oxen with us we now left the Erasmus Road and struck due east, chopping our way through all dense places and making crossings where necessary at small rivers and streams. This we continued to do for several days until we struck the hunters' road from Leydenburg to the Umbabat River. During this cross-country travelling we shot only sufficient game to keep us supplied with meat; most of our time being employed in chopping our road through the trees.

At the Umbabat River we were very disappointed at the scarcity of game, as Alfred and Aleck had found it most plentiful the previous year. We then decided to push right on into the fly country, so leaving the tent or hood of our wagon and about half of our provisions in the charge of one of our boys we struck almost due east to some kopjes about ten miles distant which we reached the same evening.

On our way thither we found the game increasing in number and our long-rested rifles came into full play. Alfred bagged a fine hartebeste with his first shot at 250 yards. At this kopje we spent only one night as game was apparently more abundant eastward, although we saw several large herds of game, including a fine lot of giraffe at which Aleck and Russell put in a good volley but unfortunately without result. It was at this kopje that during the night we first heard the old monarch of the forest give his blood-curdling roar. To several of our party it was the first time they had heard a lion roar in his wild state, and one cannot easily imagine the interest and excitement that his deep note caused as it vibrated through the dark forest that surrounded us.

Your first thoughts are: What an awful beast—are we safe? Is he not coming this way? Where on earth are my rifle and cartridges? Then a unison of voices shout to the natives to pile wood on the fire as it is so dark; others are

sent to see that the donkey-kraal is secure and that the entrance is properly bushed up.

It is necessary in bush country frequented by lions to make strong kraals about six feet high out of thorn-branches. Into these kraals the stock is driven at night while large fires are kept burning to keep the lions away.

After the first roar of this lion we managed to pull ourselves together and settle down for the night, but lion-stories became the topic of our conversation and many adventures were told of these animals and all sorts of plans devised as how best these creatures were to be shot.

I think we all pretty well decided that John's scheme for lion-hunting was the best. It was that we were to find a tree overhanging the water, near which a bait for lions was to be placed. Into this tree we were to climb with a fortnight's provisions and a tin billy-can with a long string to let down for water. Then if the lions came and wanted to rear their cubs underneath the tree and could not be shot, we would still be safe as long as the provisions lasted.

The lions not disturbing us again that night, courage again took possession of our manly breasts on the morrow, and we decided to move down to the very river from whence the awful roars had proceeded the night before, and we did. There John shot a fine waterbuck with a good pair of horns.

On our way down to this river we were very much inconvenienced by a blazing grass-fire which was sweeping on us from the west. The grass, which was quite dry and thick and about three feet high, was burning most furiously and at a great rate, driven forward by the wind. Fortunately we discovered a spot where the grass was shorter, and here we set to work and burned a space all round our wagon, and remained here until the approaching fire had passed by.

The carcass of the waterbuck which John had shot was left as a bait (after we had taken the skin, horns, and what meat we required) for lions, and on Russell and Hal visiting it the next morning they found that it had almost entirely been devoured by wolves.

At this camp, which was on the bank of the Mabonga

River, we each shot several head of wildebeste, waterbuck, quagga, hartebeste, and ostriches. As the lions did not visit the carcass we had left for them we decided to move down to another stream about three miles distant, known as the Manonga. It appeared to be a more central spot for game and a better camping-ground. It was here that we made our longest stay, as game was plentiful.

On the second day after our arrival Russell walked to the top of one of the highest ridges, from where he hoped to see some game, as it was more open there. While quietly sitting smoking his pipe he saw a huge giraffe bull standing several hundred yards away.

Having hidden himself in the nearest bush he waited to see in which direction the creature was moving. He discovered that the giraffe was coming straight towards him, so to keep perfectly still and wait was all that was necessary. The huge creature came nearer and nearer until within 10 or 15 yards of where Russell was sitting, when it turned broad-side on and stood. It is almost unnecessary to add that although the animal was a large one, a single bullet from his trusty rifle placed it *hors de combat*. This giraffe was the largest shot during our trip, measuring over 20 feet from hoof to tip of nose.

There we also had a bait set to attract lions and for this we used the carcass of a fine waterbuck shot by Alfred. Several lions had been seen about, but it was not until the fifth night that one came to this bait, Russell and Hal having visited it each morning at daylight. However, on the fifth morning they saw a fine lioness bound away through a gap in the bush without giving them the opportunity of a shot. The lioness having disappeared so quickly it was decided that the following morning we should surround the place. So the next day Alfred and Hal concealed themselves near the gap through which the lioness had bounded on the previous morning. John and a good trusty nigger were lying in wait about 50 yards off in another direction. Aleck and Russell then approached the carcass, which was lying in a small river-bed, from a third direction.

The three points at which we were then placed formed a triangle, in the centre of which was the carcass. Those who were lying in ambush had no sooner taken up their positions when they heard the quick report of a rifle, immediately followed by a most savage and vicious roar; then two more shots followed in quick succession.

Things now became lively, as Aleck was heard to shout 'Look out! Stand back!' and then 'Come on, you fellows!' to those in ambush, in a most excited manner.

Aleck and Russell had approached the carcass to within 30 yards when suddenly the lioness bounded out of the rushes on to the opposite bank, standing with her flank towards them and her head turned round, when Russell neatly placed an express bullet into the fleshy part of her left hind leg. On receiving this bullet she uttered the above-mentioned roars and then Aleck with great precision broke her other leg with his first shot, also hitting her with a charge of buckshot with his second, the latter doing her no damage. During Aleck's firing at her she was bounding round and round growling and roaring in a most vicious and dangerous manner, gnashing her teeth and clawing with her massive paws at an imaginary foe on her back. She had then bounded into the rushes straight towards Aleck and Russell, who of course thought she was charging them. It was at this exciting moment when 'Come on, you fellows!' was shouted by Aleck. Hal and Alfred then rushed down the side of the river opposite to where the lioness had bounded in, expecting to find their friends completely chewed up, but to their astonishment saw them some distance off on the opposite bank.

[*Note by I. M.-B.* Hal is very generously economizing with the truth here. He told me that when he and Alfred Wainwright got to the edge of the river, there was Aleck trying to swarm up an inaccessible tree, from which he kept on slipping down, while Russell was standing on the high bank over a pool in the river. He was overlooking the fact that it was probably full of crocodiles and was ready to do a high dive as soon as the lioness charged.]

On inquiring where the lioness was they were told that she was in the reeds just where they were and that they were to 'look out, as she is just awful!'

Hal then heard the lioness crawling up the river in the direction from whence they had come, so he and Alfred again took up their old position, which she could not pass without being seen. They then heard her only a few yards distant in a patch of thick bush on the river's edge. As they could not see her and she would not come out they called to their companions, and John and the old native having also joined them they poured in a well-directed volley and brought her to earth, when Hal, moving to within a few yards, gave her the finishing shot. On hearing that she was dead a wild hurrah was shouted by all, as this was the first lion of the season.

At that moment we saw approaching from the direction of our camp a strange-looking object in the early morning light. It was still some time before sunrise and some one was heard to say in a scary voice, 'What on earth is that?' whereupon we all prepared for immediate action again. But it turned out to be a Mr. Pease carrying his wife through the long grass to the scene of our engagement with the lioness. They had arrived at our camp only the night before, having followed our wagon and track all the way from the Umbabat.

The lioness proved to be a very fine specimen, measuring over nine feet in length from nose to tip of tail. Our old native, who was in at the death and who had also had a shot at the lioness with his old Tower musket, which I am afraid went very far from hitting her, on being shown a large hole in the skin and being told for a joke that it was his bullet-hole, now became wild with excitement.

Rushing frantically out from among the crowd that had gathered around the fallen lioness, with his gun in one hand and his assegai in the other, he uttered the wildest of shrieks and bounded from side to side in the most active manner, stabbing imaginary foes at each bound.

Shouting and jabbering in his own phrases he stated what a mighty hunter he was and what game he had slaughtered

and that lions were but dust under his feet, until he had quite exhausted himself. From this moment a certain new pride came over this old man and self-conceit seemed to run uppermost in his thoughts.

At this camp we stayed but a few days longer, having excellent sport all the time. It is gratifying, now that our hunt is over, to think that we made it a rule that no cow antelopes were to be shot as we were shooting only for sport. This rule we stuck to fairly well throughout our trip, excepting when we were short of meat, and then only was the rule broken as we were a large party all told and were depending almost entirely upon our rifles for food.

In this Low Country labour is very cheap, as natives can be hired on the way down for the wage of one blanket a month, and the average cost of this blanket is seven shillings and sixpence at Johannesburg. These natives expect nothing in the way of food excepting the meat of the game you shoot, and then only the parts you do not require yourself.

The varieties of game shot here were lion, giraffe, koodoo, wildebeste, waterbuck, hartebeste, ostrich, impala, quagga, while several varieties of game-birds, including paauw, korhaan, &c., were not molested by us. We also poisoned a large wolf.

Elephant, rhinoceros, hippopotamus, buffalo, and eland are still occasionally to be found, but unless you put yourself out especially to shoot these creatures and nothing else, and take no end of trouble in finding out where they are located, there is but little chance of bagging any of them.

Two Dutch hunters shot three elephants and three hippo while down this season, but the time it took to shoot the latter and the long watch that had to be kept up round the large holes of water in the Olifants River from daylight to dark was more than we cared to go in for.

From the Manonga River we struck across country again, steering for a gorge in the Lebombo Mountains through which the Olifants River flows, passing a small Kaffir kraal on our way, where we left all our heavy loads and skins to be picked up on our return.

Here we hired an old native (Durba by name) to go with us as a guide. He told us of some hippopotami he wanted us to shoot. They were a mile or two below his kraal in a little river he called the Guchani, but on moving down to the place he described we found that the hippo had moved down the river and were no longer in the large hole which they usually frequented. This we found out by their foot-prints. After sleeping a night there we again decided to steer our course towards the gorge in the mountains and to have another try for the hippo on our return.

Before the Olifants River reaches the Lebombo it is joined by a large river called the Letaba, after which it becomes a very large river, the junction being just below the western slopes of those mountains. Between these rivers stands a large bluff, round the end of which they run with great force, meeting each other at right angles, and it is a grand sight to see these two huge rivers running headlong into each other as though each was trying to push the other out of its course.

Just below the junction is the wildest of mountain gorges and here the river passes through the Lebombo. Here a gap has been washed simply by the rush of water through endless periods, and immense rocks and precipices stand up on either side hundreds of feet high. Between them rushes in a narrow channel this mountain torrent, boiling and white with foam, while high on the rocks can be seen the water-wrack of the summer floods.

It seems almost incredible to note to what height this river must rise during the rainy season. We stayed several days at this junction seeing all that was to be seen. Hippo foot-prints were found all about the junction, but none fresh enough to give us any hopes of getting a shot at them, so we made no attempt to hunt them.

On the bluff between the two rivers stands an immense baobab tree which appeared to be quite a hundred feet in circumference. To this tree we all intended paying a visit as we wanted to measure it, but on the second day of our stay there an impala buck was seen floating down the river followed by an immense crocodile, which appeared just at the

place where we intended crossing the river to get to the tree. We looked with contempt on this crocodile and all declared that the tree should still be measured. I don't know how it came about, but somehow or other, after this, all interest in this grand tree seemed to be lost, and when the time arrived to cross the river no one seemed to remember it and the fine old tree stands in its solitude unmeasured still.

At the back of the first range of the Lebombo, running in from the north, is a river known by the natives as the Singwedzi, and as its course seemed rather open we decided to go down it as far as we could and stay a few days in the heart of the Lebombo.

So we retraced our steps a few miles (for we had passed this river) and then went down it as far as we could, and there, under a large wild-fig tree, we fixed our camp for several days, having taken our wagon farther east than anybody had ever reached before in this part of the country. There we tramped about the defiles of that unfrequented range, visiting again the wonderful gorge much lower down and also that made by the Singwedzi River.

The Lebombo there is covered with a thick mass of trees all of one kind, the name of which we did not know, and upon these trees the elephants browse during the summer time. We could find no recent traces of elephants, although the ground was all strewn with the broken branches of these trees which had been stripped of their leaves and bark.

As the country was very dry and game scarce, we moved back to Durba's kraal, where we picked up our things which we had left and then moved down to the little river to have one more try for the sea-cow (hippo).

I forgot to mention that in the Olifants River, about three miles above the junction, there is a curious place called the 'pots', consisting of tall pillars of rock, all in the bed of the river. Just above these pillars the river is a hundred yards or more in width, very deep and flowing fast, but when it enters this mass of fantastically shaped rocks which stand up 20 and 30 feet above the water it flows slowly through them and must be very deep.

With a good jumping-pole it would be possible to cross the river at this place, by jumping from rock to rock. Far out in the middle of this mass, we found caves and crevices where the baboons sleep, safely hidden from the night-attacks of lions and leopards.

On visiting a large hole of water below Durba's kraal, we found from the foot-prints of the sea-cow (or sea-bull as we preferred to call her) that she had returned, and to all appearances seemed to be in the hole. So now was our chance, and we decided that we should not be beaten this time and would sit up all night, but shoot her we must. So, after a sumptuous dinner, at about four o'clock we all marched off to the water's edge, each one thinking that he was the only one ordained by providence to shoot this monster of the waters.

We stationed ourselves about 200 yards apart on each side of the pool, Alfred being stationed at the bottom, as that was the most likely spot to get a shot, as he had specially bought a large double-barrelled rifle for shooting hippo.

We took up our positions about 15 yards from the water's edge, so that when the sea-cow made her appearance, it would be possible to get in two shots before she could get back into the water—although we quite expected she would be killed by the first discharge. I think each one of us expected to kill at least one sea-bull before sunset, but if unfortunately our hopes were not fulfilled by this time, why, a little sitting up at night in the beautiful moonlight would surely not do us any harm, as we would certainly bag the hippo before morning. We imagined ourselves eating sea-cow bacon and making sjamboks and walking-sticks from the hide; John had even decided to have a sea-cow hat.

But as Bret Harte says, 'You can't pretty much most always tell how things are going to turn out sometimes' in this world. We sat until the sun went down and no sea-bull made its appearance, and we sat on until the late hours of the evening and yet no sea-bull came out for us to shoot. We sat and sat until one, two, and three in the morning, and strange though it was no sea-cow or sea-bull came walking up to the

muzzles of our guns to be shot, and we sat, and sat, and sat, until we were cold and the moon went down and it became quite dark, and we could not have seen that sea-cow if she had come out; and we could *not* see what fools we were, for then the lions began to roar and we would have given anything if we had never sat at all.

Each one of us thought that he was sure to be the unfortunate one that was to provide the lions with a breakfast. Now perfect silence reigned supreme, for none of us dared to move as sharp poisonous thorns were to be encountered at every step, and deep dongas were ready to engulf us should we attempt to reach our wagon, a mile away in the dark forest of that wild land.

The sea-cow was now almost forgotten and when our thoughts were divided from the lions and returned to her, it was with sincere hopes that she would not come out.

Huge lions, hungry and cruel, with gnashing teeth and outspread claws, and human bones, and broken arms and legs, and heads severed from gory bodies were now uppermost in our thoughts. Such thoughts as 'should we ever see our dear ones at home again' never entered our heads—it is all bosh—that idea. Thoughts of dear ones at home never frequent our minds on occasions of this sort. They do not. You only think what a fool you have been to have stayed so long and what a nice, soft thing would be on for the first hungry lion should he happen to come your way.

Then, in the early morning, with what interest one watches the constellation of Orion rising—stretching his broad belt of stars across the silent sky, and the gentle Pleiades away in the east with their mellow light. How safe they look far up there in the sky, so high out of reach of the lions; for the Great Bear is their only danger, millions and millions of miles away.

Then, a sudden crack in the reeds just in front of you recalls you to earth once more and your heart bounces against your ribs and you clutch your rifle tighter—your only friend—until all is silent again.

Then you think how short life is and how much shorter

it may be if the lions do not catch one of the other fellows instead of you, which you sincerely hope they will. How gladly would you attend the funeral of the few scattered remains that would be picked up on the morrow.

Then you turn your aching eyes to the ever hopeful heavens and exclaim, 'Ah, what is that, surely that is the first streak of daylight?', and a few minutes later it begins to get quite light. Now your ideas and thoughts quite alter and courage again comes back to your lately fluttering heart and you think again of the lions, saying to yourself, 'What a noise those miserable old lions made, wretched old creatures that they are.' It was fortunate for them that they did not come your way, for how you would have blown them away from the muzzle of your rifle and taken their skins and skulls home as a trophy.

When it got quite light, fresh thoughts of sea-cow came back to us and we decided to sit it out till sunrise. But no sea-cow came out to be shot at and all the night-birds took shelter and the hooting owl of an hour before sought a hollow tree in which to conceal himself for the day.

The cane-rat or 'mavonda' (as the natives call them), that had made us place our fingers on the trigger during the night, now crept into the thick reeds by the water's side to get out of the daylight as much as possible.

As the sun rose the day-birds and beasts one after another made their appearance, while we, like mean creatures, shivering with cold, half-scared to death, slunk off to our wagon to ape the night-birds and mavondas by crawling into our beds for a few hours' rest.

Strange to say, but true, by the following night, each one of us had, separately, come to the unanimous conclusion that we did not require any sea-cow bacon to eat, nor any sjamboks and walking-sticks made from its hide. Even John said that he had done without a sea-cow hat 'up to now', and though it was a great struggle, he would try to drag out the rest of his life in this world without one.

So we decided that sea-cow shooting was a bore only fit for professional hunters like Bezuidenhout and Vermaak,

and that it was not what it was cracked up to be. Alfred's big gun could now have been bought cheaply, at half-price I fancy, although on the night before nothing would have tempted him to sell.

From this camp we moved over to the Manonga River where Russell shot two fine giraffe and John had the pleasure, for the first time, of firing fifteen shots at them without getting one. He did not seem to mind in the least, for he said 'seeing such fine large game like giraffe was enough for him without killing any of them'.

On striking the Mabonga, we found that most of the grass had been burnt off, but game was still fairly plentiful and some good bags were made, Aleck and Hal shooting some fine wildebeste bulls, the latter also bagging a fine cock ostrich with a neat shot at 600 yards. Hal also beat Selous's record for wildebeste horns.

We moved up the Mabonga River in slow stages, staying a few days at each camp. Near our old camp where we had shot the lion, we met a Mr. F. V. K. who had done some capital shooting, having bagged seven giraffe and a good quantity of other game. He is a plucky hunter and the night before we met him, he had shot a fine leopard and wolf by sitting up at night, at the carcass of a giraffe he had shot, and lighting up ship blue-lights whenever he heard anything near.

On lighting up one of these he saw a large leopard only 8 yards away, so to raise his gun and fire straight at her head was only the work of a moment. On receiving the shot the leopard rushed off and sprang into the nearest tree, but, on reaching the first branch, fell back dead.

On another occasion F. V. K. was riding through the long grass near a small river, when his horse, taking fright at a lion, shied him off and dragged him for a few yards. Luckily he held on to his gun while being dragged, for when his foot came out of the stirrup, he saw a large lion standing on the bank of the river about 40 yards distant. He fired at this lion, wounding him badly, and he immediately disappeared into the river. He had no sooner fired this shot when he saw the lioness, which he had not noticed, standing close by,

ready to charge, but he soon settled her with a well-directed shot, for she fell back, pawing the air, and expired.

As it was getting late in the season and we had to arrange about getting our large wagon out of the Low Country (and most of the oxen had died), we commenced moving slowly out, passing our camp at the kopjes and striking the Uanetsi River into which the Mabonga, Manonga, and Guitchane rivers flow.

As our load was heavy for the donkeys, we sent for our oxen and moved on to the Umbabat River, where the other wagon had been left. We moved steadily out to where Bezuidenhout and Vermaak were encamped and here exchanged most of our skins for oxen.

In company with Vermaak, we travelled by short stages until we arrived at the Owelaoga River, from whence we sent all our oxen and donkeys to bring our large wagon on to the Mhla-Mhali River, where we arrived in a few days, Vermaak having kindly sent his oxen back for us, as our donkeys had not yet returned with the large wagon.

On our way out to the Owelaogo River we had good sport, Aleck obtaining the two finest koodoo and sable antelope heads, while Harry shot a fine leopard by spring-gun and an old wolf by setting a bait on the white sand of the river and shooting him from the tent at night.

The next two days travelling brought us out of the game-country and among the native kraals, so we had just about got to the end of one of the finest trips imaginable in south-eastern Africa, although we were still a long way from Johannesburg. F. V. K., knowing that we were still short of oxen, kindly sent down a fat span to take one of our wagons out as far as his store. Here we remained for some days, selling him the donkeys and one of the wagons, after which we travelled out past Macmac, Pilgrims' Rest, and Lydenburg in company with the Vermaaks, staying a few days with them at their farm near Middelburg, where they treated us most kindly.

We arrived at Johannesburg about the 25th October 1890 after a most enjoyable trip.

After this expedition and the date which I am now coming to, Hal and Fred Barber went on many hunting-trips, founded Barborton, and speculated on the Rand: an account of some of these appear in a separate chapter.

On the 28th March 1894 Hal Barber married Mary Layard Bowker, third daughter of Thomas Holden Bowker, M.L.A., of Tharfield (q.v.). The wedding was celebrated in the Settlers' Church at Bathurst, Lower Albany. It was in this church that his father, Frederick William Barber, was married in 1845. This building was often used as a place of refuge during the Kaffir wars, and here Mrs. Miles Bowker and her family, together with many other women and children, sat up all night while the men of the party defended the church against six severe attacks from the Kaffirs.

Going via Delagoa Bay, Hal Barber and his wife spent a month on a hunting-expedition on the Tembi River, returning to Natal in September.

Prior to his marriage, Hal Barber had arranged to go on a hunting-expedition to the Kalahari Desert with his brother, Russell Bowker, and Bertram White. Not wishing to withdraw from his agreement, he accompanied them on this trip in 1895. An account of this interesting trip is recorded in a separate chapter.

On his return from the desert Hal Barber purchased 'The Retreat', a portion of the farm 'Glen Avon', a few miles from Somerset East, C.C. It was here that his eldest son, Ivan, the author of this book, was born on the 1st February 1896.

While at 'The Retreat' Hal Barber had a bad fall from a tree, caused by the breaking of a branch. The result of this accident was severe internal injuries, which invalided him for the rest of his life. For the next five years his condition was so serious that many people doubted whether he would survive: he was unable to walk more than a few hundred yards, and generally had himself carried in a hammock swung on a bamboo.

His second son, Raymond, was born in Grahamstown on the 1st August 1897. At this time Hal Barber was staying at the 'Kowie', but on their return to Somerset East his

health became so bad that in 1898 he went to England and was operated on for appendicitis and other internal troubles by Frederick Treves. This was prior to that eminent doctor being knighted, and Hal Barber used to say that it was after practising on him that Treves made a success of his operation on King Edward.

Col. James Henry Bowker (q.v.), who owned much property at Durban and had no heir to succeed him in his estate, wrote to Hal Barber saying that if he came to live with him at Durban he would make him his heir. Although Col. Bowker was 73 years old, Hal Barber was so ill that it was doubtful whether he would live to inherit the property.

In 1899 he sold 'The Retreat' and moved to Durban, building a house which he named 'Ivanhoe', on land leased from Col. Bowker.

Col. Bowker then made his will in which he left all his property to his nephew Hal Barber. At this time Col. Bowker's elder brother Bertram, who was then about 95 years of age, was living with him, with several members of his family. They were naturally very annoyed about the will—it was a most unfortunate affair and a lot of ill-feeling was caused by the old Colonel's decision.

However, when Col. Bowker died in 1900 the will could not be found and has been missing ever since. Hal Barber, therefore, lost his inheritance and the property was sold and divided amongst the next of kin who were the descendants of Col. Bowker's eight brothers and two sisters. This meant that there were ten major shares, which were again divided according to the number of children in each family. Hal Barber got a one-thirtieth part and his wife Mary a one-sixtieth part, while those in the larger groups got still less.

Thane Renshaw, third son of Hal and Mary Barber, was born here while they were living at 'Ivanhoe' on the 2nd July 1901.

After the missing will episode, when he had lost his inheritance, Hal Barber got 'fed up' with the whole business, sold his house, and went to live at the 'Kowie' (Port Alfred). For some months he lived at 'Bell's Cottage', on the river, a few miles from Port Alfred.

In 1902 he purchased 'The Castle' and 10 acres of ground on the west bank of the Kowie. This ancient building was erected by William Cock, and was fortified with some old muzzle-loading cannons, which were used against the Kaffirs in one of the wars.

Hal Barber was still an invalid, and lived on capital and the dividends of shares that he owned. He spent much of his time on the Kowie River and also took a keen interest in the municipal affairs of Port Alfred, and could easily have been elected a member of the municipal council, and possibly Mayor, only he declined, owing to his ill health, which prevented him from moving about much.

While living at 'The Castle' he purchased from his brother, Fred, the farm 'Vlaakfontein', joining the commonage at Vryburg. At this time he still owned house property and residential plots in Johannesburg; the 'Rockhouse', which he had owned for many years, was sold to a Mr. Harold Fry, but several building-plots in the Highlands Township were not sold till after his death in 1920.

His fourth son, Alban, was born at 'The Castle' on the 9th December 1904.

After living at the 'Kowie' for four years, Hal Barber's health improved slightly: funds also began to run low, so he purchased a farm, 'Terramena', four miles from Potchefstroom in the Transvaal, moving up there in September 1906. He built a house here and was the first to plant lucerne in the Mooi River valley.

He farmed this very successfully, making about £1,000 a year by selling the lucerne as fodder to the military who were then stationed at Potchefstroom. While living at 'Terramena' he purchased 'Tharfield' from Miles and Mitford Bowker, but resold it to Alfred White of Grahams-town. (This was the original property granted to Miles Bowker when he came out with the 1820 settlers.)

Hal Barber also owned the farm 'Kendale' on the Mooi River, but this property he sold about the same time.

The winters were so severe at Potchefstroom, and the Dutch neighbours, who were extremely anti-British, were

so disagreeable that in 1911 Hal Barber decided to try his luck farther afield and consequently went on a short trip to British East Africa.

This new colony, with its lakes and mountains and yet untrodden wildernesses teeming with game, stirred the heart of the old pioneer, and he at once decided to sell out at Potchefstroom and settle in this colony. He purchased four farms at Londiani, but owing to some difficulty of fulfilling the conditions he resold them.

Returning to Potchefstroom, he sold 'Terramena' and 'Vlaakfontein' and immigrated to British East Africa in 1912 with his wife and two younger sons, Ivan and Raymond being left at St. Andrew's College, Grahamstown.

After having a careful look round he purchased three small farms, comprising 1,200 acres, at Kyambu, 8 miles from Nairobi. On this property, which he called 'Ivanhoe', he planted coffee and farmed successfully here till 1918, when he sold the farm to Mr. J. Randall. The last crop was 40 tons of cleaned coffee.

His eldest son, Ivan, returned from College in 1912 and assisted him on the farm.

In 1913, as bubonic plague was raging in the neighbourhood, and taking a severe toll from the native community, it was decided to go away for a while, and a 'safari' or expedition was taken to Mount Kenya. Mary Barber, Ivan, and some friends climbed Mount Kenya to the snow-line, at an altitude of 15,500 feet, but Hal Barber, Renshaw, and Alban remained at the main camp among the cedar forests on the lower slopes of the mountain.

It was here at this camp that Hal Barber shot his last buffalo, bravely following it into the thick bush and shooting it dead with an old rifle that had killed several lions and had been his trusty companion on many a former expedition.

Late in 1913 Hal Barber bought land in the Trans Nzoia district, and immediately went up there with the first wagons that entered that district. From Londiani station it was 60 miles by road to Eldoret, and Mount Elgon was another 60 miles beyond. The route taken was via what is now called

Turbo Valley, but as there was no road, a ford had to be made on the Nzoia River, and a bridge over another small stream, while trees had to be felled continually to allow the wagons to pass.

Lions were plentiful in these wilds, and fires had to be made every night to keep them from molesting the oxen and mules. When their roaring came too close, shots were fired to drive them away.

Shortly after arriving on the farm, Renshaw saw two lions walk between the fire and the wagon in which he was sleeping. A rhinoceros completely destroyed the first attempt at a vegetable-garden by rolling on the freshly made seed-beds.

This farm on the slopes of Mount Elgon has an escarpment running through it, in which are a number of interesting caves of volcanic origin, and was appropriately named 'Caverndale'. After some months pioneering on the new farm Mary Barber became seriously ill, and so the party returned to 'Ivanhoe' and she was taken to the Nairobi Hospital, where she was found to have an abscess on the liver. After several months in hospital she made a wonderful recovery.

The Great War was now on, and Ivan and Raymond were on active service.

In 1916 Fred Barber, who had also immigrated to British East Africa, became seriously ill, so his brother Hal took him to South Africa to see specialists there. On this occasion Renshaw and Alban were left at St. Andrew's College, Grahamstown.

On his return to British East Africa, at the end of 1916, Henry Mitford Barber changed his surname to Mitford-Barberton.

During the next few years Hal Barberton, realizing the great possibilities of these new districts, purchased five more farms in the Trans Nzoia district, a half-share in the 'Mount Elgon Saw-Mills', and a large farm near Soy in the Uasin Gishu. Caverndale Estate now consisted of four farms in one block of over 10,000 acres.

Two farms on Elgon are now owned by Raymond Mit-

ford-Barborton, and on this property are a number of caves equal to those on 'Caverndale'. The Mitford-Barborton family own most of the caves on the south of Mount Elgon.

In 1917, while supervising the development of these farms and visiting the saw-mill, Hal Barborton went on an expedition, climbing almost to the summit of Mount Elgon (14,200 feet), a great feat for an invalid of 67 years. In 1918 the farm at Kyambu was sold to Mr. Randall for about £22,000, and Hal Barborton moved up to Caverndale Estate. Here he had 'flu' very badly, and shortly after this his sons Ivan and Raymond returned from active service, but were suffering from continual attacks of malaria fever contracted in German East Africa, so it was decided that they should all go to South Africa to recuperate. Most of the year 1919 was spent in South Africa visiting relations and staying at the 'Kowie'. While here, the sad news of the death of his dearly beloved brother Fred came as a severe blow.

The old farm 'Highlands' where he was born was visited, and Hal and Mary Barborton also went to see the Victoria Falls, taking with them their sister 'Highlie' Bailie.

This was Hal Barborton's farewell visit to the scenes of his youth and the friends and relations he loved. He then returned to Kenya Colony and commenced developments on the farm 'Merrowdown' near Soy. Here in a little mud-walled cottage, with a thatched roof, this hardy old pioneer departed this life on the 25th May 1920 in his 70th year. His sons made his coffin with rough planks and he was laid to rest beside his brother Fred in the cemetery at Eldoret.

At the time of his death his wife Mary was lying seriously ill with cerebral malaria, being unconscious for three days, and she was not aware of her husband's death until the day after the funeral.

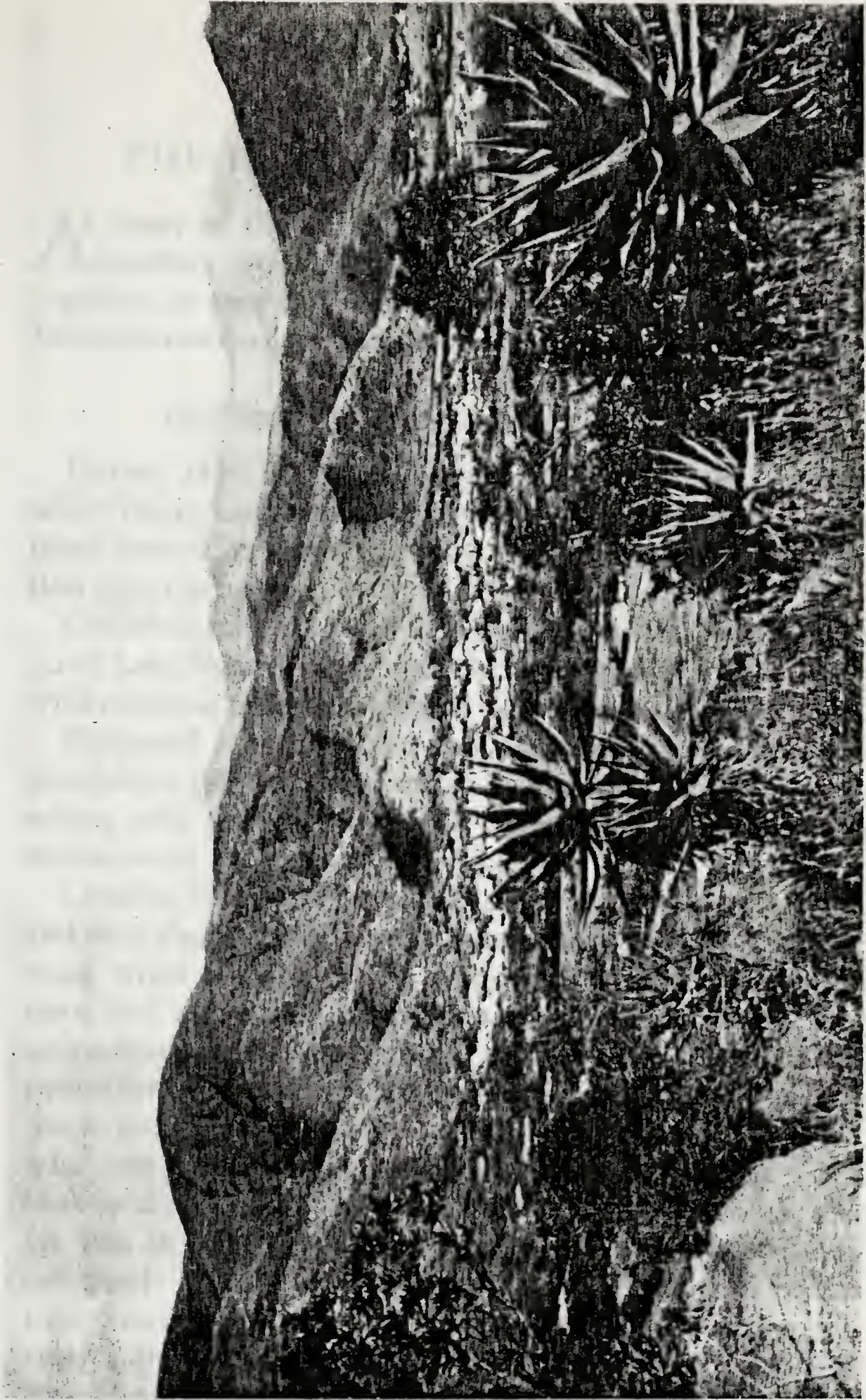
Mary Barborton led a hard pioneering life, full of interest and adventure, and lived for the most part at Tharfield by the sea or in the wilds of Kenya. Her great love for literature kept her reading, often nearly the whole night through, and yet she always rose with the early dawn. If ever a woman

lived two lives in one it was Mary Barborton. Poor Mother, she was subject to the most frightful nightmares—she would dream that she was enclosed in a coffin or being chased round the room by a demon. She would fly out of bed and create terrible havoc. The amusement that it gave afterwards often recompensed for all the tidying up that had to be done.

She went on many interesting expeditions in Kenya and Uganda, climbed to the rim of the crater of Mount Kenya; to 13,000 feet on Mount Elgon, and up that very steep track to the summit of Musandama, a low peak on the Ruenzori Range, from the crest of which is a magnificent view of the Semiliki River and the wide waters of Lake Albert.

Mary Barborton died of blackwater fever at a lonely farmhouse in the wilderness of the Laikipia Plateau, 17 miles out of the village of Nanyuki. She had accompanied her second son on a motoring-expedition and had called at Cairn's Farm to visit her elder brother Holden (who was staying there) when the end came. Years before, when on their trip to Mount Kenya (1913), Mary had exclaimed: 'I should like to be buried in Laikipia, when I die.' Thus was her wish fulfilled.

On his decease Henry Mitford-Barborton left over 18,000 acres of land and other assets to the value of £50,000 in the Trans Nzoia and Uasin Gishu districts—but that was before the depression, and since then prices have gone down to zero. The property was divided among the four sons, who, with the exception of Ivan, who is a sculptor in Cape Town, are coffee-farming on Mount Elgon.



BARBERTON

CHAPTER X

THE BARBERS OF BARBERTON

AS many of the experiences and activities of the Barber brothers cannot be separated, they have been recorded together in this chapter, which contains the founding of Barberton and other important and interesting events, such as:

THE TRIP TO MATABELELAND IN 1877

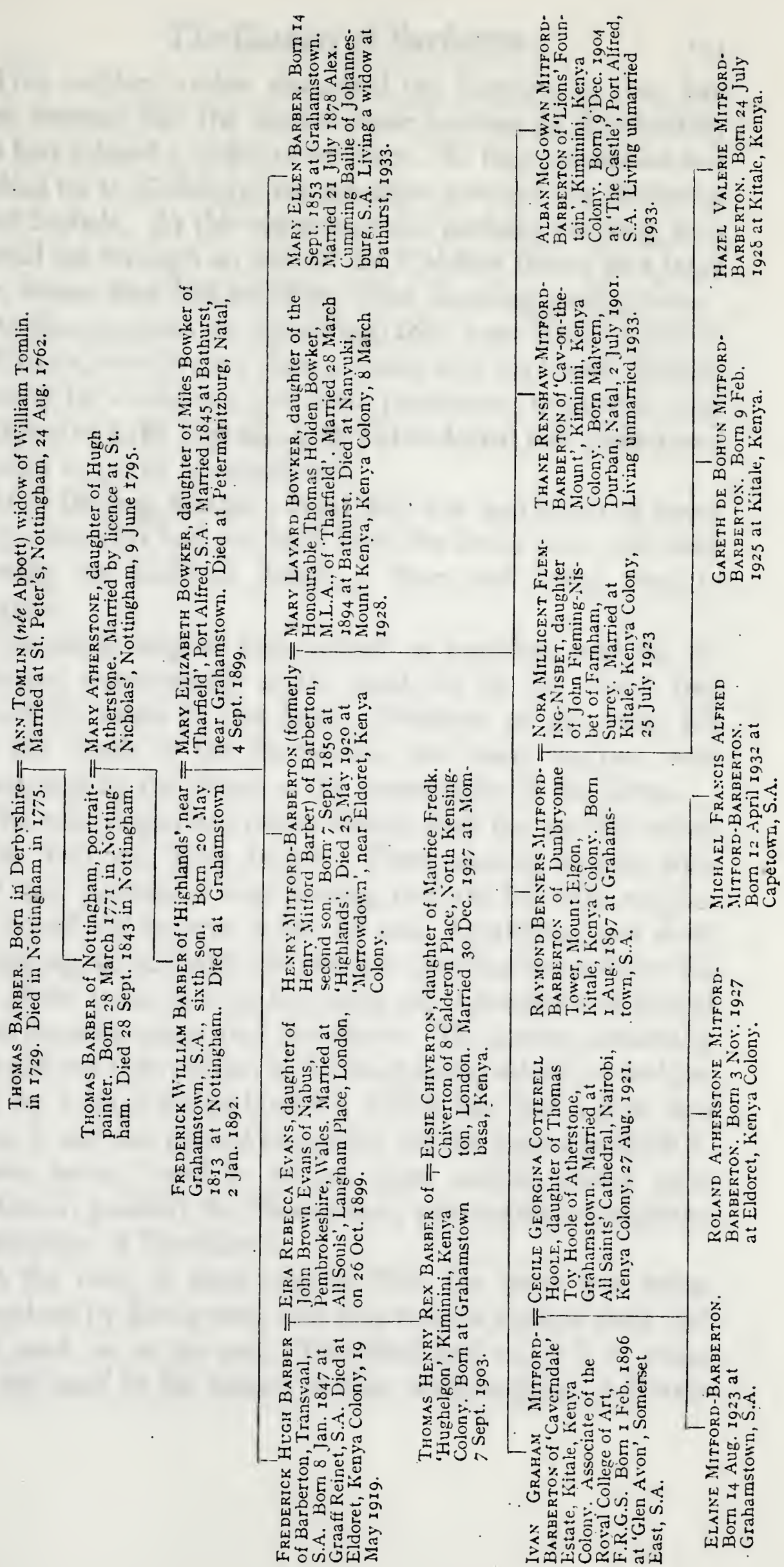
During 1876 Fred was digging diamonds in Kimberley, while Harry had been farming in Basutoland, so when the latter arrived in Kimberley they at once planned an expedition into the interior.

Ostrich-farming was paying well and so they decided to go to Lake Ngami, where ostriches were plentiful and collect wild chicks and barter ostriches and ivory from the natives.

Equipped with a wagon and oxen and all the necessary provisions, they left Kimberley on the 27th February 1877, taking with them a quantity of trade-goods, as money was unknown to the natives in the interior.

Crossing the Vaal River at Klip Drift, now Barkley West, and then the Hartz River, the hunters had camped beside the road, when a native with a wagon approached them. His oxen had apparently never seen white people before and refused to pass them, despite all the driver's endeavours and persuasions. To show his displeasure the native came to the wagon shouting insults and abuses at them. A Mr. Wild, who was with the wagon, got out an automaton wood snake and chased the impudent native with this fearsome toy. He fled in terror round and round the wagon and finally collapsed. They then discovered that the joke had been a trifle overdone as he was foaming at the mouth and apparently quite mad. All attempts to calm him were in vain, so they filled him up with brandy, loaded him on to his wagon, and his wife, taking the whip, drove away.

PEDIGREE SHOWING THE DESCENT OF THE BARBERS OF BARBERTON AND MITFORD-BARBERTON



This incident rather disturbed the hunters, as they had been warned that the natives were insolent in this locality and had robbed a trader of his oxen. So they inspanned and pushed on to Kolsberg, the principal town of the Bechuana chief Sechele. As this old savage did nothing but beg, they carried on through an arm of the Kalahari desert to a large pan, where they had excellent sport shooting sand-grouse.

At Bamangwato (or Shoshong) they were kindly received by Khama, who invited them to camp near his house. Unfortunately he would not give them permission to capture wild ostriches at Lake Ngami, so they abandoned this project and decided to go to Matabeleland.

After leaving Khama's kraal they saw and heard of many stray cattle that had run back from the herds that were then crossing the Kalahari desert, a Boer trek being then in progress.

Too many wagons had moved on together, and the insufficient water-supply at the sand-pits in the desert had caused the cattle to run back. Numbers of the cattle fell into the hands of the Bechuanas, and many wagons were abandoned by the Boers at the water-holes in the desert.

The next important places visited were the ancient mines of the 'Tati and 'Blue Jacket'. These ancient seekers after gold had quarried a deep cutting into the hill-side, and the reef could still be seen at the far end. Quarrying was done by heating the reef with fire and then pouring water down the face of the rock, causing it to split off. Quantities of buried ash in the mine supported this theory. The quartz containing the gold was then carried to the river and crushed in a hollow rock by a huge round boulder, which had had a pole tied across it and was rocked to and fro, on the quartz beneath it. I have never heard to whom these ancient mines were attributed; possibly the Phoenicians, who are also considered the builders of Zimbabwe.

At the time of their visit to Tati, the mine was being opened up by Europeans, and near there a vertical shaft had been sunk on to the reef. This shaft had run full of water and was used by the miners as their water-supply. A thirsty

lion had come one night, and being unable to obtain water had revenged himself on the empty bucket at the well by chewing it into a lump.

A few days later, F. C. Selous and a hunting-party, while camping there, were aroused to action by the herd-boy rushing into camp saying that a lion had caught one of the oxen. They fell over themselves collecting their guns and ammunition and, on arriving at the scene, discovered a lion hanging on to the nose of one of the oxen. Capt. Grandy, one of the party, shot the lion, and on examination it turned out to be an old animal lacking two canine teeth on one side. This accounts for him being unable to kill the ox, and they considered him to be the same lion which had behaved so badly towards the bucket.

Beasts of prey were very numerous in these parts and extremely daring. An instance is given of a Mrs. Botha, who, while ill in bed, saw a leopard enter the adjoining room and lie down under the sofa. Being unable to do anything she waited till her husband returned, when the leopard cleared off.

Continuing their journey the Barbers camped at the Ramanguabane River, where a noted old hunter named John Lee had lived so long and had become such a friend of King Lobengula that he had made him an 'induna' or chief counsellor, a great distinction for a white man. On this honour being conferred upon him Lee imagined himself entitled to the privileges of a Zulu or Matabele and took unto himself a second wife. Strange to say, his first wife had no objection and they lived happily ever after.

They next moved on to Makobies Kopje, and camped here while runners were sent on to obtain Lobengula's permission to enter his country. When this was granted they trekked on, arriving at Bulawayo on the 20th May, and here they found a number of traders and hunters encamped, but Lobengula was away at an outpost Amatje Umhlope (White Rocks). So they went to see Xni-xni, the King's sister, who kept a small court of her own. She entertained them very well, and Clarkson, one of the traders, kept up a long and animated conversation with her. Fred and Harry did not

understand it, but they did their best to laugh at the right occasions.

As they were anxious to get away to the hunting-country they went down to Amatje Umhlope to see the King. Outspanning near the kraal they walked down to a mealie-land, where they discovered Lobengula sitting on a small rocky eminence, supervising some women and slaves planting maize. Clarkson, who had accompanied them, was well known to the King, who greeted him with 'Sakabona' and then asked the names of the Barber brothers, what they wanted, and whether they were traders or hunters.

After a while the King got up and invited them to his kraal to drink beer and have something to eat. As he strode along followed by his shouting and singing majakas (young soldiers), who represented his body-guard, one could not but admire his dignified carriage, powerful build, and massive limbs. Around his waist was a great apron of cats' and monkeys' tails, completely encircling his loins, and, bar *sunshine* and a few ivory rings and brass armlets, this was his only attire. His hair was worked up into an apex, surrounded by an oily, shining ring or 'seketla'. He had a pleasant face, a ready wit, and loved a joke—a great savage and fit ruler for the savage hordes over whom he held sway. At this date he must have been about 40 years of age, and on his cheek was a large scar received from the gun of Chief Khama, when Lobengula had attacked Soshong.

Arriving at the kraal the King seated himself on his wagon, while they found seats elsewhere, the indunas and headmen squatting around. Buchala beer was served in closely woven baskets, while chunks of roasted mutton were handed to them by Lobengula. After doing justice to the King's hospitality they returned to their camp, very pleased with the reception they had had.

On hearing that they wanted to shoot elephants Lobengula said they must first return with him to Bulawayo, where they were given permission to camp at a certain stream about a mile from the kraal. Several other parties of hunters and traders were already here and these gave them a hearty welcome.

They often visited the King, who was very friendly towards them, and on one occasion he invited them to dinner, which consisted of meat and beer, served in such quantities that it took them days to recover, and they never ate again for a week.

A continuous stream of messengers came in from the outlying kraals to report to the King and obtain his permission to slaughter cattle for meat. Messengers had to approach in a crouching attitude, all the while clapping their hands and saying 'Sakabona Kamola', and were not allowed within seven yards, where they awaited the King's pleasure to address them.

Rather a strange event occurred before the Barbers arrived at Bulawayo, which shows the despotic sway of this chief. His beer was supplied from different kraals and was carried by women into Bulawayo. A young soldier demanded a drink of beer from a girl and she refused, saying that it was the King's beer. Not believing her, as the women often protected their beer by this excuse, he took a long drink out of the calabash. She reported this to Lobengula, who arrested the soldier, and, remarking that as he had not listened his ears were obviously of no use to him, had them removed.

On another occasion a herd-boy was blinded for losing some of the King's ostrich chickens.

The King occasionally visited the camps of the traders and hunters, and was always cheerful and friendly, and was very curious to know what the Barbers had in their wagon. The wagon had to be off-loaded for him, and he was very pleased with the collection of guns and rifles and tried some of them, making some quite good long-distance shots. Amongst their goods were a couple of dozen yellow-striped blankets which had been condemned by the traders as not legal tender for barter as they were the 'King's colours'. These blankets pleased Lobengula immensely, and he bought them for some of his 44 wives, paying handsomely for them with ivory, of which he had two huts full.

When the King visited the camp they seated him on two

cases of whisky, covered with a blanket, as none of the camp-chairs were capable of carrying his weight.

While having dinner with them Lobengula refused to have condensed milk, from a new tin, put in his coffee, preferring a tin from which the others had been served, as he knew it would not contain poison.

After dining with them they presented him with a nickel-plated revolver with which he was greatly pleased, and he gave them a hearty invitation to visit him again.

Some time before this the traders had subscribed and had had a beautiful silver crown made, with which they had crowned the King. These doings show with what accord the King lived with the hunters and traders, and as he had complete control over the country, it was worth their while to keep on good terms with him.

To obtain permission to shoot elephants in Matabeleland it was customary for the hunters to give Lobengula a present. For this licence Hal Barber presented the King with a fine horse which had cost him £95, and Fred Barber gave him eight Enfield rifles amounting to the value of £40.

Lobengula, not being keen on his elephants being shot, delayed giving his permission for them to leave, saying that they were to wait and accompany him down to Umganen, the King's garden, and he would see them start from there.

After two months at Bulawayo the party left for Umganen, the King travelling in a horse-wagon drawn by six fine grey horses. Here they camped near a forest and visited the King daily, who was most friendly, and kept their larder well supplied with beef and mutton. Here they had further evidence of the King's despotic rule, when three women and two men were hanged for taking a few heads of Kaffir corn from his garden.

An amusing incident took place at this camp, when the Barbers were sitting round the camp-fire after supper. Several majager boys came up to the camp, and after loitering about they all of a sudden each seized something and dashed away before they could be overtaken. A bles-bok kaross, an axe, and a box of cartridges, &c., were taken. This was reported

to the King, who sent Mavonia, his executioner, to demand the return of the stolen goods. On their denying the charge, Lobengula said that he had himself seen them entering the kraal with the kaross, &c., and called out that unless they were returned immediately he would fire into their huts. On hearing this threat the thieves emerged and returned the stolen things to the camp. As they hurriedly ran off, Lobengula, who was standing near his wagon, seized a rhinoceros-horn knobkerrie and threw it with great force as the last of the thieves leapt over a thorn fence. So true was his aim that the man was felled to the earth, deafening applause greeting this display of the King's prowess.

While at Umganewa, Mavonia the executioner was sent to a distant kraal to kill a man for some unknown offence. He slept at the man's hut, and the next morning, before leaving, he was asked by his host how he intended to kill the culprit. 'This is how,' said Mavonia, shooting him dead with a revolver.

When small-pox broke out amongst the Makalakas, Lobengula sent a regiment of his least-favoured warriors to exterminate the infected kraal. He then sent a strong force of picked men to exterminate the first regiment and so prevent the infection spreading.

In later years, when this cruel despot met his deserts at the hands of the white race, one could hardly regret so just a retribution.

Leaving Umganewa the Barber brothers proceeded past Bequelo's kraal, and after a long journey they made a base-camp in the valley of the Linquasi, where several other wagons had collected, including those of Fred and Spencer Drake, Vermaak, and Willie Brown. Leaving their wagon here the Barbers, with Fred Drake, started on foot for the Victoria Falls, going in the direction of the Gwaai River, which was two and a half days off.

On the second morning Fred Drake walked on ahead to his brother's camp, starting very early and leaving the Barbers to follow with the porters and heavy baggage. But as they were short of meat they went buffalo-hunting and secured a fine bull, but this delayed them and they were

unable to reach Drake's camp. They slept that night on the Gwaai River, starting again early in the morning on the track indicated by Fred Drake. This was the 16th June 1877, and to Hal Barber it was the most eventful day of his life. (The following account of my father being tossed by a buffalo is quoted verbatim from one of Uncle Fred's journals.)

June 16. This was the most trying and terrible day of my whole life. We made an early start, taking 4 hunting-boys with us. We soon found fresh spoor of several elephant which we followed.

For some distance we kept along a well-beaten game-track leading from the water, then turned into the bush, which was very thick. The spoor was difficult to follow and we lost it.

We then separated, my brother to the left and myself to the right. We were about 80 yards apart when I heard a rush of some large animal in front of me. Snatching my heavy rifle from my gun-bearer I ran forward to get a shot.

At the next instant I heard a terrible cry which I knew was my brother's voice. I rushed frantically towards him and came upon him in an open space, lying where he had fallen. He had only time to say that he had been tossed by a buffalo when he went off into a dead faint.

I dragged him into the shade of a tree and examined his wounds. A fearful gash 8 inches long appeared almost to sever his leg from his body. The horn had penetrated the thigh at the fork in front, below the abdomen, and passing clean through and out behind where there was another gash three inches long.

He was covered with dust and blood, and the stock of his heavy rifle was broken at the hand-grip. I shouted for the Kaffirs who soon came up. One of them had a calabash of water with which I bathed his face and hands and after a time he regained consciousness.

An old buffalo bull, probably a rogue that had been driven out of the troop by young bulls, had charged from the thick bush, so suddenly that he had only time to grasp his heavy rifle from the gun-bearer, when the buffalo was upon him.

In trying to jump out of the way he had tripped over a dry branch and while falling forward the buffalo had struck him, picked him up and swung him several times round his head; tossed him into the air and galloped off.

I immediately sent 2 boys off to camp to bring all the others and also a bottle of brandy which we fortunately had with us, offering them a blanket each if they would go and return quickly.

The camp was at least 6 miles distant so I could not expect them back under two hours. I tied the wound up as well as I could with my shirt.

Can any one imagine a more terrible position. Stripped to the waist, supporting the almost unconscious body of an only brother, whom I thought would probably bleed to death at any moment, six or seven miles from camp in which there were only a lot of naked savages—Matabele and Makalaka, 70 miles from our wagons and not a white man within reach except the Drakes, somewhere away in the forest, Heaven only knew where.

I have been in tight places several times, but I hope I may never experience such another as this.

Leaving his brother lying more dead than alive in the shade of a tree, Fred made a litter of branches, tying it together with the bark of trees. After about three hours, six boys arrived from camp bringing with them the French brandy. Dosing him frequently with brandy he was carried on the litter back to camp which they reached about sundown. Fred now washed the wounds thoroughly with warm water, extracting from them several pieces of corduroy trousers, and sewed up the gashes with needle and cotton.

When we think how Fred nursed poor Hal for days and nights and weeks and months, washing and poulticing the wounds continually and having no one but wild savages to help him, one will understand how deep was his love for his brother. Good old Uncle Fred—he was a real brick! Hal did not expect to live and at times Fred's hope began to fail.

The hunting-boys were sent out to get meat and honey

and so keep the camp in supplies, but as they were camped only 100 yards from a water-hole they were continually troubled with lions, who made the night hideous with their roaring. They consequently shifted their camp to a vlei about a mile distant, and here Fred nursed Hal for three months, bathing the wounds for three hours a day with warm water and a strong decoction of herbs brought by the Makalaka boys.

One night a rhino came and stood quite near the camp, snorting and stamping. It was a moonlight night, so Fred got the heavy guns loaded and sat and watched him for a long time. He did not like to fire as Hal was still unable to move, but if the rhino had decided to pay them a visit he would have had a warm reception. After a while the rhino got restless, cocked his tail like a wart-hog, and trotted into the bush.

One day a boy who was out collecting wood rushed into camp, reporting that a large herd of elephants were feeding near by. Promising that he would not go far, Fred went off in search of them, taking with him one of the best boys, whom he also armed with a heavy rifle. The tracks became running-spoor, which meant that there was small chance of overtaking the elephants for some time, so Fred returned to camp, but allowed Juum and some of the more responsible boys to continue the chase. Night came, but the hunters never returned, and there were only two boys in camp, and old 'Basuto' who had put away his gun, saying that he would devote himself entirely to nursing his master. When the next day passed and still no natives turned up, Fred was convinced that they had bolted, and blamed himself for having allowed the valuable guns out of his sight.

About 10 o'clock the following day they all came swarming into camp, each boy staggering under a load of partially dry buffalo meat. They had followed the elephants so far that they were unable to get back the first night, then they had shot two buffalo and the meat was too heavy for them to carry until they had partially dried it. Niggers are wonderful fellows at 'cooking up' a good yarn to excuse themselves.

During the latter part of their stay here a Mr. Sell walked

into their camp and he kindly offered to look after Hal for a few days so that Fred could go down to the wagons on the Linqasi, 70 miles off.

Fred discovered on arriving there that all the 'unsalted' horses had died of horse-sickness and that only a white one remained. The Drakes were in camp and offered to return and help, but as they could do no good and it only required time now to heal the wound, their kind offer was refused. They, however, lent Fred a horse on which to return the 70 miles to camp, because after his long inactivity the journey had made him stiff and footsore.

After another month Hal had made such progress that it was decided to have him carried back to the wagons. The camp was consequently broken up, and with the invalid lying in a litter on the shoulders of the strongest boys, they started off on their 70-mile trek through the bush.

Even now their troubles were not ended. One day, while they were passing on a narrow path through some thick bush, they heard a great rush of buffalo. The litter and the camp equipment were flung to the ground, while the boys took refuge by climbing trees. Fred seized several of the guns and started a heavy fusilade in the direction of the approaching mob which swerved to the left, smashing through the thick bush at a furious gallop, when the boys collected themselves and the journey was continued.

The next day there was another panic when one of the leading boys gave a cry and again the litter was hurriedly dropped while they all fled, with the exception of the faithful 'Basuto'. The cause of the alarm this time was a small Matabele 'impi' of about 30 warriors in full war-paint with their shields and assagais, marching along the path in single file, headed by their induna. Squatting on their hams around the litter they inquired what was the matter with the sick man. Kameel, the Basuto, interpreted the story of their misadventure, and the chief having been given a few small presents the 'impi' went on, promising not to interfere with the Makalaka boys. Half an hour later the boys came back, and the caravan proceeded on to Tet, where they slept.

Jack Goulding was camped at Gwesha, where there were also a number of Dutch wagons. He and the kind-hearted Dutch women offered to take care of Hal, and as he would get much more attention here at this base-camp, he remained here instead of going back to his own wagon.

With the season more than half gone, Fred was once more able to get away to hunt. He joined forces with the Drake brothers, and taking with them a scotch-cart they trekked into an ugly piece of country 15 miles south-west of the wagons. This was the home of the elephants and was so inaccessible that few hunters had ventured there. During the next two months they shot upwards of 50 elephants at this camp, Fred Drake heading the list with 17, Vermaak about 11, while Spencer Drake and Fred Barber accounted for 9 each—the balance were shot in scrums and could not be credited to any one in particular.

Their first adventure was of rather an exciting nature, when they recklessly followed an old bull elephant on their horses into some thick bush, thinking that he had gone on through. They went in, in single file, and Fred had the doubtful good fortune of being in front, when they suddenly came right upon the elephant who was about 15 paces off, waiting for them with his trunk raised and his ears extended. Fred threw up his gun and pulled the trigger. But the safety-catch had got pushed on in their scramble through the bush and before he could release it, the elephant charged them down the narrow path. They fled. With heads down and shoulders bent they raced down the path, and Fred had now the still more doubtful fortune of being behind.

As he galloped down the path the elephant was almost upon him, when they came to the junction of two paths. The horse went to the left and Fred to the right and they parted company. He ended up in a thorn-bush from which he had quite a job to extricate himself, expecting all the time to see the elephant's 'proboscis' coming through the thorns to pick him out, as an apple off a tree. But the elephant passed, and so after collecting himself and his gun, he followed on in the direction of the general retreat. He came upon Fred Drake

and Vermaak, holding his horse and discussing what sort of flowers to have at his funeral. Spencer Drake had followed the elephant. They heard a lot of shooting going on and when they arrived he was sitting on the corpse, smoking his pipe.

It was nearly sundown and they were 20 miles from camp and had had nothing to eat since 7 a.m. But one of the bushmen took them to a sand-pit, where they filled up with muddy water and roast elephant heart and spent the night shivering round a camp-fire.

Every Saturday fortnight they used to go back to the base-camp for provisions, and Mrs. Vermaak used to make biscuits and other food for the hunters. In the meantime Hal was progressing favourably under the kind attention of Goulding and the Dutch women, and was now able to hobble about on crutches.

On one occasion, when Fred was away from camp visiting his brother, Spencer Drake in his reckless bravery had a very narrow escape from being killed by a cow elephant, which he had followed down a narrow path into the bush. He came upon her in an open space and they were both about the same distance from the only exit through the bush. It became a race as to who was going to get there first. They both arrived at the same time. Glancing over his shoulder Spencer saw that the elephant was right on top of him, with her trunk uplifted over his horse's haunches. Leaning forward he dug in his spurs fiercely. At that moment the horse stopped! Whether paralysed by fright or whether the elephant had seized him by the tail he knew not. At any rate he thought that it was getting too hot for him, so he threw himself off and dashed through a cedar swamp like greased lightning. As he turned round he saw the elephant drive her tusks through his horse's ribs. He fired into her ear and she fell, stone dead, right across the body of his horse.

A few days later, the two Freds were following a bull elephant, which had gone into a patch of gusi trees where the tracks became indistinct. Drake had dismounted and was stooping down looking for spoor. Coming out of the bright

sunlight into the heavy shade prevented them from seeing clearly, and they did not notice the elephant standing amongst some undergrowth, admiring them from a few yards distance. With a trumpet he charged them. Drake made a bound for the saddle, Fred firing at the same time over Drake's back into the elephant's face. He fell with a crash within a few feet of Drake's horse's head. This was a near thing, and if it had not been for so lucky a shot, one of them would probably have ended his adventures here.

FRED'S DREAM

While they were camping out on this hunting-expedition Fred had a most extraordinary dream which warned him of danger and undoubtedly saved his life. For some days they had been unable to find any elephants, and on a certain night Fred had the following dream:

The party were gathered together discussing which way they should go, and finally decided to take a certain direction in which they had not been previously. This they did, all riding on their horses, and after struggling through scrubby bush country for some miles they at last came into an open glade.

There, in the distance, they saw a cloud of dust made by some elephants that had heard them approaching, and were now making off as fast as they could. He and his companions galloped after them. After a long chase they overtook some of them, and Fred fired and wounded a large bull which still continued running with the troop. As they scattered through the bush Vermaak had the good fortune to shoot a cow, but the others were unlucky and Fred lost touch with them in the bush.

For a time he followed the troop, and was just about to give up the chase, when the large bull which he had wounded turned out of the troop and disappeared into some dense thorn-bush. He recklessly followed it down a narrow path into this bush and, coming suddenly round a corner, he came right up against the elephant, who was waiting for him. Before he had time to turn round, the elephant charged down

upon him, driving his tusks through his horse. As he fell to the ground with a thud the bull instantly attacked him and trod him to death. He saw his mangled corpse and broken gun lying in the bush beside his dead horse. With the cold perspiration standing up on his forehead he shivered and awoke. He was awfully pleased that it was only a dream and they made a good joke of it when he told the others the next morning, before they started off.

After riding through the bush for some time they came into an open glade and there in the distance they saw the dust of retreating elephants. In the excitement of seeing elephants again and the wild chase that followed, he forgot all about the dream. Quite unnoticed, each detail of the dream unfolded itself. Fred wounded the large bull and Vermaak shot the cow, the others were outdistanced in the bush. Quite unconsciously he followed on and finally had the pleasure of seeing the wounded bull turn out of the troop and go into the thorns. He was actually riding into the bush on the tracks of the elephant, when, like a flash, he realized that every detail of the dream had been fulfilled, except the last tragic ending. He even recognized the place and knew at what point the elephant would overtake him. With a jerk he reined in his horse, and whirling round he galloped out of the thorns and rode straight back to camp with the firm conviction that he had had the narrowest escape of his life.

By October the forests were becoming clothed with new leaves, which made hunting difficult, so they tried a new locality north of their wagons, but they had very little luck as other hunters had already driven the game away; so they decided to strike back to Bulawayo. On this expedition they had shot elephant, giraffe, eland, roan and sable antelope, and hartebeste, but although lions had been seen and had even eaten one of their dogs, they had not been fortunate enough to shoot any.

After a few days travelling they got back to the Nata River, where they found a number of Dutch hunters. It was extremely hot and dry and the oxen were nearly starved for want of grass.

They had been a week at this dismal camp when a welcome rain fell, and as the bushmen reported that the water-holes were full, Goulding and the Barbers inspanned their wagons and left for Bulawayo, where they arrived about the middle of December.

Gobulawayo was about 600 yards in diameter, in the centre of which was the 'sekatla', a circular stockade of high poles enclosing the King's residence, a red-brick house that had been built by a European. Around this were the huts of his wives and concubines. The house was only a show place where he kept his guns and rifles; occasionally he sat on an easy chair on the verandah, but generally on his wagon-box, from which position he entertained visitors or dispensed justice. Around the 'sekatla' was an open space where dances, savage rites, and other festivals were held. Beyond this was the outside circle of huts where the 'mafokonyana' or common people lived.

As there was little chance of them getting through the flooded rivers between Gobulawayo and Bamangwato, now that the rainy season had set in, the hunters decided to settle down and make themselves comfortable. They were also anxious to witness the great dances and ceremonies which were held annually at the ripening of the crops.

Gobulawayo, with its 3,000 inhabitants, was the most populous town, and here the King lived, often visiting with his whole court the other outlying towns in his country.

All the cattle in the land belonged to the King and were divided among the towns according to their colour, and placed in the charge of an induna who ruled with the King's authority. Lobengula decided any important question, but great political cases were discussed by councils of indunas.

The dance of the 'first fruits' was a magnificent sight. There was a great phalanx of sable warriors, seven or eight thousand strong, each regiment in the charge of an induna and distinguished by the different colour of their shields of cattle-hide. Marking time with measured tread, they chanted solemn dirges or wild songs, striking their shields with their assagais, while distinguished warriors would bound forward

from the ranks, spring into the air, stabbing and thrusting as if in desperate combat, each thrust signifying a man they had killed.

It was indeed a wonderful spectacle to see these thousands of soldiers, rank after rank of waving plumes as they moved in perfect time, the thud of their feet making the ground tremble, while their united shouts could be heard for miles.

Great numbers of cattle were killed daily, and the scene of roasting and eating half-cooked meat was more like an orgy of ghouls than of human beings.

Soon after the big dance a Mr. Frewin arrived in Gobulawayo. While hunting he had strayed east from Khama's into Lobengula's territory and the Matabele had at once seized all his muskets and taken them to Gobulawayo. Enraged at this, Frewin came to Lobengula to complain and recover his goods. Handing to Lobengula a letter of introduction from the Governor of Cape Colony, he informed him that he was a great chief and would not stand any of this nonsense, threatening to return with an army and 'eat him up'. He then went back to his wagon, dressed himself in a volunteer uniform and hoisted the Union Jack. This ridiculous behaviour only raised Lobengula's ire, and he cleared Frewin out of his country at the double, telling him to go and bring his army at once.

The white hunters now found that the friendliness which had hitherto characterized the King's demeanour had changed. There was no more meat and beer and they were frequently asked when they expected their great white chief and his army to arrive.

Later, when the hunters and traders made preparations to leave and went to say good-bye to the King, he flatly refused to let them go, saying that he intended keeping them as hostages pending the return of the great chief. As there did not seem to be any hope of getting out of the country for some time, Clarkson and Fred, leaving Hal, who was still on crutches, at the wagons, made a riding-tour of the country where they bought about 4 cwt. of ivory. On their return they heard that Lobengula was in a better frame of mind,

so they rode over to see him at Umganen. Clarkson was a great friend of his, and after a dinner of roast ox and a great deal of beer, the King's heart was softened and he told them they could go. Bidding him a not unfriendly farewell they hastened back to Gobulawayo and made preparations for the long journey back to Kimberley.

Thunder-storms were a daily event and it was after a lot of trouble that they finally got across the Makobis River and out of Matabeleland. While crossing this river one of their companions, Robertson, got cramp. Fred went to his assistance and they were carried down by the current into deep water below a high bank. Quite exhausted he caught hold of some reeds and called for help and some of the wagon-boys came down and pulled them out. Robertson appeared to be dead, but after using artificial respiration they managed to revive him.

After crossing the Ramagwehan River, dry weather set in and in due course they reached Bamangwato.

Along the banks of the Limpopo not an antelope could be found, as a trek of Boers with their families and stock, *en route* for Lake Ngami, had passed north just before them and had cleaned out every head of game.

On the flats in Bechuanaland they passed through countless numbers of wildebeste travelling in an unbroken belt for many miles, and after getting on to the old route they arrived back in Kimberley without further adventure.

Although the wound had healed, Hal Barber's leg was so stiff and bent that he was unable to use it. He consequently went down to Capetown for medical treatment. The doctors, at first, feared that he would be a cripple for life, but after some months of daily massaging they managed to loosen the stiffened muscles, although it was never really straight and he always walked with a slight limp. Still, like battle scars, one can be proud of a limp received in such a manner.

Another unpleasant experience, though not with such drastic results, occurred on a hunting-expedition some years later in 1893 on the Sabi River in the North Eastern Transvaal. The party consisted of Fred and Hal Barber, Dr.

Greathead of Grahamstown, and two friends, Naylor and Durnsford.

While on this expedition Hal and Fred Barber were walking together through the long grass, when they accidentally came upon the carcass of a donkey that a leopard had killed. The leopard, which was hiding near by, sprang out of the long grass on to Hal, landing on his right shoulder and preventing him from using his rifle. It clawed him terribly with both fore and hind feet, also biting him severely on the neck and cheek. Calling to his brother to shoot the leopard, Hal was endeavouring to push it off him, when their dogs attacked the leopard so fiercely that it jumped away and retreated into a tree. Fred, who had been unable to shoot through fear of hitting his brother, now fired, wounding the leopard in the hind-quarters. It instantly jumped from the tree and charged Hal a second time. Although bleeding badly from severe wounds in the neck and face, and from thirty claw-scratches, Hal was ready for it this time and shot the leopard dead within a few feet of him. The leopard's skull, pierced by a bullet-hole, was for many years a trophy of the family.

Dr. Greathead had that morning gone down to the Sabi River to photograph some large, interesting boulders that he had seen there. Knowing where he was to be found, a native was dispatched at full speed to go and call him, and the worthy doctor returned immediately, and with his unfailing skill and attention undoubtedly saved Hal's life, as the leopard had been eating foul meat and much care had to be exercised to prevent the wounds from becoming septic. Hal Barber always had two long, deep scars on his cheek as the result of this adventure.

THE KALAHARI DESERT TRIP IN 1895

A Johannesburg man had come to the Barber brothers with the wild yarn that he had seen gold in large quantities on the Molopo River, or somewhere in that vicinity. He said that he had hidden the gold by covering it up and that the nuggets had rattled against the spade while he was digging (sounds all right, doesn't it?). So a party was made up con-

sisting of Fred and Hal Barber, Bertram White, Russell Bowker, Gotto, and Pooley. Whether they actually believed in Pooley's gold yarn, or were looking for an excuse to go on another of their many hunting-expeditions is hard to say. The party started from Johannesburg, going via Vryburg, where they purchased three wagons and the necessary oxen and equipment.

As it was their intention to go through Filander's country (where the Bondle-swarts live) and to cross the waterless Kalahari Desert, the third wagon carried tanks of water, space being left, of course, to load up Pooley's gold.

The night before they left Vryburg they dined with Sir Sydney Shippard, the Governor of Bechuanaland, who was a personal friend of the Barbers. They had endeavoured to obtain licences to shoot gemsbok, but as these were royal game the licences were not granted. They subsequently discovered that the natives were killing these gemsbok in large numbers, seventy pairs of horns being found at one water-hole. The burning desire of adding a few fine gemsbok horns to their collection proved too strong and so they shot a few of these forbidden game.

The Vryburg Mounted Police, knowing that the party had wanted to shoot gemsbok and that the licences had been refused, followed up the expedition, arriving to find gemsbok skins pegged out on the ground and the skulls drying in the sun.

Fred Barber, who was not at the camp, was actually discovered asleep with his hat over his face and his head resting on the body of a gemsbok which he had just killed. On being wakened up by the police, he had not the nerve to say he had not shot it. The police then returned to Vryburg to take out warrants for the arrest of those who had shot the royal game. After two weeks they were again overtaken by the police, with warrants for their arrest, but as the warrants had been issued for the Vryburg district, and the party had now crossed the border into the Uppington district, the warrants were of no use and the police had to return for fresh ones.

The party then continued their journey, crossing the

Mashowing and Molopo Rivers and the Kalahari Desert. These rivers run underground, and they had to dig for water in the sand of the river-bed. The old, original banks of the rivers stand up twenty feet above the river-bed and are lined with dead trees, indicating that at one time the water flowed on the surface.

They had a wonderful experience crossing the Kalahari Desert. Low scattered scrub and wonderfully coloured stones were a characteristic feature, while for 100 miles there was absolutely no water, and to make travelling more difficult they had to cross seven immense sand-dunes. This necessitated putting all the oxen on to one wagon at a time and pulling it over a sand-dune, and then returning for the others, each separately.

Their water-supply, which was carried in tanks on the third wagon was used for themselves and their horses, and at night they gave the wheeler oxen a bucket of water each, as they did the heaviest work.

The Kalahari natives, a kind of nomadic Hottentot, live on game and milk, and their only water-supply is that obtained from the bitter tsama melon which grows in the desert. Like the animals of the country, they have taught themselves to do without water for many days. While crossing the desert they met natives on a five days' journey without water, and although they were offered water, only one of them drank a little. These were the Kalahari natives, but the bushmen in these parts carry water in ostrich egg-shells.

After the party had crossed 80 miles of the waterless desert their oxen, through want of water, had not sufficient strength to continue the journey, so they camped in the desert and the drivers were sent on ahead with the oxen driven loose, to a water-hole 20 miles distant. Here the oxen were given a few days' rest at this water-hole until they had recuperated, and then they were brought back and the wagons were taken out of the desert.

On this desert trip Hal Barber discovered a new insect, which turned out to be the missing link between scorpions and spiders, and it was named after him.

Not intending to cross the desert again, the return journey was made via Uppington. Some days before they arrived at Uppington they were met by the police, who had been sent out from Uppington with warrants for their arrest. These policemen, who were very considerate, allowed them to travel along at their own pace, and everything went smoothly until they came to a place called Zwaartmodder where there was a canteen. The Kalahari Desert had given the two policemen a fearful thirst, and by the time they had quenched it they were both very drunk. Then they had a 'scrap' and the one chucked the other into a thorn-bush and then danced on him to make sure the thorns would take effect. When the fallen foe eventually freed himself from the thorns, he seized his rifle and tried to shoot the other policeman. At this stage of the battle the party intervened; handcuffing the two policemen with their own handcuffs, they put them on the wagon where they remained till they were quite sober. On their arrival at Uppington they discovered that the Chief of the Police was an old friend of theirs, whom they had known for many years, though in another part of the country. A bail of £25 each was arranged, and they had to appear when called upon, so they continued their journey and that was the last they heard about it.

At Uppington, Pooley was recognized as a 'wanted' man, on some other charge, and was arrested, and that was the last they saw of him. And the gold, with all its untold wealth of nuggets that had rattled against the spade, is still in the desert: Pooley couldn't even find the place!

BARBERTON AND JOHANNESBURG

In February 1884, hearing that a rich gold reef had been discovered on Moodie's farm in the De Kaap valley, the Barber brothers, accompanied by their cousin Graham H. Barber, Edward White, and Holden Bowker, proceeded to this locality to try their luck. The first find fell to Hal Barber, three miles east of Moodie's camp, but the reef turned out to be of low grade.

One day Fred Barber, while out prospecting, noticed a

white thread of quartz running up the hill-side of a steep mountain spur. The hills are extremely steep in this locality, most of them rising at an angle of 45 to 60 degrees to the plain. After a great scramble through long grass, bracken, and brushwood he arrived at the reef, from which he knocked off specimens to crush and wash. Hal Barber, while out prospecting later, also brought back specimens of a good reef, and on describing where these were obtained it was discovered that they were from the same reef from which his brother had taken samples. These specimens, when crushed and panned, gave a good show of gold, so early the following morning the reef was pegged and their camp was moved to the foot of the hills.

While moving supplies up to the reef by pack-donkeys, one of these animals missed its footing and 'looped the loop' all the way down the mountain-side for half a mile into the valley below. He was in an awful mess when they went down to look; I believe even his ears had broken off. The spot where their base-camp was pitched in the valley ultimately became the town of Barberton.

The news of the discovery brought a great influx of diggers. New arrivals and prospectors swarmed over the hills in search of gold. Other reefs were found, including the famous Sheba by an Australian named Bray, the Kimberley Imperial, and others. Canteens, restaurants, shops, and a post-office sprang up like mushrooms on the quiet veld, and this collection went by the name of Barbers' Camp.

Mr. Wilson, the Transvaal Mining Commissioner and Landrost, from Duivels Kantoer, came to establish some sort of Government control and to collect licences. A meeting of the inhabitants was called and a diggers' committee was elected consisting of Messrs. Eade, Rhino Otto, S. Wright, and Fred and Hal Barber. Then, with the swilling of a good deal of Portuguese gin, and the consumption of Swazi tobacco, much noise and good-fellowship, Barbers' Camp was christened Barberton.

The original reef was floated into a company by Messrs. S. Newmarsh and J. C. Rimer and a ten-stamp battery was

erected. The first crushing of 100 tons gave 5 oz. to the ton, but the reef pinched out and the company eventually became amalgamated with the Sheba.

The Barber brothers now returned to Cape Colony and farmed ostriches at 'Junction Drift' on the Fish River, but soon the news reached them of the discovery of gold on the Witwatersrand, and the idea of getting rich quickly seized upon them and they once more set out for the Transvaal.

In 1886 they settled in Ferreira's Camp which subsequently became Johannesburg. Here, as at Barberton, they found a long rambling camp, collections of wagons, tents, and tin buildings extending along the reef for many miles. Here they purchased claims from Col. Ferreira and they sank the first shaft on the Witwatersrand, carrying it down to the depth of 50 feet, thus proving the permanency of the reef, a then much-disputed point. A hundred tons of gold-bearing quartz were transported for 9 miles to Struben's mill and crushed, yielding 1 oz. of gold to the ton. The 'Ferreira' was then floated into a company by Fred Barber; it was probably the first company on the Rand.

While on the Rand the Barber brothers worked in partnership and floated several of the early gold-mining companies there, including the 'Simmer and Jack', acting also as promoters and directors of many of the other companies, including 'Jumpers', 'Aurora', 'Spes Bona', 'Kleinfontein', 'Princess', and 'Nigel Deep'. They were both directors in the Transvaal and Delagoa Bay Investment Company, Hal Barber purchasing for that company much valuable property in Delagoa Bay. Fred Barber was also a director of the Johannesburg Board of Executors. Their extensive knowledge of gold-mining and the 'Exchange' brought them much success, and after a few years in Johannesburg their assets amounted to £85,000.

In 1889, leaving their business in charge of a friend, the brothers went to England with their mother, to bring back their father, F. W. Barber, who had been living for some years with his brother Alfred at Bristol. Travelling on the Continent with their father, they visited many

countries and had a very interesting journey up the Rhine.

On their return to Johannesburg they found their business in a terrible mess: the good shares had all been sold, contrary to instruction, and the money had been invested in worthless mines, and with the exception of some town property all that was left of the £85,000 was a *debit* balance of about £10,000, and this was paid off by selling valuable property at a low price.

Their financial position was such that they had to borrow money to make a fresh start. Their cousin, Hilton Barber of 'Hales Owen', and Col. James Henry Bowker of 'Malvern', Natal, each lent them £500, and this money put them on their feet again.

In 1894 the partnership was dissolved when Hal Barber got married and left the Rand. By this time they had paid back the borrowed money and their shares were approximately £20,000 each.

The Barber brothers, with their wide knowledge of the gold-mining industry and the high positions they held on the Rand, were considered by all as authorities on the subject. They were frequently employed to report on reefs by other companies and their opinions carried much weight, while the mines in which they took shares were generally considered good business propositions. When people had a 'dud' mine they wanted to dispose of, they often sought in vain to get one of the brothers as a director or to get him to float it into a company, knowing that his name on the books would act as an advertisement.

The Barber brothers were well liked and held in high esteem by all, and they undoubtedly were 'foremost amongst the great pioneers of the Rand'. Liberal with their money and advice, they were always helping those who were less fortunate than themselves, and through all the years of gold-mining and speculating their characters were not impaired with the taint of gold, and they remained gentlemen to the last. Their love for one another, which endured to the end, kept their destinies closely associated, and even in death they

are not divided. They sleep together side by side, out on the veld which was their home, in the cemetery at Eldoret on the Uasin Gishu Plateau in Kenya Colony.

A massive stone tomb, erected by their family over their graves, has two marble panels. On one side the Barber Crest and Arms are carved and the following inscription: 'To the Glory of God and in loving memory of

Frederick Hugh Barber, F.R.G.S.

Born 8th Jan. 1847. Died 17th May 1919.

Henry Mitford-Barberton, F.R.G.S.

Born 7th Sept. 1850. Died 25th May 1920.

Sons of F. W. Barber of S.A.'

The second panel reads as follows: 'These hardy pioneers blazed many a trail into the wilds: they were brave hunters and friends of all men. They founded Barberton in 1884 and were leading pioneers in Kimberley and Johannesburg. England were not England were her sons other than these.'



MITFORD-BARBERTON OF BARBERTON

CHAPTER XI
THE MITFORD-BARBERTONS OF
KENYA

IVAN GRAHAM MITFORD-BARBERTON

AFTER having written up the biographies of all my worthy ancestors and relations I now come down to the humble task of saying something about myself.

I was born at the 'Retreat', Glen Avon, Somerset East (1896), and was baptized there—I do not remember the occasion but my Dad told me that the water used at my baptism was some that he bottled from the Lake of Geneva at the Castle of Chillon in 1889. I still have the bottle and Roland (my son) was baptized with the same water.

My early youth was spent at the Castle, Port Alfred, and in 1905 we moved up to Potchefstroom where Dad had a lucerne-farm. Again my brothers and I ran wild—having a glorious time hunting birds or swimming and boating in the Mooi River. But this did not last and I was bundled off to St. Andrew's College with my brother, Raymond, while the rest of the family immigrated to British East Africa, where Dad bought a coffee-farm at Kyambu, near Nairobi.

I never did anything outstanding at College; I won a few prizes for the $\frac{1}{4}$ -mile, and once when nobody was looking I won the Junior Essay prize. I got six of the best for pillow-fighting in the dormitory after 'lights out' and 'I can feel the place in frosty weather still'! After three years at St. Andrew's I left in 1912 and went to Kyambu to be a farmer's boy.

In 1913 the plague was so bad at Kyambu that we thought it would be a good plan to go away for a while and return when every one had stopped dying, so we all went up to Mount Kenya and camped in the cedar forests.

Dad remained at the wagon while the rest of us, accompanied by some friends, attempted to climb the mountain. It was horribly cold and wet and we all had to sleep in a heap in a small, smoky cave at 12,000 feet. It hailed all the

time—it was too cold to rain—but we still enjoyed ourselves thoroughly, although the air was so rare that if you laughed it made you tired. We climbed to the snow-line and the crater lakes at an altitude of 15,500 feet.

The next interesting trip was when Dad and I went up to Mount Elgon in a mule-cart at the latter end of 1913. From Londiani station we drove through to 'Sixty-Four' (now Eldoret), and with Tommy Hall, Graham Guy, and Muirhead we were the first party to go through to Elgon and occupy land.

The farms had been sold by the Government and had been bought at random as there was no time to inspect them. The price was about a half-crown an acre, no extra charge being made for the live stock they carried, such as lions, leopards, rhinos, and any other kind of *biting* animal. These Elgon farms were out in the 'blue' at the 'back o' beyond' and well over 100 miles from Londiani station.

We had to find our own road from Eldoret onwards, so we steered in the direction of Elgon, breaking a wagon-pole in the Nzoia and building a bridge over the Rongai. The driver toppled the wagon off our newly made bridge and we had to spend an extra day in hauling it up again.

When we found the farm it was all caves and rocks, so we called it 'Caverndale'. These famous 'caves of Elgon' are all along the base of the cliff which runs through the farm; the largest is Kapchong (now on Renshaw's portion), although the Masai regard Janabirik as the principal cave, as this name implies.

There are about twenty-five caves and we have explored and named most of them, such as the 'Water Cave', the 'Arch Cave', the 'Vault Cave', 'Three Lakes Cave', and 'Devil's Pit', where in the last-named place there are more bats to the square inch than anywhere else in the world.

In one of the left-hand tunnels of Janabirik there is a deep hole known as the 'Pigs' Pit', at the bottom of which used to lie the dried-up remains of fourteen wild-pig. Enormous quantities of bat guano have accumulated in these caves, and we have taken out hundreds of bags of it to put on our maize



IVAN MITFORD-BARBERTON

lands. Digging bat guano in the depths of the cave and by the light of smoky oil-lamps is a rare experience. The guano is very light and powdery, and soon the whole atmosphere becomes filled with it.

While on the subject of caves let me tell you how Raymond and I got lost in one of his caves on Dunbryonne in 1921. Taking two Masai as guides and a lamp and some torches we walked down from Raymond's thatch house on Standard Hill to the Cave Valley. The entrance to this cave is very small and it is not much better than going down an ant-bear's hole. Inside, the floor of the cave slopes downwards for some distance and then continues more or less level. There are numerous tunnels and galleries, but being in the hands of our competent Masai guides we felt quite safe. Some distance in we came to a sheet of water that filled up that portion of the cave, but there was a sloping margin along which we managed to scramble. Clinging to the side of the cave we got past the water, leaving it unexplored on our right.

We now found ourselves in a great gallery which appeared to have no other exit (except by swimming), but on closer inspection we found a small hole in the wall. It was about 6 feet up and we all climbed through it and found ourselves in a long, low room where we had to walk in a crouching position, and the smoke of the torches we carried nearly suffocated us. This room ended with a drop down to the original level and at this point we were about half a mile underground. Here the floor of the cave was cut up with numerous chasms running through it. They were generally about 8 feet wide and, say, from 20 to 30 feet deep. We could not see the bottom of these chasms, but by dropping coals from the torches we could estimate their depth.

After going down a chasm, walking along it, and crawling through a portion that had fallen shut, we came up in a different part of the cave. This cavern did not have any exit and so we were lost. We kept on trying to find our way out, but each time we came to a blind end. The torches burnt out and the lamp only had enough oil in it to shake.

Our guides said they were *kwisha potea* (lost). We told them that if they did not find a way out soon we'd eat them, roasting each morsel over the lamp. Then we found a pile of sandstone that had fallen from the roof. It practically filled up the cave, but by climbing up the fallen mass into the roof and down the other side we found a pool of water, and beyond it about 100 yards away we saw a faint beam of sunshine coming down into the gloom. It reminded me of a ray of light coming through a high window in a cathedral and it was the most welcome ray I have ever seen. (I am always sorry I never saved a piece of it.)

It was late in the afternoon when we came out—we had been in the cave for two or three hours; and while we were lost in the depths we were greatly encouraged by being informed by the Masai that this was the same cave in which a party of six Masai had disappeared and had never been heard of since. It may sound funny now, but when you are really lost and your light is burning low it is a most unpleasant experience.

However, to get back to 1914 again, the Great War broke out, 'Caverndale' was abandoned, and Raymond and I went off to the Front. For a time we served in the E.A. Transport at Longido, and in 1917 I was made an interpreter for Kiswahili and was raised to the giddy rank of Sergeant. Apart from the bombardment of Kilwa Kisiwani I saw no fighting, but had umpteen doses of malaria, which was probably worse.

In 1916 Raymond and I were camped with Hutchinson's column on the banks of the Athi River. Here we shot a lion and this is how we did it. We knew where he was, so we each took a rifle and a bandolier and 50 rounds of ammunition, and a revolver and 20 rounds of revolver ammunition. Then I got a big stone and I chucked it into the bush and out jumped the lion. He waved his tail and miaowed, so we fired 16 rounds rapid and he fell over dead.

After the War Raymond and I went to Grahamstown to try to shake off the fever, and we put in our time studying art under Professor F. W. Armstrong at the Grahamstown

School of Art. Here I became engaged to Cecile, daughter of T. T. Hoole, of Atherstone, near Grahamstown.

Then I went back to Kenya and helped Dad at 'Merrowdown', near Soy, where we were ploughing and building and pioneering in the usual way. In 1920 poor old Dad died and I was saddled with the responsibility of about 25,000 acres valued at £40,000 and about £9,000 in debts which we could not pay. However, we got it all straight in the long run.

Renshaw and Alban lived with Mother at 'Caverndale', which then consisted of three farms, while I built a house at 'Merrowdown' and got married in Nairobi on the 27th August 1921. I was so hard up at the time that I had to sell a span of oxen so that I could go on a honeymoon. For a time we lived at 'Merrowdown' growing flax and lost a lot of money on it.

About this time I bought a farm on Elgon for £200 and sold it to McDiarmid for about £600. Then Raymond and I bought 'Python Rapids' at Turbo Valley and resold it at a profit of £1,500, but the people went 'broke' and we lost it all.

I then decided to become a sculptor and to follow it through for better or worse, and in 1922 I went back to Grahamstown to study. Elaine was born there on the 14th August 1923 and in October of the same year Cecile, the baby, and I went to England, where I entered the Royal College of Art, South Kensington. I studied there for two years and was given the Diploma degree of Associate of the Royal College of Art. While there some of my sculpture was exhibited in the Kenya Section at Wembley.

After getting the diploma I wanted to go and study in Italy, but could not do this with a wife and child so I took them back to South Africa and left them at the 'Kowie'. Then in 1926 I went back to England, was joined by two fellow students, Willetts and Brooke, and together we spent nearly a year in Italy, learning to speak Italian, and eat macaroni, and drink *vino rosso* like Mussolini himself.

In Italy we did everything except kiss the Pope's toe.

We climbed the 'Leaning Tower', visited St. Peter's in Rome, and studied for several months in Florence. We bathed in the Adriatic at Ravenna, visited St. Anthony's tomb in Padua, and counted the dead cats floating under the Bridge of Sighs. The most exciting event was when we were all arrested by the police in Venice under suspicion of having picked the pockets of a Czechoslovakian gentleman of about 25,000 lire. But we had not and so they let us off.

I stayed for a while in Lausanne and then went to Paris, where I lived in the Latin Quarter and studied at Colorosso's and the Grande Chaumière schools of art.

Then I went back to Kenya, Cecile and Elaine came up from the south, and we lived at 'Merrowdown'. Roland was born in Eldoret on 3rd November 1927, and after this we went to 'Caverndale', where I tried to do farming and sculpture at the same time and succeeded at neither.

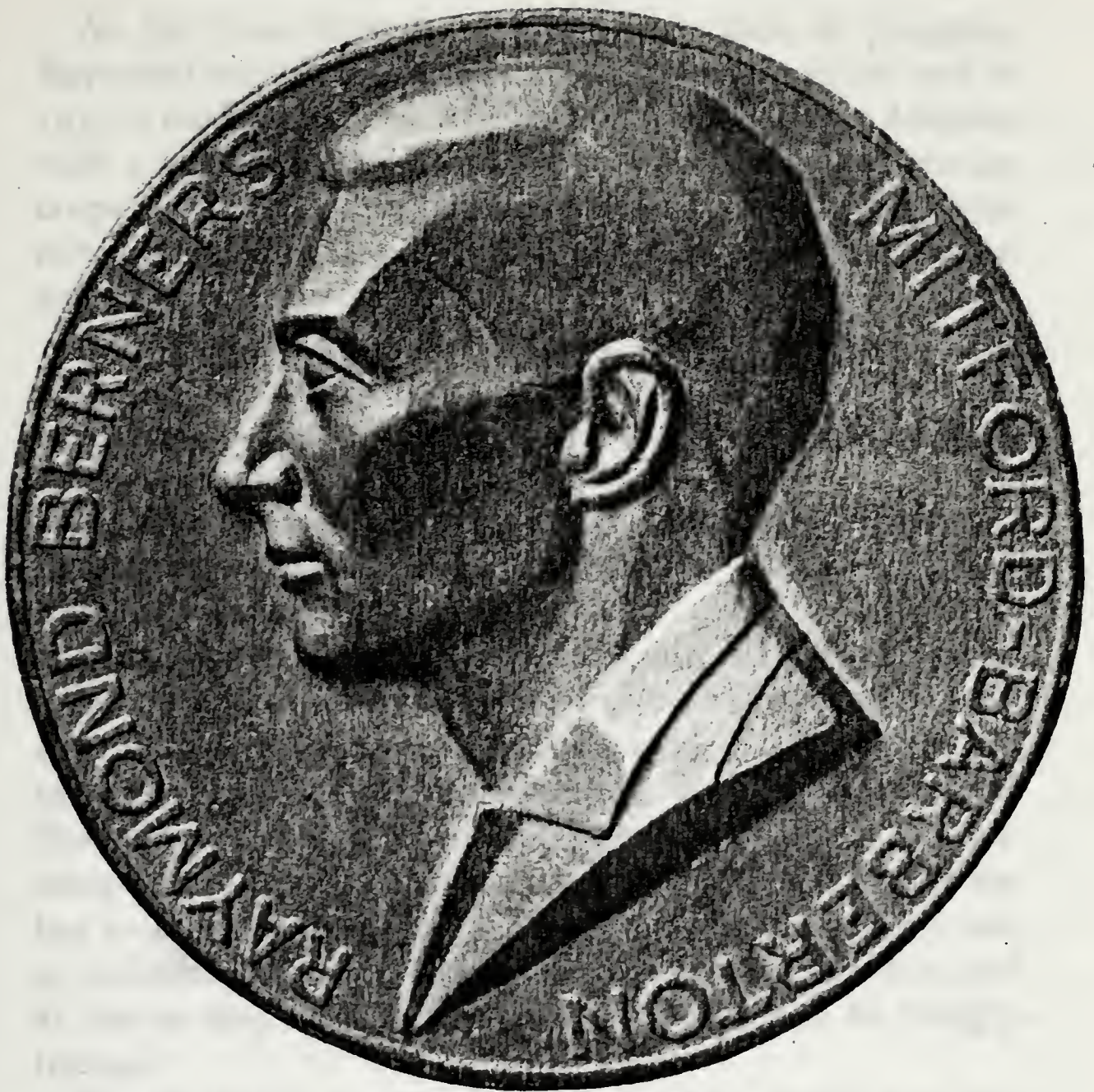
On the Prince of Wales's first visit to Kenya, the Kenya Arts and Crafts Society presented him with a small bronze head of a Masai named Arap Masumba which I had modelled.

In 1930 I came down to Capetown where I have a studio at No. 1 Bouquet St., doing a bit of teaching, a little bit of art, and a lot of cheap commercial stuff to keep the pot boiling.

On the 12th April Michael was born in Capetown, and had the high honour of being baptized by his Grace the Archbishop.

A number of my bronzes are on exhibition in the South African National Art Gallery, Capetown.

RAYMOND BERNERS MITFORD-BARBERTON, second son of Henry Mitford-Barberton, was born in Grahamstown on the 1st August 1897. His early youth was spent at Malvern, Natal, then at 'The Castle', Port Alfred, and later at 'Terramena', Potchefstroom. He was educated at St. Andrew's College, South Africa's leading public school, and leaving there in December 1914, at the age of 17, went to British East Africa, where the rest of the family had immigrated three years previously.



(From a bronze medallion by I. MITFORD-BARBERTON)

As the East African campaign was then in progress, Raymond and his brother, Ivan, enlisted towards the end of 1915 in the East African Transport Corps, as all East Africans with a knowledge of Swahili were required in the service corps, not in the line regiments. For some months they were down on the border until the Germans had been driven southwards.

In 1916, during the rainy season, Raymond was with the Transport operating in the Kilwa area, one of the most unhealthy parts of Africa, where even native troops from West Africa succumbed in large numbers.

In 1917 he was with his cousin, John Hope-Bailie, at Dodoma on the main line, and later, for many months, in the Iringa-Dabaga area.

When General von Letto Vorbeck entered the Portuguese territory a new base had to be made at Port Amelia, and Raymond was of the personnel who landed, donkeys and all, on New Year's Day 1918. Here they all got drunk on sour Portuguese wine, so were sent right out of town, and encamped on the beach, but they were soon sent round the bay to a camp called Mtugi. It was situated in a swamp, and so unhealthy that man and beast started dying like flies, and as fast as they were buried they were exhumed by hungry hyenas!

Shortly before moving farther inland Raymond was sent back to Port Amelia to purchase canteen luxuries. At Bendari, a landing-stage on the bay, he embarked on a native dhow and sailed across to the port where the necessary purchases were made. The return journey proved very exciting, for the dhow, which was heavily laden with army supplies, was caught in a fierce storm, got out of control, and nearly went to the bottom.

Two marches beyond Anquabi a general engagement was fought at Medo Boma, and Raymond was put in charge of an ammunition column which had to deliver explosives under cover of darkness. While camping at Medo a man-eating lion seized a native at midnight, but did not get away with him as 500 porters all screamed at once and threw

burning sticks into the air. Lions did a lot of damage and caught several people in this area.

The next action of importance was the fight at Karanji, where General Edwards ousted the Germans. After this show, the animal transport and General Head-quarters were both (unfortunately) occupying the same ridge, with the result that one of the animals, towards midnight, started eating the general's newly erected grass banda. A braying ass looked through the hole he had eaten and spied the O.C. busy 'boozing', so an angry colonel came ramping down upon the sleeping transport camp and told them to 'get to Hell out of it'—which they did.

These were exciting days for the Transport Corps, which was frequently attacked and suffered a lot of casualties. The Germans were able to double back and ambush the lines of communication almost at will. They captured a lot of ammunition, and supplies, too, at different times, and could have done a lot more damage had their shooting been more accurate. At Nanungu they poured rapid rifle and machine-gun fire on the convoy from a very close range, but failed to hit a single man or animal! Wearisome forced marches, lasting often all day and all night too, resulted in their overtaking the King's African Rifles at Makaka in a dense forest, and here the troops were attacked from the rear, a machine-gun opening fire on the densely crowded camp, but with little result, another incident of bad shooting.

In July 1918 Raymond was evacuated right back to Port Amelia, and later to Dar-es-Salaam, with a very severe attack of malaria. Many of his companions had died in these latter months of the campaign, and others he was glad to meet in the base-hospital.

It was during a trip to South Africa with his parents and elder brother, in 1919, that Raymond rediscovered 'Peggy' Nisbet, whom he had known and 'proposed' to as a little girl of 6, but had since lost all trace of. 'Peggy', in 1919, was a beautiful stripling of 15 and in 1923 she came to Kenya to marry him.

Raymond spent most of a year at the Grahamstown School

of Art, studying portraiture, and passed a Government drawing-examination in this subject fourth in the Union. He returned to Kenya a fortnight before his father's death in May 1920.

Since 1923, Raymond and 'Peggy' have been living at 'Dunbryonne Tower', a house he built on his farm on the slopes of Mount Elgon. Here he grows coffee and maize, and in the intervals between crops they have been on many motoring trips to interesting parts of Kenya and Uganda.

On one occasion they drove for 1,800 miles, visiting *en route* the Mountains of the Moon, Lake Bunyoni in the south-west extremity of Uganda, and also the wonderful crater lakes and mountains that lie to the west of Mbarara. Near there, at Rugazi Mission, they met a jovial native priest (as fat and as happy as Friar Tuck), who was in charge of the mission station, and four black nuns.

Rugazi is a romantic spot, a shrine in the midst of a forest, hanging on a high hill-side and overlooking the wide wild plains below, where Lakes George and Edward shine like two upturned mirrors in the distance.

Raymond has climbed Mount Elgon many times, tramped through the Cherangani Range, and hiked as far as Kapbarnet, in Kamosea, and has climbed the northern peaks of Mount Debasian in the wild Suk country. His chief delight is visiting the wildest parts of the country on foot, or taking 'Peggy' wherever a track makes it possible to take a car.

THANE RENSHAW MITFORD-BARBERTON, third son of Henry Mitford-Barborton, was born at Malvern, near Durban, in 1901. His early youth was spent at Port Alfred and, later, at the Potchefstroom farm until, in 1912, his parents sold out their South African property and moved to British East Africa, to plant coffee at Ivanhoe Estate, Kyambu.

Here 'Bobs' was in his element, as a wild streak—perhaps inherited from some brigand forbear of the Peak—has always been in evidence in him, and he is most happy when

in the wilds with gun and bowie-knife, or exploring some gloomy cavern or mountain fastness.

After a somewhat neglected early schooling, due to his roving existence, Bobs was sent to St. Andrew's College in South Africa. He walked into Espin House carrying a gun and bayonet ('the wildest boy who has ever been to Espin', said his House-master) some time in 1916, and remained there without scholarly distinction until June 1919, when he left (to every one's regret) to go farming in Kenya.

Bobs, or Renshaw as he is now called, is more psychic than his brothers and, apart from his ability to divine water accurately, a premonition of his once saved his father's life. Some native boys were to cut some large trees in the Kyambu forest and Renshaw accompanied his father to the spot, where Hal Barberton, who was then an old man, made himself comfortable on some cushions well out of range of a tree which was being felled.

The work was progressing satisfactorily and Renshaw, aged 10, was standing by, watching the sawing operations. The saw was half-way through the trunk and in a few minutes the tree would fall. Suddenly, for some unknown reason, he shouted to the natives at the top of his voice: 'Stop cutting at once, the tree is going to fall and kill my father!' and then running across to where his father was resting upon the cart-cushions he implored him to move away at once, saying that otherwise he would be killed when the tree fell.

'Nonsense,' was the reply, 'the tree is not only too short to reach me, but it is not even going to fall in this direction.' Turning to the natives Hal told them to get on with the cutting, which they did. Renshaw immediately countermanded the order and with howls and sobs implored his father to move away from that spot, saying that he knew for certain that unless he did so he would be killed.

Hal then became annoyed, but finally got up and moved away to humour Renshaw. With a few more cuts from the saw the 80-foot tree cracked and fell. As Hal had previously indicated, the tree fell in another direction, but on its way

down it struck a much larger tree which, unknown to them, was rotten at the root. With a crack this giant of the forest fell, to the horror and astonishment of every one, right across the spot where Hal had been resting, its massive trunk beating the cart-cushions deep into the ground!

For some years Ren. farmed 'Caverndale' Estate in partnership with his brothers, Ivan and Alban, but after farm No. 1832 was sold from the group, each brother took his own portion and the partnership was dissolved. He is at present farming 'Cav-on-the-Mount', the western portion of farm No. 1830, where he has a fine plantation of coffee. The eastern portion of the farm belongs to Ivan and is called 'Caverndale' Estate.

Renshaw, in company with Raymond and Alban, once attempted a motor-cycle trip to Moroto across the Suk desert. They soon got to the end of the last road and had to push their motor-cycles through sand, rivers, and the waterless desert. After nearly dying of starvation and thirst they abandoned the attempt and returned to Kacheliba. It was while they were on this trip that Alban was chased by the 'Nandi Bear', a yet unclassified animal, believed by many to be mythical and only visible when you have had one over the eight. Both Raymond and Renshaw saw this animal clearly as it ran along the road after Alban who was riding slowly ahead on his motor-cycle. Just as they were overtaking it, it turned off the road into the bush and was not seen again.

Renshaw has been instrumental in bringing many new settlers into Kenya, and he and Alban are always 'grub-staking' new arrivals until they can find employment.

In 1925 Ren. visited England, and while there he bought a Norton motor-cycle on which he rode from Land's End to John o' Groats, visiting many places of historical interest *en route*. Then in 1929, in company with Harold White, T. C. Elliot, and Frank Preddy, he drove by motor-lorry from Mount Elgon through to South Africa, a distance of about 3,000 miles. Taking the Norton aboard the lorry he 'disembarked' at Pretoria and rode to Grahamstown, and

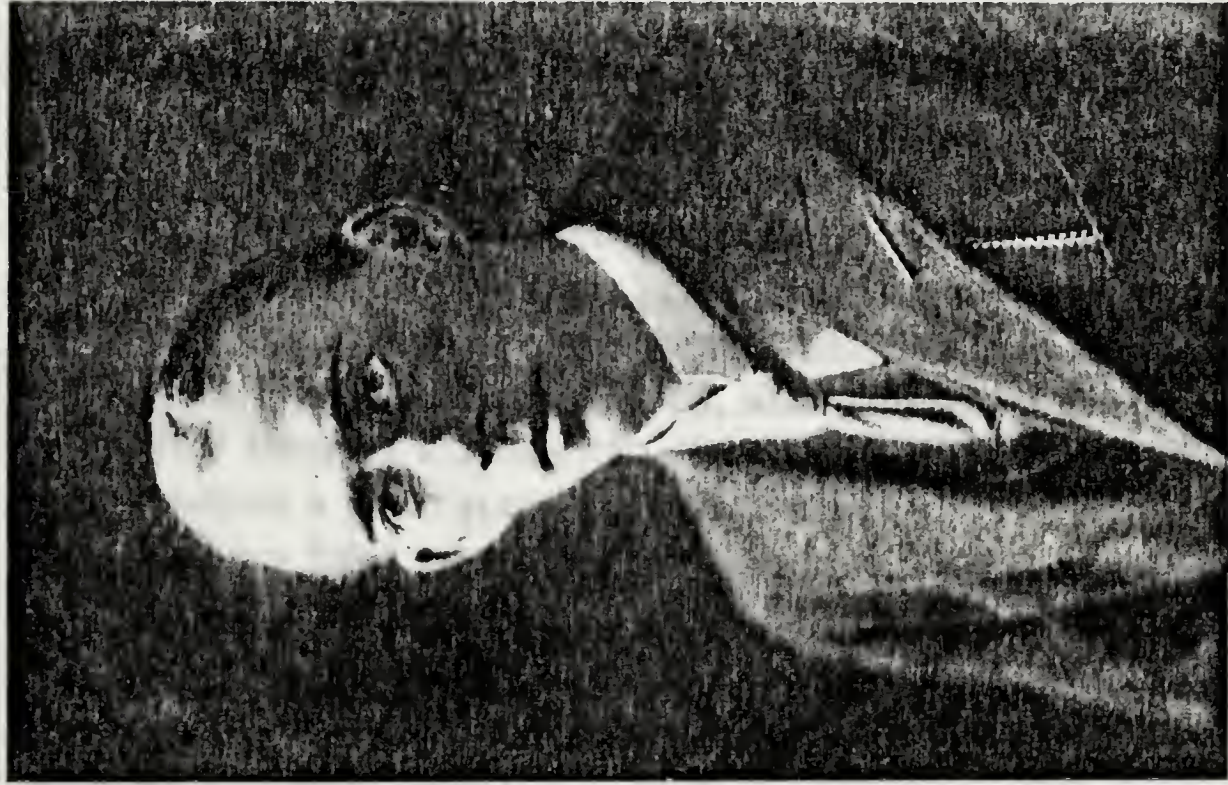
then via the Kruger National Park to Durban, from whence he returned to Mombasa by sea.

On another occasion, while coming up the coast on the *Berwick Castle*, the vessel caught fire. They were unable to extinguish the flames, which gradually increased in volume, until finally the captain had to run the ship aground on Mombasa Island. By this time it was well alight and burning like a volcano—every one got off it in about five minutes!

Renshaw is the engineer of the family and is always busily engaged on some new labour-saving device. At 'Cav-on-the-Mount' he has an aerial cable-way for transporting maize from the top of the cliff, thus avoiding the hazardous journey down 'Dynamite Bend'. When the brake is not working a 200-lb. bag of maize can be delivered at the bottom in 10 seconds!

ALBAN McGOWAN MITFORD-BARBERTON, the youngest son of H. Mitford-Barberton, was born at 'The Castle', Port Alfred, on the 9th December 1904. As the family moved up to 'Terramena' Farm, near Potchefstroom, in 1905, most of his young days were spent in that pleasant vicinity, and later on the farm at Kyambu, in British East Africa, then a fairly wild country of he-men and big game.

In 1916 he was sent to Bob Mullin's Prep. School in Grahamstown, and in 1919 he went on to St. Andrew's College. His father having died in 1920, Alban returned to Kenya, and he and his brother Renshaw worked the farm later known as 'Lions' Fountain', and here their mother lived with them until her death in 1928, their house being the rendezvous of many young bachelors then pioneering in the vicinity. What numbers of them used to congregate in the little wooden house in those old days, and those were merry, careless times, when no one thought it amiss to have to sleep on the floor, perhaps without even a mattress! One crowded night Renshaw had to roll himself up in a great heap of flax-tow, where, for want of a better bed, he slept like a door-mouse until morning.



THANE RENSHAW MITFORD-BARBERTON



ALBAN MITFORD-BARBERTON

For some years Alban had a small coffee-farm near Fort Portal in the kingdom of Toro, Uganda, and thither he would motor every now and then to attend to things, or he would sometimes ride the 500 miles on a motor-cycle. Unfortunately all the coffee in the Interoko area developed a root disease, and he was one of a number of Uganda planters who had to abandon their estates, having lost considerably in the venture. To add insult to injury, the Uganda Government made him sign a paper saying he would not attempt to acquire land again in the area. This was tantamount to stigmatizing him as 'not likely to make an efficient farmer'!

While they were living at 'Lions' Fountain' the whole of Kenya was shaken by an earthquake on the 6th June 1928, caused by a subsidence in the Sabukia area of the Great Rift Valley. Alban, his mother, and brothers visited the spot, walking for some miles along the great fissure, which, though not more than 10 feet wide and about 15 feet deep, stretched across country like a vast red ribbon for nearly 40 miles.

During the locust infestation, in 1929, Alban was one of the Trans Nzoia farmers who volunteered as a temporary Locust Officer. They were sent to the Suk Native Reserve, a sandy desert-like country in the Northern Frontier Province, and here, in the course of a month or so, they destroyed a great number of swarms, chiefly in the hopper-stage. Poisoned bait, spraying with poison, and swatting the hoppers were the methods employed, and were most effective. Very few swarms reached the flying-stage, but it cost the Government a great sum of money.

Alban has been to England twice, and has also travelled in most parts of Kenya and Uganda. On his second trip up Mount Elgon he and his brother Raymond camped in the great crater to shoot what they believed to be a new species of duiker antelope. Short of blankets, they nearly froze each night, while day after day they failed to secure a specimen. Bathing in the hot springs, however, was a happy pastime, and here they discovered a minute insect, resembling a speck of gold dust, which, in multi-millions, was living on the stones and mud in the hottest parts of the

stream. Just before returning home, Alban secured one of the rare antelopes, and this duiker (which is much larger than the common variety found at lower altitudes, and has long hair on its shoulders and neck) was sent to the British Museum for classification. The buck, unfortunately, was not new, having been named after a Professor Loonberg a few years previously, but, it was interesting to know that it is a variety only found in the crater of Elgon. Another new buck from the same mountain is the Barberton duiker, *collected* and presented to the British Museum by Ivan Mitford-Barberton in 1922.

Alban, who is mechanically minded, thinks in wheels and gadgets, and is usually employed in some pursuit pertaining thereto. He is never happy unless working on some invention of his own, and the newest car model is not exempt from various remarkable improvements once it falls into his hands. In 1931 Alban went to England and patented a mouse-trap attachment, which is now being produced by the Nipper Trap Company. Perhaps machinery and music are kindred subjects, as Alban plays the violin with some considerable skill and has composed some very attractive airs for that instrument.



ATHERSTONE

CHAPTER XII

THE ATHERSTONE FAMILY

THE Atherstones belong to an old Warwickshire family, and the village named after the family near Merevale still exists. They claim descent from the family of the Saxon Athelstan. 'Atherstone and Atherstone Priory' are mentioned in Domesday Book. The remains of the Friary are still to be seen in the valley; near by stands the present old abbey. Tradition says that the Atherstones were deprived of their title (Earls of Atherstone) and estates for some political reason, and the family must have sunk for a time into poverty and obscurity.

Atherstone Friary was transferred in 1464 to the Carthusian monks. It was the custom for great saints or sinners to build churches, monasteries, abbeys, &c., as a thank-offering for some great mercy vouchsafed, or in payment of a vow, or to expiate some bad deed.

The name Atherstone shows good origin. Some great man would own land, and live in state; in time a village would grow up round him, and later become a town taking his name. Families did not get their names from towns, but the towns from families. You will find all over England people with the name of some town; and if you trace back you will find their ancestors of rank had given their name to the town.

After the downfall of the house they did not use the old coat of arms, but when they came into their own again it emerged with the prosperity of the family. The coat of arms is a very old one—one of the oldest in England. A much-treasured copy on a rough wooden board was in the possession of Mr. John Atherstone.

Atherstone Hall was built from the ruins of Atherstone Friary. It was brought by marriage into the family of Sir John Repington, Kt., of Armington, and later sold to Abraham Bracebridge, Esq., about 1690. A Bracebridge

married a Miss Atherstone—an heiress. As far as is known, no family history was actually written. The Atherstones belong to one of the many thousands of the old families who never had a written history. About 1760 three brothers and two sisters went to Nottingham from Higham-on-the-Hill, a village about 5 miles from Atherstone in Warwickshire. They set up quite a big business as dyers, and did well, at least Hugh did, for he became a very rich man. He married Ann Green. They were a very fine, much-loved, and respected couple. They lived in a fine old house 'like a castle' in Brewhouse Yard, Nottingham. Amenia Barber describes how she visited it when a girl, but the lovely gardens were then built over, and the house let out in rooms. Much information given in this chapter and pedigree was supplied by Miss Amenia Barber, who was quite an authority on family history. She was a grand-daughter of Hugh and Ann Atherstone.

No trace of the family is to be found in Atherstone to-day, and the name is almost extinct in England, and no other family of that name has existed for a long time. In London there is still 'Atherstone Mews', 'Atherstone Mansion', and 'Atherstone Terrace', all of which at some time belonged to the family.

The Atherstones, besides claiming descent from the Saxon Athelstan, have an interesting family tree, which comes through the old Saxon dynasty from Egbert, King of all England A.D. 832, and through some of the Scottish line, then through the Hastings, Castells, and Damants to the descendants of Dr. John Atherstone in South Africa. This has been verified by the British Museum expert who helped Mrs. Harry Castell Damant in her research work. It is direct from parent to child without a single break. The Atherstones became an important family in Nottingham, as is recorded in *Notabilities of Nottingham*, published towards the end of the eighteenth century. This family was much interested in cloth manufacturing and dyeing; and from them the descent to the present day is clear.

The three brothers, William, Hugh, and Samuel, were



HUGH ATHERSTONE AND HIS WIFE
from paintings by THOMAS BARBER

those who went to Nottingham. From Hugh, who had a family of fifteen, are descended the Atherstones in South Africa. Of the two sisters who accompanied their brothers from Higham-on-the-Hill, only the name of one, Hannah, is known, and no other details. An elder brother, Jonathan, remained in Warwickshire, and is buried at Higham-on-the-Hill. William and Hugh Atherstone had a business in Nottingham. In the Moravian records at Ockbrook, Derbyshire, mention is made of a dispute which arose between the two brothers over the division of profits, and they asked the church to arbitrate for them in the matter, both promising to abide by the decision given. These two brothers belonged to the Moravian Church, and are buried in the Moravian Cemetery at Ockbrook in Derbyshire. Hugh Atherstone must have been a fine old character; the following account of his death extracted from a newspaper dated 1819 is of interest:

Died last Sunday 76 Mr. Hugh Atherstone senior of Brew-house yard.—This truly amiable man with the greatest composure-resigned his soul to God who gave it. He feared not death, for he had made his peace with his Maker, and he could confidently believe that that Saviour, whom here it was his delight to serve, would graciously receive his departing spirit and place upon his head a crown of glory, which He has promised to give to all who are faithful unto death. Of husbands he was the most tender; of parents the most affectionate; and of Christians the most exemplary; and long, very long will his afflicted family have to lament his loss. And not only will his friends have to lament his loss, thousands will do it. For of him the hungry never asked and went away unsatisfied, nor was the beggar ever spurned from his door. Of him it may be truly said 'The blessing of him that was ready to perish came upon him', and he has gone to receive the just reward of his labours.

This Hugh Atherstone was the father of Mary Atherstone, who married Thomas Barber, the portrait-painter. Thomas Barber painted portraits of Hugh Atherstone and his wife Ann (*née* Green); they are at present in the possession of

Dr. Walter Atherstone of Port Alfred. Copies of these two portraits were made by John Beeby; the Mitford-Barbertons have these copies. Dr. Walter Atherstone has in his possession paintings of Joseph Atherstone, who died unmarried; Zachariah who died in Jamaica unmarried; Capt. Fred Workington Atherstone (died unmarried), who fought in the Peninsula War; and of Ann Atherstone and Mary Atherstone. Dr. W. Atherstone also has two large paintings, one of his mother's father, Edwin Atherstone, the poet, and Edwin's three daughters.

Edwin Atherstone the poet, son of Hugh Atherstone, was the father-in-law of Dr. Guybon Atherstone, and was a great collector of art treasures—violins, 'cellos, pictures, &c., amongst his violins being the beautiful Stradivarius 'The Titan', a Joseph Guarnerius dal Gesu (called 'The Giant'), a Stainer, and an Amati. These violins became the property of Dr. Guybon Atherstone, and were brought out to South Africa.

Works by Edwin Atherstone are:

The Sea Kings of England. An historical romance. 1830.

The Fall of Nineveh. A poem. 1828-30.

„ „ „ „ Another edition. 1847.

„ „ „ „ 1868.

The Handwriting on the Wall. 1858.

Israel in Egypt. A poem. 1861.

The Last Days of Herculaneum and Alvadetes and Panthea.

Poems. 1821.

A Midsummer Day's Dream. A poem. 1824.

Dramatic Works (edited by M. E. Atherstone). 1888.

Edwin Atherstone received a grant of £100 a year for his writing; he was the first to receive such a grant from the Crown. His works were compared to Milton's (see Press notices in the leading newspapers of the time).

Edwin Atherstone had three daughters—Elizabeth, who died unmarried; Catharine, who married Dr. W. Guybon Atherstone; Mary, who married Dr. Bird. Paintings of them were made by Thomas Barber. The Mitford-Barbertons

have a large portrait of Mary, grand-daughter of the old Hugh Atherstone; her mother was Ann Mary Atherstone, daughter of William Atherstone, her parents being cousins. She married Capt. Edward Damant of the 48th Regiment (he was at the capture of Badajoz in 1812), of Lammas, Norfolk. They appear on the rolls of the 1820 settlers, though they were already in South Africa, and John Damant was Commissary General in 1817. Edward persuaded his brother-in-law, Dr. John Atherstone, to give up his practice and come out to South Africa. Dr. John Atherstone was the eighth son of Hugh and Ann Atherstone, and was born in Nottingham on the 25th February 1793. He was educated for a doctor and practised for some time in Nottingham. He was married twice. His first wife was Elizabeth, daughter of William Damant of Lammas, and grand-daughter of John Castell of Norwich and sister of the Rev. John Castell, Vicar of Brooke, whom Suckling declares to be the last male representative of the ancient house of Castell of Raveningham. (*Arms: Argent, three castles gules.*) By Elizabeth Dr. John Atherstone had seven children. His second wife was Ann, daughter of Thomas Damant and widow of Major Thomas Charles White, R.E., and a niece of his first wife. In 1817 he set out for South Africa; he was accompanied by his wife and family, and sailed in the *Uitenhage*, but the ship tossed so badly and one of the children was so ill, that they decided to forfeit their passage money, £200 for each person, and landed at Deal. They settled at Stowey in Somerset, glad to escape the perils of the sea, for the ship on which they were to have travelled was lost on the voyage. John Damant once more persuaded him to venture on the voyage; shipping as surgeon on the good ship *Ocean* he emigrated to South Africa in 1820. The voyage lasted six months, as the *Ocean* was accompanied by the *Northampton*, and they lay to each evening for fear they would become separated if they travelled by night. In the Channel a terrific gale blew the two ships together, and their rigging became entangled and had to be cut apart by the sailors. The next event of interest was a cannon-ball fired through Atherstone's cabin by the

Portuguese battery at Porto Praya in St. Jago, one of the Cape Verde islands. This act of courtesy on the part of the Portuguese came about through a misunderstanding, as a boat was seen approaching the shore without permission, and the commander of the fort thought it belonged to the *Ocean*. It turned out to be from an East Indiaman lying outside. The Atherstones were eventually landed at Algoa Bay, and they settled at the 'Kowie', but later moved to Cradock Place, near Port Elizabeth, where Mr. Korsten and John Damant were living.

John Atherstone practised for a time at Uitenhage, but later in 1824 he proceeded to Capetown by way of Grahams-town, past 'Iron Pot' (now called 'Atherstone' and owned by H. M. Hilton-Barber), Mill River, and Cyferfontein. In 1828 Dr. John Atherstone was appointed District Surgeon at Grahamstown.

Dr. William Guybon Atherstone was the eldest son of Dr. John Atherstone and grandson of Hugh Atherstone, and was born in Nottingham in 1818, and came out to South Africa with his father in 1820. When a boy he records riding on horseback with his father to Riebeck East, where they met Piet Retief, then on his way to Natal. They went with the object of trying to persuade Retief to turn back from his ill-starred journey. In another note he mentions that the earliest Dutch emigrants were under the guidance of an old Albany farmer named Louis Trichardt. The next party elected Gert Maritz, a Graaff Reinet burgher, as their head, and after these parties followed a number of families under the leadership of Uys, Landman, and Rudolf. As they passed Grahamstown the British settlers visited their encampment, and presented them with a folio copy of the Bible as a farewell token of their esteem and heartfelt regret at their departure. Atherstone was altogether a very remarkable man, and his activities in geology, medical science, and natural history, &c., place him in the front rank of South African pioneers. He first attended Stevenson's School in Grahamstown, and in 1829 he went to Uitenhage, where he studied under Dr. Innes. He was apprenticed to his father in 1831; and in 1834,

on the outbreak of the second Kaffir war, he acted as Staff Medical Officer under Sir Benjamin D'Urban, and received his certificate as a qualified medical man on the eve of his departure to Europe. Atherstone remained in Europe for three years, studying in Dublin and then in London, where he passed the Royal College of Surgeons' examination. While a student at Trinity College, Dublin, he received a command from the House of Commons as follows:

HOUSE OF COMMONS

Select Committee representing aborigines in British Settlements

Veneris 24 die Februarii 1837

I. F. Buxton Esq. in the chair
orders

that William Guybon Atherstone Esq do attend this Committee on Monday fortnight at 1 of the clock.

(signed) I. F. Buxton

Chairman

Feb. 24 1837.

This order was to get Atherstone to give his views on matters relating to South Africa.

The following is taken from the *Grahamstown Journal* 14th May 1895:

‘HONOUR TO WHOM HONOUR IS DUE’

Under this title appeared an article in the *South African Medical Journal* for April mentioning the services of Dr. Morton of Boston, who introduced the use of sulphuric ether as an anaesthetic in surgical operations; this was in September 1846. It may interest our readers to learn that Dr. W. G. Atherstone of this city was the first in S.A. and perhaps in any British colony to apply the new anaesthetic, as the following extract from the *Grahamstown Journal* of June 1847 will show.

PAINLESS OPERATION BY MEANS OF ETHER

On Wednesday (says the Journal of the 19th June) a very successful surgical operation was performed by Dr. W. G.

Atherstone, the patient [being] Mr. F. Carlisle, Deputy Sheriff of Albany,

Dr. W. G. Atherstone was named after his great-grandfather, Sir Francis Guybon of Thursford Hall, Norfolk. This same Sir Francis Guybon was High Sheriff for Norfolk, and sat for Thetford in the Convention Parliament that summoned William and Mary to reign in England. The beautiful old panelled manor-house, Thursford Hall, was sold in 1918 and taken over to America, there to be rebuilt. It was one of the first of the many old English manor-houses to be transported across the Atlantic.

After completing his studies, Dr. W. G. Atherstone and his cousin, F. W. Barber, then travelled together on the Continent, spending some time in Paris, and came out to South Africa in the *Robert Small*, arriving in Grahamstown in December 1839. From this time onwards, with only a visit to Europe in 1875-6, till his death in 1898, Dr. Atherstone's whole energies were devoted to the land of his adoption, especially Grahamstown, where he was the originator of the Botanical Gardens, and the founder of the Scientific and Literary Society, afterwards the Albany Natural History Society, and now the Albany Museum. Highly accomplished in many branches of science and art, he was a geologist, botanist, artist, and musician, also devoting his time to investigating horse-sickness and tick-fever. He was also an astronomer of no mean repute.

Under the auspices of the Grahamstown Prospecting Syndicate he visited Namaqualand in 1854, and in 1870 he visited the Stormberg, and later on the diamond-mines at Kimberley and the Lydenburg gold-fields. The following letter is copied from the *Cape Illustrated Magazine* of February 1898 and is headed 'How England lost Delagoa Bay'.

Dear Sir,—In reply to your letter I send you in accordance with your wish a brief reminiscence of two events which occurred nearly 25 years ago by which our Queen lost not only the gold-fields of the Transvaal, but also the harbour of Delagoa Bay. A loss which has since been only partially

retrieved by the foresight and financial ability of Cecil Rhodes. Corroborative proof of both these statements can be given by several witnesses both in the Colony and at Home. I left the Klip Drift diamond-fields in company with a friend by Cobbe's coach for Lydenburg, at that time the boundary of the Dutch Republic. Here a bullock-wagon was placed at my disposal for a fortnight. We reached Pilgrimsrest on Christmas Day. After carefully examining the alluvial diggings, taking sections and sketching the geological features of the country, I sent the wagon round to Mathec and Sabie Falls, walking up the spruit and over the mountain, when I could distinctly see the great fault in the Lebombo range near Delagoa Bay. I found rich visible gold everywhere. I reported the result to my friend, who at once arranged with the native chief for the purchase of the whole territory for the Queen of England, the price being 15,000 head of cattle, and the chief saying he would be glad of British protection. The deed of sale was duly signed by him and witnessed, and on my return to Klip Drift I endeavoured to obtain the provisional sanction of the Government representative for six months to enable us to throw the onus of refusal on the British Govt. but this was refused, the influence of the Little Englander faction was too correctly gauged, and my efforts failed. That settled the future destiny of the gold-fields of the Transvaal. With regard to the 2nd event—in 1875, soon after responsible Govt. had been secured for the Colony, Mr. Molteno gave me a year's holiday with a letter to Lord Carnarvon requesting that authority should be given me to visit the asylums of England, Scotland, and Ireland with the object of selecting a medical superintendent for our Fort England asylum. On this voyage the Portuguese Consul, Chevalier du Prat, accompanied us. He was authorized by his Government at Lisbon to offer to the British Government the harbour of Delagoa Bay (where at that time England possessed only the island of Nyak) in exchange for the duty of 1s. a gallon on port wine. He requested me to lay this proposal before Lord Carnarvon. On my doing so Lord Carnarvon replied:—"This is a most

important matter, I will consult my ministers, and will give you a reply in a week.' The reply was that the offer had been declined. Subsequently the British Government appealed to arbitration and lost all. The results of Macmahon and the Swiss arbitrations are too well known to be alluded to here. I have written the above in total blindness, and if you think on reading it over that anything requires correction for the Press I shall be glad if you will amend it. Yours truly, W. Guybon Atherstone.

The first South African diamond of importance was found by O'Reilly in 1867 and was posted to Dr. Atherstone, who after a careful examination pronounced it a genuine diamond.

Dr. Atherstone was the originator of several schemes of immense importance to South Africa; and which, had they been adopted, would have conferred immeasurable benefits on the country. Shortly after 1857 he worked out a scheme for linking up all the more or less important towns by a railway system.

Another scheme was the laying of a railway and telegraph line from Kimberley to Khartoum. The project in its entirety is being carried out to-day; had it been begun in the 'seventies, all the international complications which have stood in the way of its accomplishment would have been avoided, and a British railway laid through these uncivilized parts would probably have brought most of Africa under the Union Jack. These schemes were submitted to the Colonial Office in 1875, but were not taken up by the Government.

While in England in 1875 Dr. Atherstone devoted much time to the inspection of asylums, and certainly did much to better the condition of the insane in South Africa. On this occasion he was made a Fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons, and received the Freedom of the Turners' Company and of the City of London, and was admitted Fellow of the Geological Society and Honorary Corresponding Secretary of the Colonial Institute.

In the Colony, however, his services were scantily recognized, although in 1888 the combined Kimberley Diamond

Mining Companies clubbed together and presented him with a four-carat diamond in recognition of his services. In 1881 he was elected to the Legislative Council, but the vigour of life was on the wane, and the schemes for which he worked in his earlier years were irrevocably wrecked, and no new ones presented themselves.

Dr. Atherstone was one of the few men who looked into the future and saw clearly the trend of events, and his energy has been to the lasting benefit of the country and places him among the great men of his time.

ATHERSTONE PEDIGREE

The following, with the exception of Jonathan, came from Higham-on-the-Hill in Warwickshire and settled in Nottingham about 1760.

- I. Jonathan Atherstone.
- II. William Atherstone.
- III. Hugh Atherstone.
- IV. Samuel Atherstone.
- V. Hannah Atherstone.
- VI. Another sister. (Nothing known of these two sisters.)

I. *Jonathan Atherstone*, born 1736 at Higham-on-the-Hill; buried there 1811. Married 8th April 1759 Elizabeth Vincent (1733-96) by whom he had the following children:

1. Tom, d.s.p.
2. Daughter, married — Brewer.
3. Ann, unmarried.

Four children, William, Mary, Jonathan, and James, who died in infancy and are buried at Higham.

II. *William Atherstone*, born at Higham-on-the-Hill; buried at Ockbrook, Derbyshire, in 1817. Married Hannah Wilson at Nottingham 10th May 1762, and had the following:

1. *Jonathan*, bap. at Castle Gate Independent Chapel, Nottingham, on 28th Feb. 1763. Married at St. Mary's,

Nottingham, on 17th Nov. 1786, to Mary Bailey and had the following:

- (1) Elizabeth, married Lacey, d.s.p.
 - (2) Hannah, married Rev. Henry Barber (see Barber pedigree).
 - (3) William, unmarried.
 - (4) Oliver, unmarried.
2. *John* (of Loughborough), married (issue).
 3. *Thomas*, born 1st June 1766 (of Brewhouse Yard).
 4. *Ann Mary*, born 1770; died 4th Sept. 1798. Married her cousin, Hugh Atherstone, eldest son of Hugh Atherstone (q.v.).

III. HUGH ATHERSTONE, born at Higham-on-the-Hill in 1743; buried at Ockbrook in 1819. He is the direct ancestor of all the Atherstones in South Africa. Married Ann Green and had a family of fifteen, most of whom were baptized at St. Nicholas' Church, Nottingham.

1. ANN, born —. Married Wakeman of Leicester.
2. MARY, bap. 15th April 1769; died 25th Sept. 1825 at Derby. Married 9th June 1795 at St. Nicholas', Nottingham, Thos. Barber (see Barber pedigree).
3. HUGH, born 29th March 1772; died 1843. Married his cousin, Ann Mary, dau. of William Atherstone, and had:
 - (1) Emma, born 13th Aug. 1792.
 - (2) Mary, born 4th May 1794. Married Capt. Edw. Damant.
4. THOMAS, born 25th Feb. 1774 (issue).
5. JOHN, born 4th Dec. 1775; died 12th Oct. 1776.
6. SAMUEL, born 11th Sept. 1777.
7. SARAH, born 8th Nov. 1778; died 2nd Oct. 1779.
8. JOSEPH, born 2nd Aug. 1780.
9. BETTY, born 8th Oct. 1782; died 9th Sept. 1783.
10. SUSANNA, born 14th Jan. 1784; died 14th Nov. 1784(?).
11. FREDERIC WORKINGTON, born 8th July 1786. Capt. in

army. Fought at Waterloo. Killed in a falling house in London together with the children of Samuel Atherstone.

12. EDWIN, born 24th April 1788; died at Bath 27th Jan. 1872. Musician, poet, and author. Married Mary Pierson and had the following children:
 - (1) Edwin Edmond, born 27th Oct. 1805; died young.
 - (2) Elizabeth, born 15th July 1807. Unmarried.
 - (3) Catherine Handel, married Dr. W. G. Atherstone (q.v.).
 - (4) Mary, married Dr. Bird (issue).
13. EMMA, born 2nd April 1790.
14. JOHN, born 25th Jan. 1793; died 1853, Doctor. Married (1) Eliz. Damant (issue); (2) Ann, dau. of Thos. Damant and widow of Major White (issue).
15. ZACHARIAH, youngest son of Hugh Atherstone. Never married. Made a large fortune in the West Indies. Died in Jamaica, and his solicitor is said to have absorbed all the money. Portrait by Thos. Barber.

Of the above, the only member with whom we are directly concerned is Dr. John Atherstone (no. 14) whose two families are given here:

DR. JOHN ATHERSTONE

DR. JOHN ATHERSTONE (1793-1853), married at St. John's, Westminster, in 1811, Elizabeth, dau. of William Damant, and had:

- I. *William Guybon Atherstone*, M.D., M.L.C., F.G.S., F.R.C.S., born at Nottingham 1814; died at Grahams-town 1898. Married Catherine, dau. of Edwin Atherstone.
- II. *Catherine Damant Atherstone*, born at Castle Donnington 1816; died at Grahamstown 1890. Married Alex. George Cumming (issue).
- III. *Elizabeth Atherstone*, died aged 17.
- IV. *Emily Atherstone*, born at Stowey, Somerset, 1818;

... ..

... ..

... ..

... ..

... ..

... ..

... ..

... ..

... ..

... ..

... ..

... ..

... ..

died at Grahamstown 1900. Married George Franklin (issue).

V. *John Cradock Atherstone*, died in infancy.

VI. *John Frederick Korsten Atherstone*, born at Uitenhage; died 1894. Married Anna Maria Bowker (1820-95) (issue).

VII. *Bliss Ann Atherstone*, born at Capetown 1829; died at Grahamstown 1906. Married George White (issue).

VIII. *Caroline Atherstone*, married Henry Hutton (issue).

Dr. John Atherstone married secondly Ann, dau. of Thomas Damant, and widow of Major Thos. Charles White of 'Table Farm' near Grahamstown. She was the niece of her husband's first wife. Their family were:

I. *Edwin Atherstone* (1842-98), married Armine Girdlestone (issue).

II. *Walter Atherstone*, married Mary Blake (issue).

III. *Fanny Atherstone*, married Hilton Barber of 'Hales Owen' (see Barber pedigree).

IV. *Charles S. D. Atherstone*, married (1) Emily Dixon (issue), (2) Martha Dahl (issue).

For pedigree see p. 204.

I. WILLIAM GUYBON ATHERSTONE

WILLIAM GUYBON ATHERSTONE, M.D., M.L.C., F.G.S., F.R.C.S., born in Nottingham 1814; died at Grahamstown 1898. Married his cousin, Catherine Handel Atherstone, and had the following:

I. GUYBON DAMANT ATHERSTONE, married late in life Antoinette Chabaud (no issue).

II. MARY CATHERINE ATHERSTONE, married Hastings St. John de Robeck, Capt. R.N. (issue).

III. IDA ATHERSTONE, married William Montague Hyde-Martin, Lt.-Col. Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders (issue).

IV. GERTRUDE ATHERSTONE, married Thos. Joseph Lamb Dillon, M.D., of Kilcolan, Ireland (issue).

V. WALTER HERSCHEL ATHERSTONE, married Frances
Harrisson of 'White Friars', Sandwich (issue).

II. *Mary Catherine Atherstone*, married Hastings St. John
de Robeck, Capt. R.N., and had the following:

- (1) *Geraldine Grace*, unmarried.
- (2) *Emily Olivia*, married M. Caroline (issue).
- (3) *Inez Mary*, died in infancy in Malta.

III. *Ida Atherstone*, married W. M. Byde-Martin, Lt.-Col.
Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, and had the following:

(i) *Ida Mary*, married Maj. Henry Robert Cartwright of
Ixworth Abbey, Suffolk; had issue:

(a) *Ian Robert Cartwright*, M.C., Capt. Welch Fusiliers.
Married Alice May Tomlinson (no issue).

(b) *Dorothy Margery*, married (1) Ernest Forbes Camp-
bell-Colquhoun of Challuck, Perth, Scotland; had
issue, Gordon Henry and Ernest William; (2) Archi-
bald Gordon Campbell-Colquhoun, Maj. and D.S.O.
Argyll and Suth. Highlanders; one son, Ian Hugh.

(c) *Eila Martin Cartwright*, unmarried.

(d) *Victor Henry Cartwright*, died aged 19.

(2) *William Montague Byde-Martin*, unmarried.

(3) *John Byde-Martin*, Capt. Worcester Regt. Married Eliza-
beth Frances Smith, and had one son, Byde Byde-Martin.

(4) *Harry Byde-Martin*, Capt. Bechuanaland Police. Married
Edith Dacre. Issue:

(a) *Margaret*.

(b) *Alastair*.

(c) *Theodora*.

(5) *Beatrice Byde-Martin*, married Frederick John Lamb
Dillon.

IV. *Gertrude Atherstone*, married Thos. Jos. Lamb Dillon,
M.D., and had issue:

(1) *Mabel Sancroft Dillon*, married John Henry Herold.
Issue:

(a) *Avice Ismay Dillon Herold*, married Thos. Edwards
and had one son, Nigel Coleman Edwards.

The Atherstone Family

- (b) *Geraldine Frances Dillon Herold*, married Richard William Frean; issue, Jacqueline Margerye.
- (c) *Noëlleen Wentworth Dillon Herold*, married Leonard Duffus; issue: John Graeme (died in infancy), Ian Malcolm.
- (2) *Frederick John Lamb Dillon*, married Beatrice Byde-Martin.
- (3) *Geraldine de Lion Wentworth Dillon*, married Harry Thelwall Wingfield Salusbury; issue:
 - (a) *Thomas Dillon*, born 1914.
 - (b) *Gerald Llewelyn*, born 1919.
 - (c) *Aileen Wingfield*, born 1920.
- V. *Walter Herschel Atherstone*, married Frances Harrisson of 'White Friars', Sandwich; issue:
 - (1) *Harold Damant*, M.D., married *Ella*.
 - (a)
 - (b)
 - (c)

II. CATHERINE DAMANT ATHERSTONE

CATHERINE DAMANT ATHERSTONE, born at Castle Donington, England, 1816; died at Grahamstown 1890. Married Alexander George Cumming, and had:

- 1. *George*, married first Marian Newman, and had:
 - (a) *Grace*, married William Dryden, and had:
 - (1) Lisle.
 - (2) Enid.
 - (b) *Annie*, married Douglas Damant (no issue).
 Married secondly Annie Pringle, and had:
 - (a) *Archie*, dead.
 - (b) *Gerald*.
 - (c) *Alfred*.
 - (d) *Leslie*.
 - (e) *Florence*.
- 2. *Guybon*, married Martha Berry (issue).

3. *Catherine*, married Hugh Damant (Kimberley), and had :
 - (a) *George*.
 - (b) *Fred* (Col.).
 - (c) *Edward*.
 - (d) *Florence*.
4. *Herbert*, died unmarried.
5. *Bliss*, married Robert Dick, and had :
Kate, married Canon Wyche.
6. *James*, married Harriet Dick.
7. *Charles*, married Caroline Franklin (issue).
8. *Gordon*, married Annie White, and had :
Douglas, married Phyllis Johnson.

IV. EMILY ATHERSTONE

EMILY ATHERSTONE, born at Stowey, Somerset, England, in 1818; died at Grahamstown in 1900. Married George Franklin of Chirk Castle, North Wales, and had :

1. *William Franklin*, married O'Connor, and had :
 - (a) *Nellie*, married Dr. Croghan.
 - (b) *Ethel*, married Matthews.
 - (c) *Amy*.
 - (d) *Arthur*.
 - (e) *Clifford*.
 - (f) *Cherry*, married Difford.
 - (g) *Vera*.
2. *Ernest Franklin*, married Graves Wright, and had :
 - (a) *Ida*, married T. Guinea.
 - (b) *Arthur*
 - (c) *Harry* } twins, died unmarried.
 - (d) *Athalie*, married Arthur Norton (issue).
 - (e) *Mary*, married Fred. v. d. Riet (issue).
 - (f) *Muriel*, married Gascoigne William Bolle de Lasalle (issue).
 - (g) *Evelyn*, married Nicholson.
 - (h) *Frank*.
3. *Caroline*, married Charles Cumming.

The Atherstone Family

4. *Amy*, married Alcock (issue).
5. *Fanny*, married Everard Barraud (no issue).
6. *Emily*, married H. Fuller, and had :
 - (a) *Everard*.
 - (b) *Kennedy*.
 - (c) *Nora*.
 - (d) *Kathleen*.
7. *Edith*, married Kennedy Barraud, and had :
Edith ('Girlie'), married Allan Hume (no issue).
8. *Ada*, married Cock.

VI. JOHN FREDERICK KORSTEN ATHERSTONE

JOHN FREDERICK KORSTEN ATHERSTONE of 'Iron Pot', near Grahamstown, married at Bathurst on 6th Sept. 1842 Anna Maria Bowker, daughter of Miles Bowker of 'Tharfield', and had the following family :

1. *Henry Arthur Atherstone*, born 23rd Feb. 1846; died aged 14.
2. *Inez Atherstone*, born 6th June 1848; married Henry Hayter.
3. *John Frederick Atherstone*, born 11th Feb. 1850; unmarried.
4. *Alice Grace Atherstone*, born 12th March 1851; married R. Stockdale.
5. *Mary Eliz. Atherstone*, born 21st Aug. 1853; married Edw. Smith.
6. *Sybil Mitford Atherstone*, born 26th Feb. 1855; married Chas. Perkins.
7. *Anna Maria Atherstone*, born 3rd June 1857; married (1) H. A. Morsehead; (2) A. Barraud.
8. *Hugh Mitford Atherstone*, born 12th Oct. 1861; married Emily Hyde.
9. *Harold Atherstone*, born 25th Oct. 1866; unmarried.

VII. BLISS ANN ATHERSTONE

BLISS ANN ATHERSTONE, born at Capetown in 1829; died at Grahamstown in 1906. Married George White, and had :

1. *Lorraine*, married Louise Currie, and had:
 - (a) *George*, married Kathleen Norton.
 - (b) *Percy*.
 - (c) *Enid*, married Bertram Norton.
2. *Alfred*, married Annie Norton, and had:
 - (a) *Helen*, married Bone of 'The Castle', Windhoek.
 - (b) *Eileen*, married Collett.
 - (c) *Violet* }
 - (d) *Minnie* } twins.
 - (e) *Noël*, married Mackintosh.
3. *Annie*, married Gordon Cumming, and had:
Douglas, married Phyllis Johnson.
4. *Fanny*, married Joseph Currie, and had:
 - (a) *Hubert*, married Dolly Cotton.
 - (b) *Wilfred*, married Janet Hoole.
 - (c) *Vado*, married Joris Vincent (issue).
 - (d) *Joseph*.
5. *Edward* (Ned), married first Sibyl Bowker, and had:
 - (a) *Vera*, married S. Ebdon, and had:
 1. *Sibyl*.
 2. *Harold*.
 - (b) *Harold*, married Dorothy Edith Shaw.
 - (c) *Eric*. Killed in Great War. Unmarried.
Married secondly Mabel Dennis.
6. *Jessie*, unmarried.
7. *Ethel*, unmarried.

VIII. CAROLINE ATHERSTONE

CAROLINE ATHERSTONE, married Henry Hutton, son of Rev. Henry Hutton of Beaumont (Rector), Essex, and afterwards of Filleigh, South Devon, and grandson of Rev. Henry Hutton, who married Elizabeth Pepperell, daughter of Sir William Pepperell (Bt.). Children:

- I. *Peregrine William Pepperell*, married Evelyn Bullen.
(One son died as infant.)
- II. *Arthur Henry Damant*, married Mary Lucas (de Neufville) (6 children).

The Atherstone Family

- III. *Ada Louise*, married Walter Currie (8 children).
- IV. *Eleanor Royall*, married William Blake (8 children).
- V. *Florence Nightingale*, married Arthur Parry (6 children).
- VI. *Henry*, married Olga Samson (no family).
- VII. *Catherine Ann*, married Colin Campbell (2 children).
- VIII. *Constance Caroline*, married Pell Edmonds (9 children).
- IX. *Amy Elizabeth*, married Alexander Bissett Lucas (1 child).
- X. *Mary Atherstone*, died young, unmarried.
- XI. *Ernest William Beavor*, unmarried.

DR. JOHN ATHERSTONE

DR. JOHN ATHERSTONE, married secondly Ann, daughter of Thos. Damant and widow of Major T. C. White of 'Table Farm' near Grahamstown. Their family were:

- 1. EDWIN ATHERSTONE (1842-98), married Armine Girdlestone, and had:
 - (a) *Nelson Girdlestone Atherstone*.
 - (b) *Castell Damant Atherstone*.
 - (c) *Alice Armine Atherstone* (unmarried).
 - (d) *Roderick Sancroft Atherstone*.
- 2. WALTER ATHERSTONE, married Mary Blake, and had:
 - (a) *Phyllis*, unmarried.
 - (b) *Walter*, married.
 - (c) *Willie*, married.
 - (d) *Guybon*, married Helen, dau. of G. C. and E. A. Atherstone (issue).
 - (e) *Cecil*, married.
 - (f) *Mabel*, died unmarried.
 - (g) *Hilda*, unmarried.
 - (h) *George*.
 - (i) *Ethel*, married Bowker.
 - (j) *Harry*, died young.
 - (k) *Frank*.
 - (l) *Clem*.

3. FANNY ATHERSTONE, married Hilton Barber of 'Hales Owen'. (For issue see Barber pedigree.)

4. CHARLES ATHERSTONE, married first Emily Dixon, and had:

(a) *Edwin Ogilvie Atherstone*, died in siege of Ladysmith unmarried.

(b) *John Damant Atherstone*.

(c) *Helen*, married Guybon Atherstone, son of W. and M. Atherstone, and had:

(1) *Lorraine*.

(2) *Helen*.

(d) *Ethel*, married Fordyce King, and had:

(1) *Atholstane*.

(2) *Shirley*.

(3) *Iris*.

(4) *Lionel*.

(5) *Joan*.

(e) *Norman Sancroft*.

(f) *Ida*, married Charles Andrew Atherstone-Smith, and had:

(1) *Nancye*.

(2) *Hugh*.

(g) *Geraldine*, unmarried.

(h) *Gladys*, married Sydney Hall, and had:

(1) *Joyce*.

(2) *Dick*.

(i) *Beryl*, married Jack Atherstone-Reynolds, and had:

(1) *Joan*.

(2) *Peter*.

(j) *Cyril* (dead).

(k) *Sydney*.

Married secondly Martha Dahl, and had:

(l) *Doris*, married Jack Damant.

NOTES



— 100 —



BOURCHIER



1817-1818

CHAPTER XIII

THE BOWKERS OF 'THARFIELD'

THE family of Bowker, now chiefly domiciled in the Union of South Africa, are the descendants of the illustrious Bouchiers who came over the Channel with William the Norman, fought with Richard in the Holy Land (see Crusader Cross on the Bouchier Arms), and later at Crécy and in many other famous battles. All through English history they have figured prominently, but in this brief sketch of the family only one or two supporting instances will be given.

The most distinguished member of a long and honourable family tree is Sir William Bouchier, 1st Earl of Eu in Normandy, who married Lady Ann Plantagenet, the daughter of Thomas of Woodstock, Duke of Gloucester, and sixth son of Edward III.

Of his sons, the first, Henry (d. 1483), 2nd Earl of Eu, was created Earl of Essex. The second son, Thomas (1404?–86), was Archbishop of Canterbury. The third son, William, was Lord Fitzwarren. The fourth son, Sir John Bouchier, was created 1st Lord Berners.

Although the above Henry was created Earl of Essex and established the important Bouchier family at Little Easton, where there are many old family tombs, the Bouchier connexion with this county is of a much earlier date, as Henry's great-great-grandfather, John de Bouchier, was established at Halstead, Essex, in the reign of Edward II.

Another interesting member of the family was Sir Humphrey Bouchier, who was the King's standard-bearer and was killed at the Battle of Barnet in 1471. He is buried in St. Edmund's Chapel, Westminster Abbey.

In the reign of Charles I the representative of the family (*vide* Battle Abbey Roll) was Sir John Bouchier, the regicide, who was one of the judges who signed and sealed the martyr-king's death-warrant. (These seals are now in the possession of Duncan Bowker, the present head of the family.)

The Bowkers of 'Tharfield'

Barrington Bouchier, the son of the above Sir John, was of service to Charles II at the time of the Restoration of the monarchy. To him the confiscated estates of his father were restored, and he was selected for a Knighthood of the Royal Oak. This family was associated with Little Barrington in Gloucestershire, where there are a number of Bouchier tombs.

As far as can be ascertained, the above-mentioned earldoms, baronies, and other titles have passed to other families, except that of Fitzwarren and the Barony of Bouchier which are in abeyance.

After Sir John Bouchier had signed the death-warrant of King Charles I, the political opinions of the family appear to have undergone a surprising change within the succeeding century, for in the rising of 1715 we find them adherents to the unfortunate Earl of Derwentwater, and later on they supported Prince Charles Stuart in the rising of 1745. In consequence of the part taken by the Bouchiers in this rising the family found it expedient to retire to France after the battle of Culloden, but returned to England soon after under the assumed name of Bowker.

At the Court of James II there was a certain Thomas (?) Bouchier who changed his name to Bowker. He had previously been in the employ of the King when he was the Duke of York, and had farmed or managed the wine-licences of the Duchy of Lancaster. 'This gentleman', says Miles Bowker of 'Tharfield' in his memoirs, 'claimed to be collateral heir male to the Earldom of Essex, then in abeyance, and heir male to the Barony of Berners, now gone to Colonel Wilson.'

This *Thomas (?) Bowker* married a Miss Holden of Holden, a maternal descendant of the Egertons of Tatton, and had three sons:

- I. BENJAMIN BOWKER, who was very wealthy and High Bailiff of Manchester for the greater part of his life. He was foolish enough to espouse the interests of the Jacobites, and was imprisoned in the Tower of London

with his brother, Holden, and Mr. Howard of Greystock, afterwards Duke of Norfolk. He obtained his liberty after paying a very heavy fine, for which purpose he mortgaged extensive property in Manchester and a large London house, which remained for the most part in the hands of the mortgagees. He left three daughters, who all married Irish army officers, and is buried in St. Margaret's, Westminster.

II. HOLDEN BOWKER, merchant and ship-owner, was in partnership with the Hon. Mr. Fouchet, a brother of the then Lord Audley. 'There was seldom a wind that did not bring them a ship.' He left most of his property to his wife, who afterwards married a Mr. Johnson of Northampton. Holden Bowker's only son, Robert, a wild young man, squandered a large fortune and died at Greenwich without issue.

III. THOMAS BOWKER, was a wild man of loose manners. His brothers, after many disappointments, procured for him the position of Governor (or Jailer) of Lancaster Castle, from which he absconded with the wife of one of the debtors, deserting his wife and family. He married a Miss E. Brabbin, a daughter of Major Brabbin of the Pretender's army, and had issue:

1. THOMAS BOWKER, his heir.

2. CATHERINE BOWKER, who married a Mr. Booth.

THOMAS BOWKER (jun.) of Dekhams Hall, Gateshead, Northumberland, was educated at the expense of a Miss Minchin and went to school at Clitheroe Castle. She called him her heir, but afterwards she married 'Spanking Roger' (later Sir R. Aiton), so Thomas went to his 'Uncle Greatrex', with whose son he was in partnership. As a manufacturer of woollens and a ship-owner he traded with European ports. He spent a lot of money on his place, Dekhams Hall, where he entertained lavishly. He married a Miss Monkhouse of Bloan,

The Bowkers of 'Tharfield'

Westmorland, a most excellent and clever woman, who brought her husband a pretty fortune. Issue:

I. MILES BOWKER, his heir.

II. BENJAMIN BOWKER, who with his elder brother, Miles, took over the ships and the trade of their father. He would not discharge his old servants when trade was ruined by the European wars, so lost heavily. Farmed sheep in the Cheviots. Entered the Navy on the *Leocadia* and was drowned off the coast of the Baltic. He married and had issue:

John Harrison Bowker, Commander R.N., who married Margaret — and had issue:

- | | |
|--|----------------------------|
| (a) Elizabeth Margaret Bowker, spinster. | } This family now extinct. |
| (b) Kenneth Bouchier Bowker. | |
| (c) Durham Bouchier Bowker. | |
| (d) Oswald Bouchier Bowker of the 12th Lancers, Indian Army. | |
| (e) Frank Bouchier Bowker. | |

III. DOROTHY BOWKER, born 1st June 1756; died 29th May 1847. Married William Scurfield of Coatham Mandeville and had issue.

IV. CATHERINE BOWKER of Stockton-on-Tees, died aged 96.

MILES BOWKER of Dekhams Hall and later of 'Tharfield', Cape of Good Hope, was born in 1764. He was a ship-owner and afterwards a successful sheep-farmer in the Cheviots. He left the north to farm merino sheep in Devon and had a fine flock at Cherborough Park, where he remained eight years. Merinos 'went out of fashion', so he leased 'Manor Farm', South Newton, from the Earl of Pembroke, but after a three years' occupation he headed 'Bowker's Party' and came out to the Cape of Good Hope with the 1820 settlers. He was granted a farm in Lower Albany, which he named 'Olive Burn'. The Government subsequently extended the grant into a much larger estate. This property he named 'Tharfield', and lived there a respected gentle-

man until his death in 1838. Miles Bowker married Anna Maria, the daughter of John Mitford of Mitford Castle, Northumberland, and had issue, nine sons and two daughters:

1. JOHN MITFORD BOWKER (1801-47), *m.* Mary Anne Standen.
2. WILLIAM MONKHOUSE BOWKER (1803-76), *m.* Hessie Susannah Oosthuisen.
3. MILES BRABBIN BOWKER (1806-64), *m.* Barbara Petronella Oosthuisen.
4. THOMAS HOLDEN BOWKER (1808-85), *m.* Julia Eliza McGowan.
5. BERTRAM EGERTON BOWKER (1810-1907), *m.* Anne Simpson.
6. ROBERT MITFORD BOWKER (1812-92), *m.* Sarah Elizabeth Hart.
7. SEPTIMUS BOURCHIER BOWKER (1814-95), *m.* Fanny Forward.
8. OCTAVIUS BOURCHIER BOWKER (1816-99), *m.* Mary Anne Wilmot.
9. MARY ELIZABETH BOWKER (1818-99), *m.* Frederick William Barber.
10. ANNA MARIA BOWKER (1820-95), *m.* John F. K. Atherstone.
11. JAMES HENRY BOWKER (1822-1900). Unmarried.

The Bowkers were one of the principal 1820 settler families, coming out in the S.S. *Weymouth* under the leadership of Miles Bowker. Unlike the majority of other parties who generally banded themselves together, each paying their own share, Miles Bowker's party for the most part consisted of his family, retainers, and farm-servants, all of whose passages he paid.

Miles Bowker's eldest son, John Mitford, remained in England to wind up the estate and came out two years later, but the children who accompanied their parents on the *Weymouth* were William Monkhouse, Miles Brabbin, Thos. Holden, Robert Mitford, Septimus Bouchier, Octavius

Bourchier, and Mary Elizabeth. This daughter, Mary Elizabeth, afterwards married Frederick William Barber. While the *Weymouth* was anchored in Table Bay on the journey out, another daughter, Anna Maria, was born. She became the wife of John Atherstone and lived at 'Iron Pot', now called 'Atherstone', near Grahamstown.

The ninth and youngest son, James Henry Bowker, was born at 'Tharfield' and died unmarried in 1900. He was the first Commandant of the Frontier Armed and Mounted Police (F.A.M.P.), which developed at a later date into the C.M.R. He left a lot of property near Durban and a will that could not be found.

Before coming out with the 1820 settlers Miles Bowker had been sheep-farming in Wiltshire; he also owned Dekhams Hall in Northumberland. In his application to the Colonial Office he stated that he was worth about £14,000 and had had considerable experience in sheep and wool-farming.

Arriving at Port Elizabeth the party travelled by wagon to Grahamstown and then down to the coast, where they had been granted a farm. This place they called 'Olive Burn' and they lived there for some years. Owing to the 'respectability' of the Bowker family the Colonial Office instructed the Cape Government to grant to Miles Bowker a much larger area. The original grant was therefore extended considerably. This place they called 'Tharfield', after some place of the same name in England, and there they lived for close on 100 years before it was sold out of the family.

John Mitford Bowker, the eldest son, although he came out two years later, was also promised a grant of land, but this was only made to his mother after his death in 1847.

Miles Bowker was the first breeder of woolled sheep in the Eastern Province; the wool was spun into yarn by some of the women who had brought out spinning-jennies from England. It was then made into blankets by a settler named Bradshaw. However, this industry did not pay, so the wool was sold in Grahamstown to a Mr. Allison who made it into felt hats.

Most of the sheep were stolen by the Kaffirs in the war of 1835, and the remainder were moved to the Koonap. Generally 'Tharfield' was not harassed much by the Kaffirs, because Miles Bowker's nine sons were a tough lot and could all ride well and shoot straight. In addition to this household cavalry there were several other men of the party who lived on the farm. In those days they fired first and asked questions afterwards, so usually 'Tharfield' was treated as a hornets' nest and given a wide berth. The Bowkers lived on at 'Tharfield' until the death of old Miles in 1838, and he was buried in the Bowker graveyard there.

One stormy night, somewhere about this time, the family were seated round the table at 'Tharfield' having their evening meal. They had only just commenced when they were startled by the sound of some one galloping furiously up to the house through the darkness. Guessing that it must be important, as no one would ride like that in the dark unless he wanted to break his neck, they rushed out to see what it was all about. And it was important, too. A man had been sent out from Bathurst to warn the farmers that a Kaffir war had broken out and it was reported that a Kaffir impi was coming round the mouth of the Fish River. This was nine miles away, so there was little time to be lost.

The farmers were warned to concentrate immediately on Bathurst, where a laager was being formed. Everything was now in a bustle—there was no time to eat—they must all be on the road in an hour. Some ran to the kraal and inspanned the wagon, the women put together the food, bedding, and other immediate requirements, others collected their flint-locks, powder-horns, and bags of bullets. The servants that could be *trusted* were sent forward immediately, driving in the cattle and sheep. All the old family silver bearing the arms of their ancestors, the Bouchiers, willow-pattern plates, silver candelabras, and many other heirlooms from Dekhams Hall, were piled on to the table and tied up in the table-cloth. It was a heavy load under which four of the stalwart Bowker brothers staggered off into the darkness. They went out of the back of 'Tharfield' house and down into

the valley, which was then wooded, and buried this treasure somewhere in the forest below the road to Bathurst. By tradition it is not supposed to be more than a quarter of a mile from the house. The silver having been buried and the other preparations completed, they trekked into Bathurst by the light of the moon. Other settlers had been warned, and soon the whole neighbourhood had concentrated round the old stone church.

In the Kaffir-war journals of Thomas Holden Bowker, M.L.A., he gives a vivid account of a night-attack by Kaffirs on a laager at Bathurst.

The women and children had been placed in the church, which was crammed to overflowing, while the men with their muzzle-loading flint-locks defended the building from the outside. The Kaffirs made several fierce attacks, charging through the darkness with fiery sticks with which they intended setting fire to the thatch roof of the church. They were met by a fierce volley at close quarters which drove them back again into the bush. The record stated that each time the Kaffirs charged up to the church there was a terrible uproar among the women and children who, being closed in could only hear the shouting and the firing of the battle outside, and imagined that all their men-folk were being assagaied and that they were all about to be burned in the church. However, the Kaffirs were eventually beaten off, but the Bathurst laager was too small for them to remain there, so they concentrated on Grahamstown.

Although many of the homesteads were burned down, the house at 'Tharfield' escaped this fate; but everything movable was stolen, and it was many years before the Bowkers returned to the farm to make a fresh start.

John Mitford Bowker, the eldest son, was married and living at 'Willow Fountain', near Carlisle Bridge, and Mrs. Miles Bowker and some of the family lived there for many years, at any rate until after the war of 1846. When they finally went back to 'Tharfield' they could not find where the treasure was buried. It had been buried in a hurry and in the dark, and a subsequent fire had destroyed a portion of the



ANNA MARIA BOWKER (Mrs. MILES BOWKER, of Tharfield)
Daughter of JOHN MITFORD of Mitford Castle

forest, making it harder to recognize the locality. Some of the brothers who had been present at the time were away on other farms; Robert was at 'Craigie Burn', near Somerset East, and Bertram was at 'Oakwell', near Grahamstown, so the matter was left over in the hope that when they came down they would be able to find the spot.

But the 'Tharfield' treasure was never found, although successive generations of Bowkers have been digging in likely spots ever since. I was present on one occasion when we dug a deep hole under a tree where a previous depression made the place look as if a hole had been dug there in the past. We found a large flat stone and beneath it the skeleton of a native.

The 'Tharfield' treasure is still undiscovered, waiting for some Bowker to buy back the ancestral home with its historic associations and the old Bowker cemetery. He would then be able to dig up the treasure at his leisure and it would be his just reward.

Miles Bowker's two daughters married Fred Barber and John Atherstone and appear elsewhere. It therefore remains to give a brief account of these nine sons and a list of their children.

JOHN MITFORD BOWKER (1801-47) was the eldest son of Miles Bowker of 'Tharfield'. He did not come out in the *Weymouth* in 1820 with the rest of the family, but remained in England to wind up the estate, and came out to the Cape in 1822. He was nevertheless promised the usual grant of land made to the settlers, but somehow it was overlooked and was only made to his mother after his death in 1847. He was held in high esteem by Sir Benjamin D'Urban, who appointed him Diplomatic Agent on the frontier at Fort Brown. It was principally due to his foresight and tact that peace was maintained with the Fingo tribes. He resigned this position in about 1839 or '40 and lived for a time at 'Willow Fountain', a portion of the farm 'Thorn Kloof', near Carlisle Bridge. Many of his letters (which have been printed in book-form) were written from 'Willow Fountain', and the ruins

of the old homestead, which was burnt by the Kaffirs in the war of 1846, are still to be seen.

The whole Bowker family, with the exception of Robert (who was at Somerset East) and Bertram (who was at 'Oakwell'), were there at this time. 'Willow Fountain' was abandoned and they made a laager at 'Thorn Kloof'.

John Atherstone (who married Anna Bowker) and Frederick William Barber (who had married Mary Bowker) were also defending this laager. They were heavily attacked by the Kaffirs and severe fighting took place.

The following letter to Sir A. Stockenstrom by J. M. Bowker, written a few days after the post at 'Thorn Kloof' had been abandoned, gives an interesting account of the attack on the Bowker laager on the 2nd May 1846.

Honoured Sir,

7th May 1846.

Allow me to express my sincere thanks for your letter of yesterday, appointing me one of your deputies under the present emergency; and I assure you that I shall come forward with pleasure as soon as the remains of my property, my wife, and children are removed to some place of safety.

To explain my present position I will now enter a little into detail. My brothers, old William Nel and his sons, and Mr. Webb of Botha's Drift, had formed a small laager at my brother Miles's house, where it was our intention to remain. The Kaffirs attacked our camp several times and one night kept up the firing for upwards of two hours. We could do them little mischief as they ensconced themselves among our large flocks of sheep; they also could make no impression on us and we were confident of our position.

Of this I wrote an account to the Agent-General, Major Smith. But on Saturday last we found to our cost the insecurity of our post. On that evening a herdsman ran down from the Fish River Randt to say that the Kaffirs were going off with sheep. Two of my brothers and W. Nel (the son) took the only three horses we had at the time and rode off, and I called for volunteers on foot, and found as I ran off that

I had five others with me. On getting to the heights, two miles off, we saw the three horsemen sharply engaged with a body of Kaffirs, and while we were planning how we could assist them, we found that we ourselves were nearly surrounded by at least one hundred Kaffir cavalry.

They had come out to surround the first party but their attention was at once turned to us on foot. We kept together, from one round bush to another, and by sharp firing, hitting several, we kept them much at bay, as they had little command over their horses and fired badly. Fortunately for us, just as we got to the last bush, four more of my brothers got up within shot of their front, which was on the point of hemming us in.

At this moment Mr. Webb's ankle was smashed by a ball, but their front being turned by good rifle practice, we succeeded in joining the latter party, carrying our wounded man. At the same time the three horsemen got up, and mounting Webb, we retreated slowly to our camp among hundreds of balls, most of them badly aimed.

Having effected our escape, the Kaffirs mustered on the hill 500 or 600 strong, no doubt to consult about taking our camp, but as they could not kill thirteen men in the open field, and all on foot but three, they concluded to let us alone. That night, as we were only twenty efficient men in all, we sent to His Excellency for assistance. We had to give a Fingo 60 dollars to risk the journey and on Sunday we kept all the stock we had at the house. The Kaffirs got possession of two flocks of sheep and kept pushing over flocks of 100 to 300 into sight, to tempt us again up to Skietkloof. But by the help of our glasses we always found them out.

On Monday our express returned and as the Kaffirs had already got possession of all the stock of Jurie Lombard's laager, and much reduced our own, His Excellency refusing aid, we deemed it proper to abandon our post and attempt to place what we had left in some securer position and with the greatest regret we started on Tuesday morning.

With twenty burghers we could have maintained our position, though the Skietkloof is one of the most impenetrable

fastnesses of the Fish River. Mr. Webb died of his wound on Tuesday and we had one man, a bastard, shot dead on our side, in one of the night attacks.

It is our intention to fall back on my brother Robert's at 'Glen Avon', and after having put away the women, children and stock I will willingly come forward in any way that I can be of service. My brother Holden, who was a Captain of Provisionals last war, is also anxious to tender his services, as also two or three of my younger brothers. We regret exceedingly the step we have been obliged to take; but common prudence dictated it on aid being refused us, as we saw that if the Kaffirs had succeeded in cutting off our party of thirteen, the laager with women and children was left to their mercy.

J. M. BOWKER.

Later on J. M. B. was a Commandant of the Burgher force and did good service on the frontier, but the Government hopelessly mismanaged this war, the burgher forces were disbanded, and peace patched up with Kreli and the other chiefs, while the Kaffirs were still murdering and stealing in the Colony.

It was still unsafe to return to his farm, so with his wife and family in a wagon and the remains of his sheep he took shelter at his brother Bertram's farm 'Oakwell', near Grahams-town. He died there from inflammation of the lungs on the 11th April 1847.

He married Mary Anne Standen and had the following family:

1. Duncan Campbell (1838-), *m.* Beatrice Pringle.
2. John Mitford (1839-1924), *m.* Elizabeth Bowker.
3. Standen, died young.
4. Miles (1844-97), *m.* Bessie Duthie.
5. Bouchier (1845-91), *m.* (1) Janie Duthie, (2) — Hallier.
6. Mary (Polly) (1847-1907), *m.* Jim Bowker.

After J. M. B.'s death his widow and the family lived for some years at 'Mitford Park', near Riebeck East. This farm

is now owned by Mr. T. Tamplin Hoole, and he has carefully preserved on the verandah many stones on which the Bowkers carved their names in 1869.

Commandant Duncan Bowker, the eldest son of John Mitford Bowker, is the present head of the clan. He is 95 years old and is at present (1933) living on his farm 'Doornberg', near Conway, C.P.

WILLIAM MONKHOUSE BOWKER (1803-76) was the second son of Miles Bowker of 'Tharfield'. He lived on the farm with his parents, and while there married Hessie Susannah Oosthuisen in 1836. He left 'Tharfield' in about 1839 or '40 and moved to Upper Albany where he farmed sheep, cattle, and horses on a farm now known as 'Eland's Kop' on the Koonap River. Most of the sheep from 'Tharfield' were moved up to the Koonap, as there was less chance of their being stolen by the Kaffirs, and besides that the country was found to be more suitable.

He then hired and lived on a farm called 'Waterfall' until the outbreak of the Kaffir war in 1846, when he joined the rest of the family in a big laager at 'Thorn Kloof', now owned by Frank Bowker, his grandson. In order to save his sheep and cattle from the Kaffirs he trekked away to Somerset East and stayed with his brother Robert Bowker at 'Craigie Burn'. After the war he returned to a farm called 'Maastricht', which he hired.

In 1850 there was another war scare and he trekked away as far as Cookhouse, when the alarm seems to have faded out and he returned, only to trek away a few weeks later.

He spent some years trekking about in the Somerset and Graff Reinet districts with his large herds of cattle and sheep, and only returned to 'Thorn Kloof' in 1853.

During one of the wars William was a Commandant and was at the recapture of Fort Armstrong which had been taken by the Kaffirs. While he was on active service he left his wife and family up at 'Craigie Burn' (Somerset East) with his brother Robert.

The Bowkers of 'Tharfield'

When all these wars and rumours of wars were finished he settled down at 'Thorn Kloof' to sheep-farming. William Bowker was a highly respected man of fine character and well liked by all. He was a J.P. and a Field Cornet, and sometime about 1864 he was elected M.P. for Albany. He had a wide knowledge of medicine, and the local people (particularly the Dutch) used to send for him when they were ill, for doctors were scarce in those days.

He bought several other farms in the neighbourhood and died a fairly wealthy man in 1876, and was buried on his farm 'Thorn Kloof'. His widow died in 1911 at the age of 95 and is buried next to him. His family were:

1. Miles Robert (1837-1913), *m.* Emma Beddoe.
2. Nelly (1842-1929), *m.* Henry Currie.
3. Maria (1845-1930), *m.* Evelyn Cloete.
4. Mary Eliz. (1847-), *m.* John Norton.
5. Sybil Mitford (1849-53).
6. Wilhelmina (1852-), *m.* Clem Currie.
7. Hester Frances (1855-1923), *m.* Peter Cloete.

MILES BRABBIN BOWKER (1806-64) was the third son of Miles Bowker of 'Tharfield', and he lived with his parents on the farm until about the time of his father's death in 1838. He was the first of the sons to take unto himself a wife, for about 1830 he married Barbara Petronella Oosthuisen, sister to Hessie, who married his brother William.

In 1839 or '40 he trekked up to 'Thorn Kloof', and was with the rest of the clan in the laager there until they decided to quit. When he came back after the war everything was in a terrible state. The house had been burnt down and the military had been camping at the homestead. Everything was so dirty that he said he could not live in a pigsty and would rather make a fresh start somewhere else. So he sold the farm to his brother William and purchased 'Groenfontein', near by, and lived there until the war of 1850, when they again had to flee.

Despite all these wars and other misfortunes he grew rich enough to retire. He sold his farm and leased out

his sheep, and returned to 'Tharfield' to spend the rest of his days in peace by the sea. He was taken ill there, and after a time his brother William went down and brought him up to 'Thorn Kloof', where after a month's illness he died in 1864 and is buried on the farm. His widow survived until 1895, dying at the age of 87, and is buried next to him.

In his young days he was a particularly active man and a good athlete. He was 6 ft. 2 in. in height and is reputed to have been able to jump his own height.

He had no family and so left his property to his nephew Miles Robert (William's son).

THOMAS HOLDEN BOWKER, fourth son of Miles Bowker of 'Tharfield', was born in England in 1808 and died at 'Tharfield' on the 26th October 1885.

His early life was spent at Cherborough Park in Devon and later at Manor Farm, South Newton, in which town he received his education until, when 12 years of age, he emigrated with his father to the Cape of Good Hope.

His first experience of Kaffir war was in 1827 when he was on the Felcani Commando with his three brothers J. M., W. M., and B. E. He also served through the Kaffir wars of '35, '46, and '50, and as Commandant his defence of Wittlesea is said to have saved the Eastern Province.

He was at 'Thorn Kloof' when the Kaffir war of 1846 broke out and the Bowker laager was attacked by about 300 natives. Some of his brothers were being surrounded in the open when he, with his brothers Sep. and Octavius and Fred Barber, arrived. A bullet from Holden's gun¹ knocked a petty chief, a son of Mapassa, off the white horse he was riding while urging on his men. The Kaffirs gathered round their wounded chief and the delay gave the white men time to get back to the laager.

¹ One must not forget that in those days the popular weapon was the 'Tower Musket', a smooth-bore flint-lock muzzle-loader which fired a round bullet which was effective only up to sixty yards. The average rate of fire was about four shots a minute, and misfires were frequent.

Thomas Holden Bowker was the founder of Queenstown, and the hexagonal lay-out was his design, so constructed to be more easily defended in a Kaffir war. 'Bowker's Kop' in the vicinity is named after him. He was the originator of the system of frontier defence which the Governor adopted and erroneously called 'Cathcart's' System. (See Sir George Cory's *Rise of South Africa*.)

He was a Member of the Cape Parliament for Albany (and later for Queenstown) and sat in both the Upper and the Lower House at different periods, where his fearless nature procured him the name of 'Thomas the Tartar'. His merciless attacks on certain unscrupulous members in the 'Great Land Swindle' of Griqualand West resulted in his unpopularity, but reflect to his eternal credit. At the founding of Kimberley he was the Government Agent in the 'City of Tents'.

By the Dutch South Africans he was esteemed so highly that in 1863 he was offered the Presidency of the Orange Free State, but declined the honour as his first interests were the Queen's.

In his old age he fell over a cliff and injured his hip which necessitated his using a crutch for the rest of his life. (This crutch is now in the Albany Museum, Grahamstown, and also a bow and arrow which he used with great skill. When a young man he attacked and killed a full-grown leopard single-handed, his only weapon being a club.)

In character Thomas Holden Bowker was quite outstanding, and to few men could the epithet of Bayard, *sans peur et sans reproche*, more fitly apply.

He married on the 18th October 1854 (at Mowbray, Cape) Julia Eliza, daughter of John McGowan of Edinburgh, and a maternal descendant of the Earls of Cornwallis. She was born in 1827 and died at 'Tharfield' on the 26th December 1903. She was a clever and accomplished woman, and her many beautiful pencil sketches are a delight to her descendants. She and her husband are buried in the family graveyard at 'Tharfield' next to Miles and Anna Bowker, and a tombstone carved with the Bouchier arms has been raised to their memory.

Thomas Holden Bowker's family are as follows :

1. Emily Atherstone, born Grahamstown 3/9/1855. Married 25/1/1881 at Bathurst her cousin Robert Hart Bowker, and has issue.
2. Thomas Holden, born Somerset East 8/3/1857. Unmarried. Died Kitale, Kenya, 10/7/1932. Farmed at 'Tharfield'. Served in Gaika War. Emigrated to Kenya Colony.
3. Katherine Mitford, born 'Claremont', Capetown, 3/4/1860. Died Transkei 25/2/1927. Married Miles Egerton Bowker, and has one son, H. Mitford Bowker.
4. Mary Layard, born Capetown 26/4/1863. Died Nanyuki, Kenya Colony, 8/3/1928. Married Henry Mitford Barber (afterwards Mitford-Barberton) at Bathurst, on 28/3/1894. Issue (q.v.).
5. John Mitford, born 'Tharfield' 18/11/1864. Died 28/7/1929 at Salisbury, Rhodesia. Married Lillian Ethel Hayter. No issue. Served through Boer War as a Captain in Brabant's Horse. Dangerously wounded at Spytfontein between Richmond and Hanover, C.P. Farmer and prospector.
6. Julia Eliza, born 'Tharfield' 18/11/1867. She died 18/7/1872. Buried in the family graveyard at 'Tharfield'.
7. Miles McGowan, born 'Tharfield' 4/8/1869. Lieut. in Brabant's Horse in the Boer War. Held the most exposed trench at the siege of Wepner. In numerous engagements. Later raised and commanded the Port Alfred 'Imperial Mounted Police' until the end of the Boer War. Settled in Rhodesia. Married in 1920 Gertrude Neethling, and has one son, Humphrey, born 13/1/1927.

BERTRAM EGERTON BOWKER (1810-1907) was the fifth son of Miles Bowker of 'Tharfield'. Being the godson of John Mitford, Lord Redesdale, he remained with him in England when the others came out in the *Weymouth* in 1820, but he fretted for his family and came out to the Cape in 1822 with his elder brother, John Mitford Bowker.

Much of his youth was spent out on the veld on horseback, guarding the large herds of cattle on 'Tharfield', and he was in the Felcani Commando in 1827 with his brothers J. M. B., W. M. B., and T. H. B.

He was one of the brothers who buried the treasure in 1835 (?), but could never find the place, except that it was 'somewhere down there', indicating with a sweep of his hand the valley at the back of 'Tharfield' house.

The family lost heavily in the war of 1835, when over 1,000 cattle and many thousands of sheep were stolen from 'Tharfield', and Bertram went up to the Koonap with the others when the stock was moved there. In 1840 or '41 he moved on to the Fish River Rand, where the family had acquired a lot of land.

B. E. B. then took for his portion the farm 'Klipfontein' (now 'Bowden'), built a house which is still in use, and lived there for some years. After one of his children had died there he sold the place and bought 'Oakwell', near Grahamstown. He was living there during the war of 1846, and it was there that his brother J. M. B. died in 1847.

After living at 'Oakwell' for many years, he sold the place and bought two farms, 'Pembroke' and 'Egerton', between King William's Town and East London.

During the Kaffir war of 1877, at the special request of Sir Bartle Frere, he raised and commanded 'Bowker's Rovers'. This corps had many Bowkers and other relatives in its ranks, and did excellent service. On their return to King William's Town the Commandant was especially congratulated by Sir Bartle Frere, who said that they had saved the country from being overrun by Kaffirs.

An unfortunate incident happened in this campaign when Bowker's Rovers came to a deserted Kaffir kraal, and, supposing the absent people to be rebels who had fled, the Commandant ordered the kraal to be burnt and the cattle seized. Unluckily, the owner of the kraal, a man named Yoyo, happened to be on our side and not a rebel, and after the war he sued B. E. B. for the return of the lost stock. Owing to the Government not repudiating the claim or compensating

the native for the stock lost during the war, the case was given against B. E. B., and he was thus ruined, in the cause of the country he had saved from invasion.

For many years he was a Member of the Legislative Council and a great friend of Sir Bartle Frere, and when in Capetown spent much of his time at Government House.

He continued to live at 'Pembroke' until 1887, when the family moved up to the then new gold-fields at Johannesburg.

In his old age he lived with his brother, Col. James Henry Bowker, at Natal, and after the latter's death he moved to Johannesburg, where he died in 1907 at the age of 97 years and 8 months.

Bertram Egerton Bowker married Anne Simpson and had the following family:

1. Ellen, died in infancy.
2. Sybil Mitford, died in infancy.
3. Mary (), *m.* Thos. Chas. White.
4. Bertram Egerton, died aged 4.
5. Annie Elizabeth (-1933), *m.* John Frank.
6. Thomas Holden (), unmarried.
7. Bertha (1848-), unmarried.
8. Fanny (), *m.* Roland Bettington.
9. Agnes (), *m.* (1) Chas. and (2) Claude, Wright.
10. Alec (), unmarried.
11. William Russell (), *m.* Helena Birt.
12. Gordon Cross (1857-), *m.* Eveline Currie.

ROBERT MITFORD BOWKER (1812-92) was the sixth son of Miles Bowker of 'Tharfield', and probably left this farm after the death of his father in 1838, for on the 19th December 1838 he married Sarah Elizabeth Hart at 'Glen Avon', near Somerset East.

Living at 'Craigie Burn', high on the mountains above Somerset East, he escaped the ravages of the many Kaffir wars. His home was used as a place of refuge by his brothers, and they often left their wives, families, and stock at 'Craigie Burn' when they had to go off and fight the Kaffirs.

Robert Mitford Bowker represented the district of Somerset East as Member of Parliament for over forty years and later served as a member of the Legislative Council for two or three years. In Parliament he was known as 'Robert the Jester', although it is not known whether he produced any speeches in verse.

Robert Mitford Bowker's family are as follows :

1. Anna Maria (1840-75), unmarried.
2. Ellen Tamplin (1841-), *m.* Robert Hart.
3. Annie Stretch (1843-1929), *m.* James Pringle.
4. Jas. Fredk. Fleischer (1845-1913), *m.* Josie Smuts.
5. Effie Mitford (1846-), *m.* John Stevens.
6. Robert Mitford (1848-), *m.* Agnes Bowen.
7. Septimus Bouchier (1850-), *m.* Katie Harvey.
8. William Henry (1851-1927), *m.* Helena Snyman.
9. Robert Hart (1853-), *m.* Emily A. Bowker.
10. Chas. Lennox (1854-), died young.
11. Sarah Elizabeth (1856-1912), *m.* John Bowker.
12. Oliver Osbaldeston (1857-), *m.* Susie Smuts.
13. Miles Egerton (1860-1933), *m.* Katie Bowker.

Robert Mitford Bowker died on the 24th August 1892 and is buried at 'Craigie Burn'. The farm has now been in the family for close on 100 years and is at present owned by his son, Robert Hart Bowker, who is now 80 years of age.

SEPTIMUS BOURCHIER BOWKER (1814-95). It is not known when he moved up from 'Tharfield', but at any rate he was up at 'Thorn Kloof' with the rest of the family and helped to defend the laager against the Kaffirs in the war of 1846. He also served through the war of 1850, after which he married Fanny Forward and settled down at the farm 'Olifants Kloof', where he lived until 1869.

He then sold the farm to his nephew Miles, William's son, and bought a farm then known as 'Stompstertfontein' (now 'Alston') in the Bedford district. He farmed sheep there for many years and was very successful, afterwards buying up

several of the adjoining farms. He died there in 1895 and is buried in the family graveyard at 'Alston' along with his widow, who lived to the ripe age of 97 and died a few years ago.

Sep. and his brother Octavius once went on a hunting-trip through the Free State in the early days after the 1850 war. They had an exciting time with a charging lion, which knocked Sep.'s hat off. It must have been 'touch and go'.

Septimus's family are as follows:

1. John Bouchier (1854-1913), *m.* Susan Botha.
2. William, H. E. (1855-1931), *m.* Janie Lanham.
3. Alice Jessie (1860-), *m.* (1) F. Grainger, (2) H. Spencer.
4. Bertram Mitford (1865-), *m.* Ellen McLaren.
5. Frances Martha (1872-), *m.* Walter Gradwell.

OCTAVIUS BOURCHIER BOWKER (1816-99) was only a little boy of four when he came out with his parents in the *Weymouth*, and probably lived at 'Tharfield' with them until his father, Miles, died in 1838 and the family moved up to 'Thorn Kloof'. He was at the 'Thorn Kloof' laager with the rest of the clan in the war of 1846, and it was an unlucky native on whom he 'drew a bead' in those days. Octavius was a truly remarkable shot, and throughout the whole Eastern Province he remained unbeaten. Not only the English but many of the Dutchmen remember him as *die ou wat kan so goed skiet*.

After the war of 1846 he lived in the Graaff Reinet mountains on a farm which he called 'Glen Mitford'. It must have been fairly safe and out of the way, for his brother William trekked up there with his family and stock in the war of 1850.

He was a partner in the firm of Hayton & Bowker who dealt in fire-arms, and used to trek into the Free State with a wagon-load of guns—the old two-groove—and sell them like hot cakes. Every one knew that he was a splendid shot and was always anxious to buy his own gun. He would generally sell this for an extra £5 and then choose another.

The Bowkers of 'Tharfield'

He became a Burgher of the Free State and did yeoman service for them against the Basutos. Many stories are told of his war days, and if he had cut a notch every time he shot a native he would have needed a sharp knife and a long stick.

A company was hemmed in once for days and was being sniped at all the time. Ammunition was scarce, so the men would not fire, but let Octavius do all the shooting. When they were relieved they inspected the Basutos' *skiet-boks* and found them 'all blood and brains': Octavius's bullets had found their billets.

His wife was also a wonderful shot. Once while crossing the Free State flats their wagon was attacked by Basutos. With his wife firing from the front of the wagon and Octavius from the back, they made it so hot for the Basutos that they failed to get anywhere near the wagon.

On another occasion Octavius and two Dutchmen built a triangular kraal, into which they placed all their stock. Firing from the three corners they successfully defended it against an attack of some hundred Basutos, who were beaten off.

Robin Hood was reputed to be able to shoot an arrow for 'two north country miles and an inch'; well, Octavius, the Robin Hood of the Bowker clan, could knock the top off an ant-heap at the same distance.

After the founding of the Queenstown district he owned a farm on the Zwart Kei, where he lived for some years (1855-61?) and then moved to the Orange Free State, where the Government gave him the farm 'Champagne', near Zastron, for his good service. He died there in 1899 and is buried on the farm.

Octavius married Mary Anne Wilmot and had the following family:

1. Mary (), unmarried.
2. James (), *m.* Polly Bowker.
3. Mitford (), *m.* Annie Stubbs.
4. Ella (), *m.* — Surman.
5. Annie (), *m.* — Davis.

JAMES HENRY BOWKER (1822-1900), J.P., F.L.S., F.Z.S., F.R.G.S., F.S.S. He was the ninth and youngest son of Miles Bowker of 'Tharfield', and was born in 1822 at 'Olive Burn', where the family first lived before they were given the more extensive grant which they named 'Tharfield'.

He is perhaps the best known of the sons of Miles, for he spent many years of his life in the Government service. In all probability he served with his brothers through the early Kaffir wars, and was certainly with them in 1846 during the 'War of the Axe'. He served in the expedition against Kreli in 1858, and when the expedition had accomplished its object in driving Kreli across the Bashee, a large body of police was left in occupation of the Transkei, and James Henry Bowker was appointed to command.

He was thus the first Commandant of the Frontier Armed and Mounted Police (F.A.M.P.) which developed at a later date into the Cape Mounted Rifles (C.M.R.). This force is famous in South African history for the wonderful work it did in many of the Kaffir wars. An instance of outstanding bravery is recorded when Col. Bowker had outstripped his men in a charge. In this hand-to-hand fight he shot four Kaffirs with his revolver before his men came up and the enemy retreated into the bush.

He remained in charge until the evacuation of the country in 1866, after which he was employed with Sir Walter Currie in the settlement of the Fingoes in that portion of the Transkei which was allotted to them. Sir Walter Currie returned to the Colony before the work was finished, and Commandant Bowker was left to complete it—which he did.

Quoting from *With Sword and Statute* by Major Hook, published in 1906, who states that at the time of the war between the Orange Free State and the Basutos, when the Imperial Government took over what was left of Basutoland, Commandant Bowker was there when the settlement was made, Major Hook says: 'We were the peacemakers, and Commandant James Henry Bowker acting as Governor's Agent found his time well employed in diplomatically administering

affairs, which he did with great success. A weak point in his armour was that one of his brothers was a full-blown burgher of the Free State army, and by repute had accounted for more of the rank and file of the Basutos than any other burgher, by being the best shot in South Africa—Octavius Bowker of the good old stock.'

As High Commissioner of Basutoland Col. Bowker received the acknowledgement of the Secretary of State for the successful administration of the government of that Colony from 1868 till it was annexed to Cape Colony.

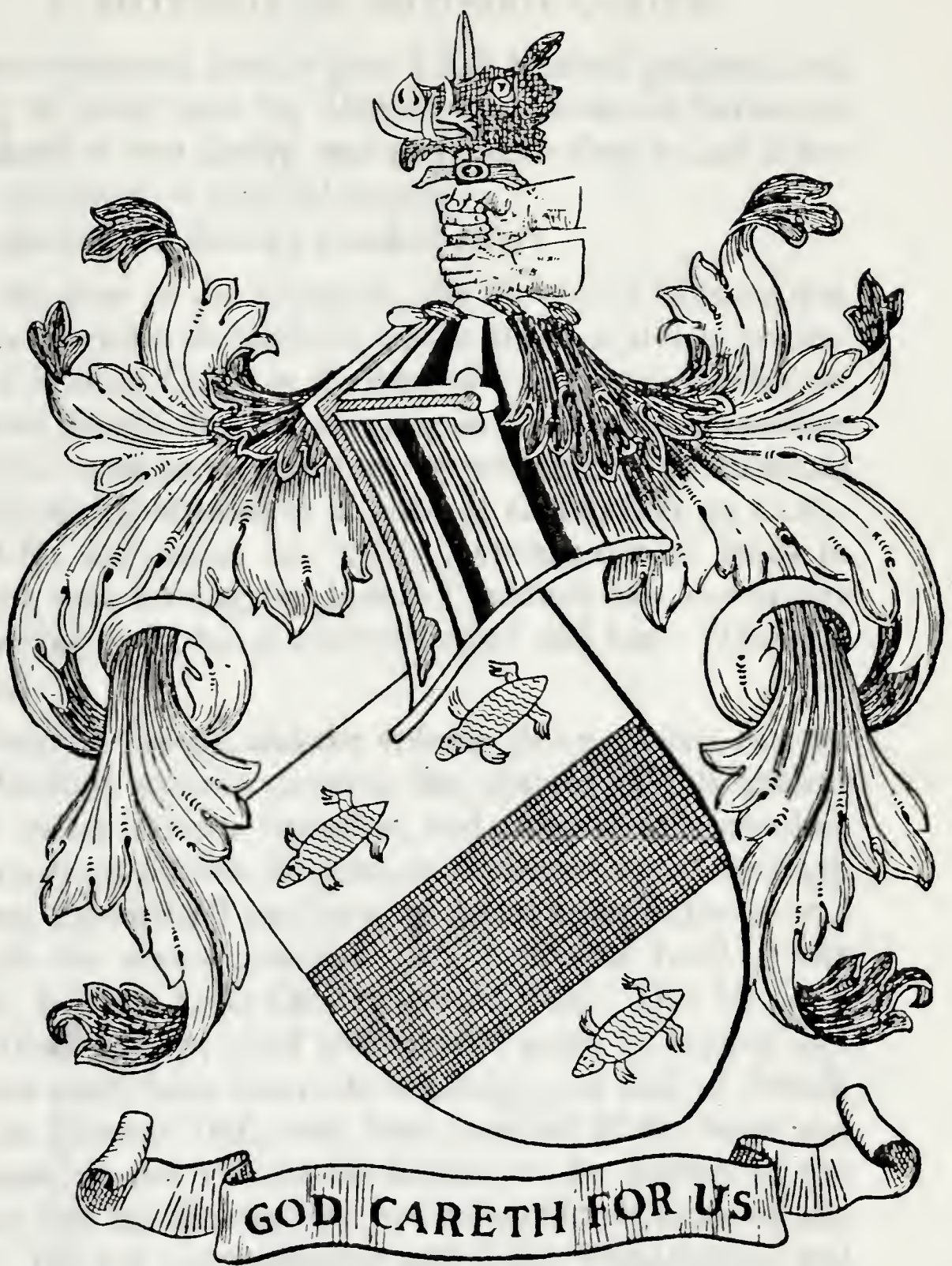
Col. Bowker was a J.P. with a wide knowledge of the law, and also a working Fellow of the Royal Geographical and other societies. Scientific bodies have not overlooked his merits as an entomologist and a botanist, in which fields he has made several discoveries, particularly butterflies, and he was joint author with Trimen of *South African Butterflies*. Much of his scientific work was carried out in conjunction with his sister, Mary Elizabeth Barber.

In his old age Col. Bowker lived at Malvern, near Durban, where he possessed considerable property, and as he had never married he left everything in his will to his nephew Hal Barber. Col. Bowker died in 1900 and is buried on the property near Malvern; and as the last will and testament could not be found, the property had to be sold and the proceeds divided among a large number of nephews and nieces.

This concludes the account of the nine sons of Miles Bowker of 'Tharfield'; records of the two sisters, Mary Barber and Anne Atherstone appear elsewhere. Only the grandchildren of Miles Bowker are given here, but as the majority of these have married and had large families the Bowker clan is possibly the largest in the Eastern Province, and are like unto the sand upon the sea-shore.

APPENDIX

- I. MITFORD OF MITFORD CASTLE
- II. HOARE OF DERBY
- III. BAILIE OF INNESHARGIE
- IV. EVANS OF PEMBROKE
- V. HOOLE OF CHESTER
- VI. NISBET OF DEAN



MITFORD OF MITFORD CASTLE



COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS

I. MITFORD OF MITFORD CASTLE

It is not intended here to give a full Mitford pedigree, but merely to show how the Mitford-Barbertons of Barberton are related to that family, and at the same time to add a few items of interest in Mitford history.

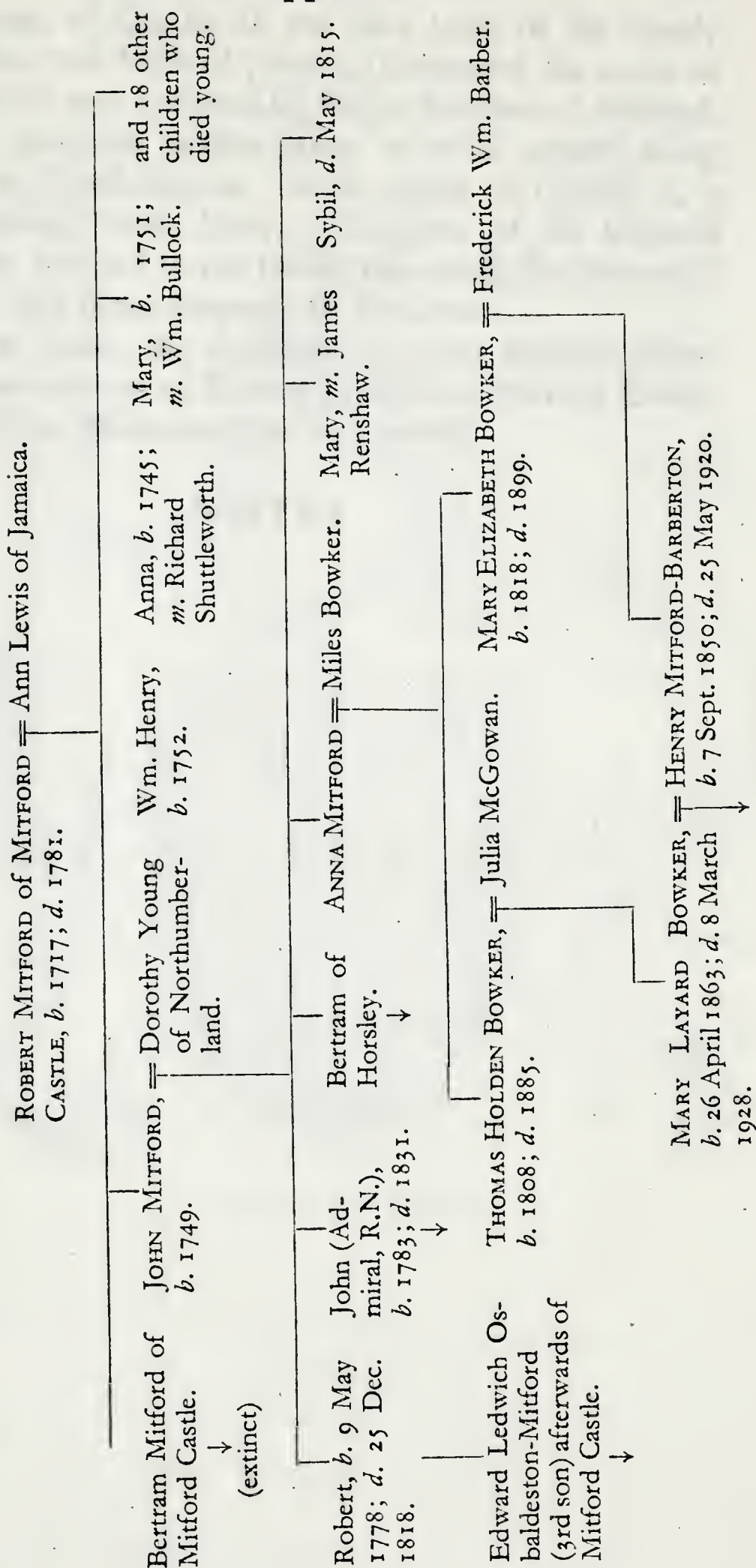
To quote from Burke's *Landed Gentry*:

At the time of the Conquest, the Barony of Mitford was held by Sir John de Mitford, whose ancestor was in possession of Mitford Castle in the time of Edward the Confessor. A certain Robert Mitford, carrying an old writing to produce at Dublin upon some occasion, 'by wch one of ye ancestors of Mitfords of Mitford in ye time of K. EDWD. ye CONFESSOR, did assure his wife's joynture out of lands in Mitford, wch writing Sir Joseph Craddock saw and attests it under his hand, but is since embezled and lost'. (Durham Booke.)

In Burke's *Peerage*, and the volume above quoted, may be seen Mitford records showing the descent of this ancient family in its various branches, and there is an unbroken pedigree from another Sir John de Mitford, born in the reign of King Edward III and coming down from father to son through the seven centuries, to the present Lord of the Manor, Bertram Lane Osbaldeston-Mitford. This Sir John de Mitford had, by deed feoffment, a grant to himself and his heirs male, from David de Strabolgi, 2nd Earl of Atholl, dated at Newton Hall, 20th May 1369, of all his lands and tenements in the ville of Molesdon, to be holden of the grantor and his descendants by the annual payment of sixpence. He was commissioned with John Widdrington and Gerald Heron to tender the oath of allegiance to the King of Scotland. (Ridpath's *Border History*.)

Charged on the Mitford coat of arms may be seen 'Three moles proper', so it is obvious that Sir John's territorial grant in the ville of Molesdon was symbolically manifested in the knightly shield.

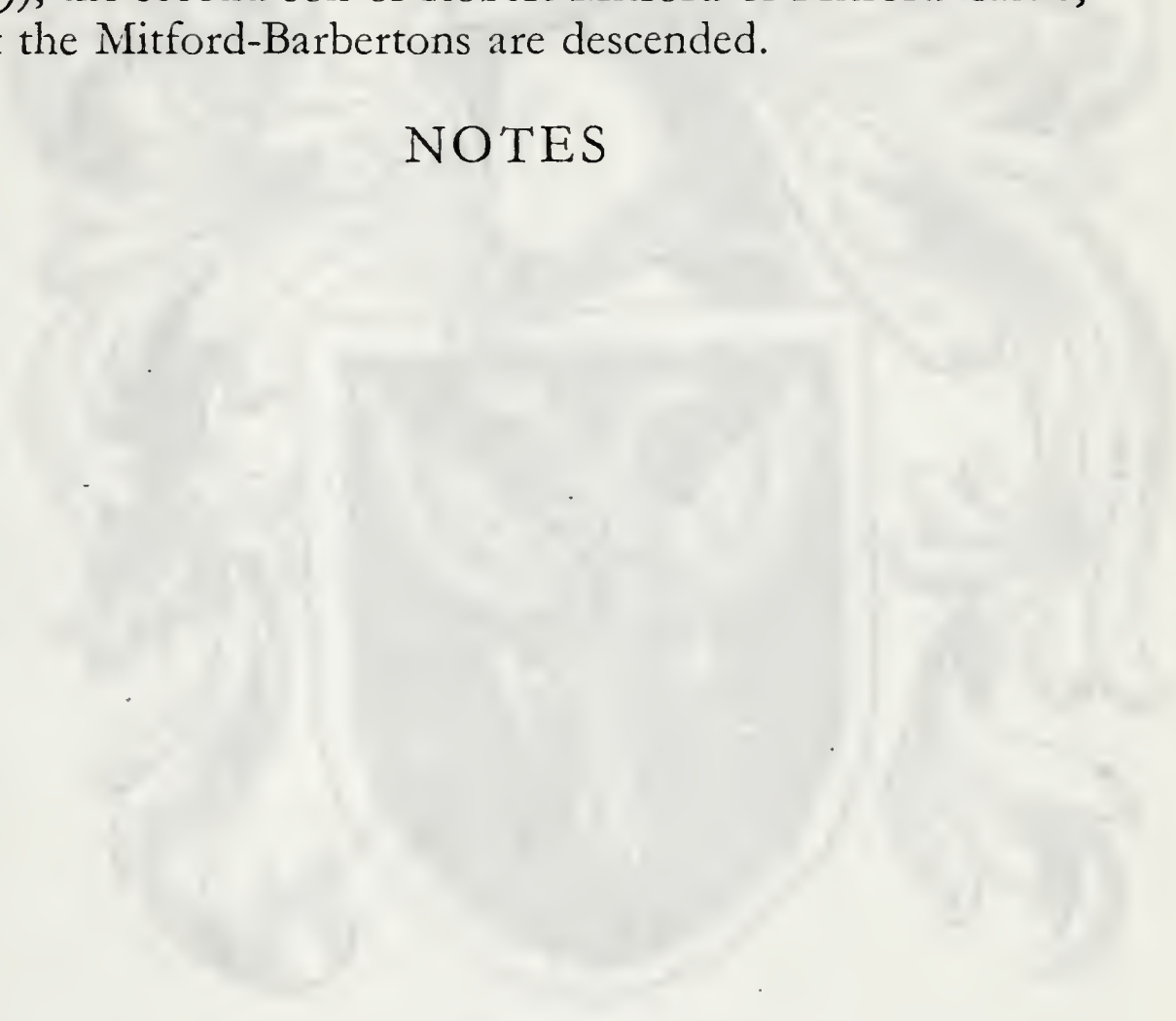
MITFORD OF MITFORD CASTLE, SHOWING CONNEXION WITH MITFORD-BARBERTON

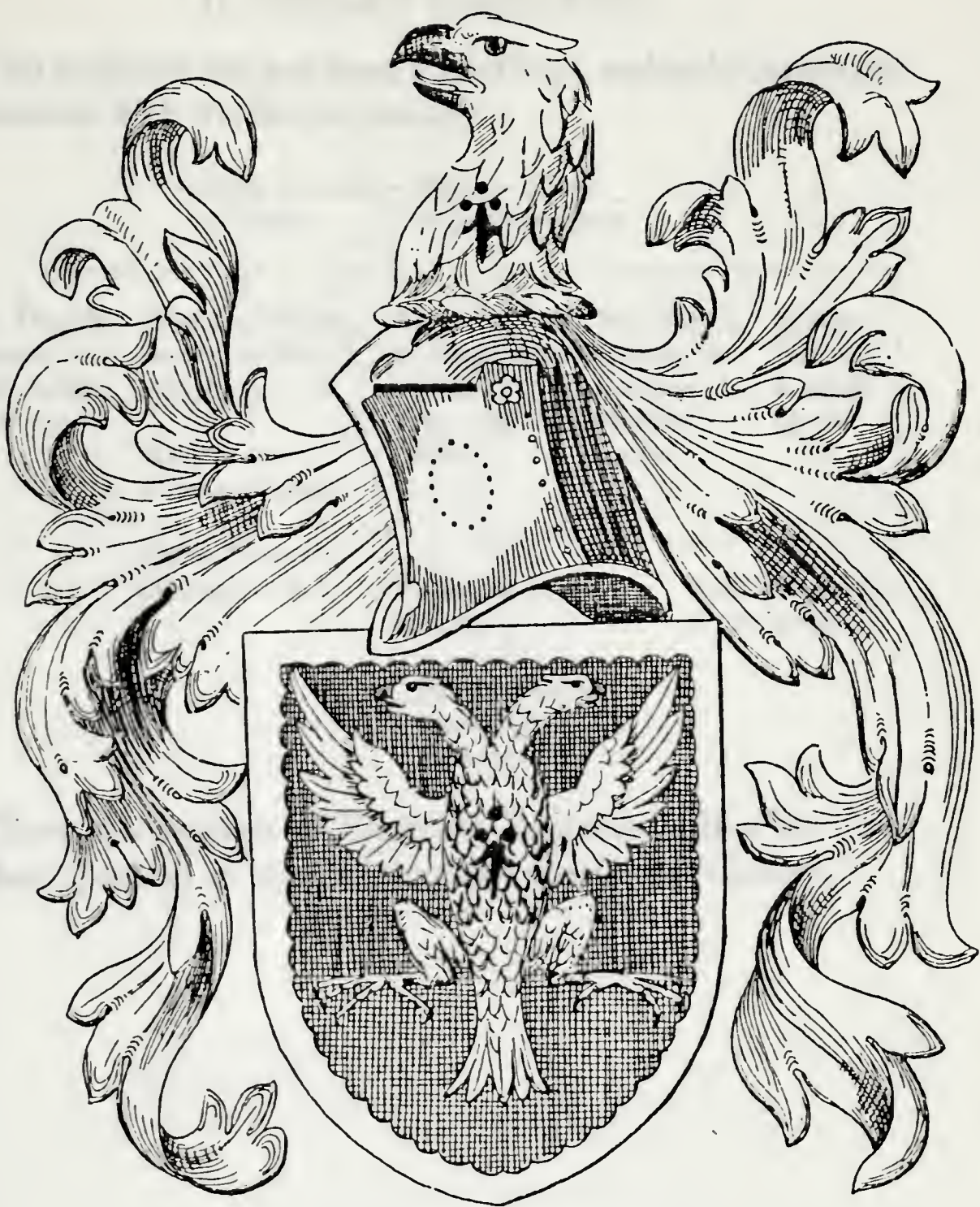


In the reign of Charles II, the then head of the family Robert Mitford of Mitford (1608-47) acquired the castle of Mitford, which was forfeited by Roger Bertram of Mitford, one of the northern barons taken in arms against King Henry III at Northampton. In the reign of George I, a Mitford marriage with Mary, a daughter of Sir Richard Osbaldeston, resulted in the family inheriting the Manor of Hunmanby, and other property in Yorkshire.

It is from Anna, the daughter of John Mitford (born 1749), the second son of Robert Mitford of Mitford Castle, that the Mitford-Barbertons are descended.

NOTES

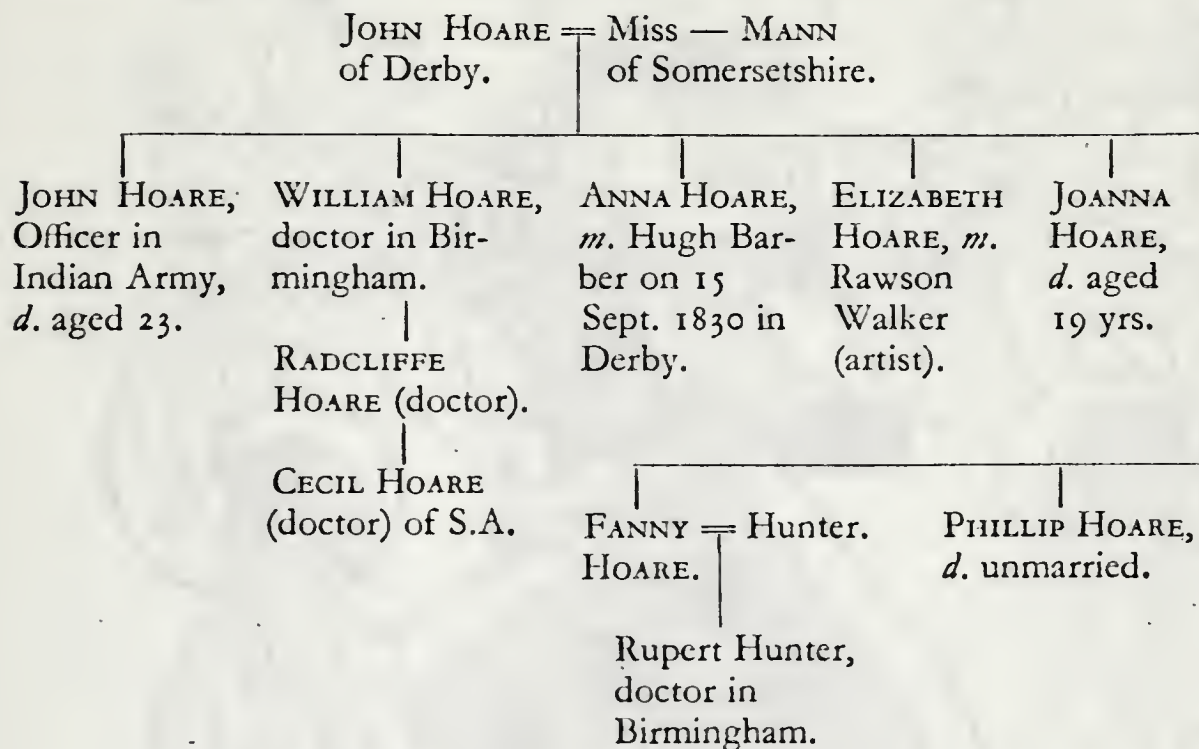




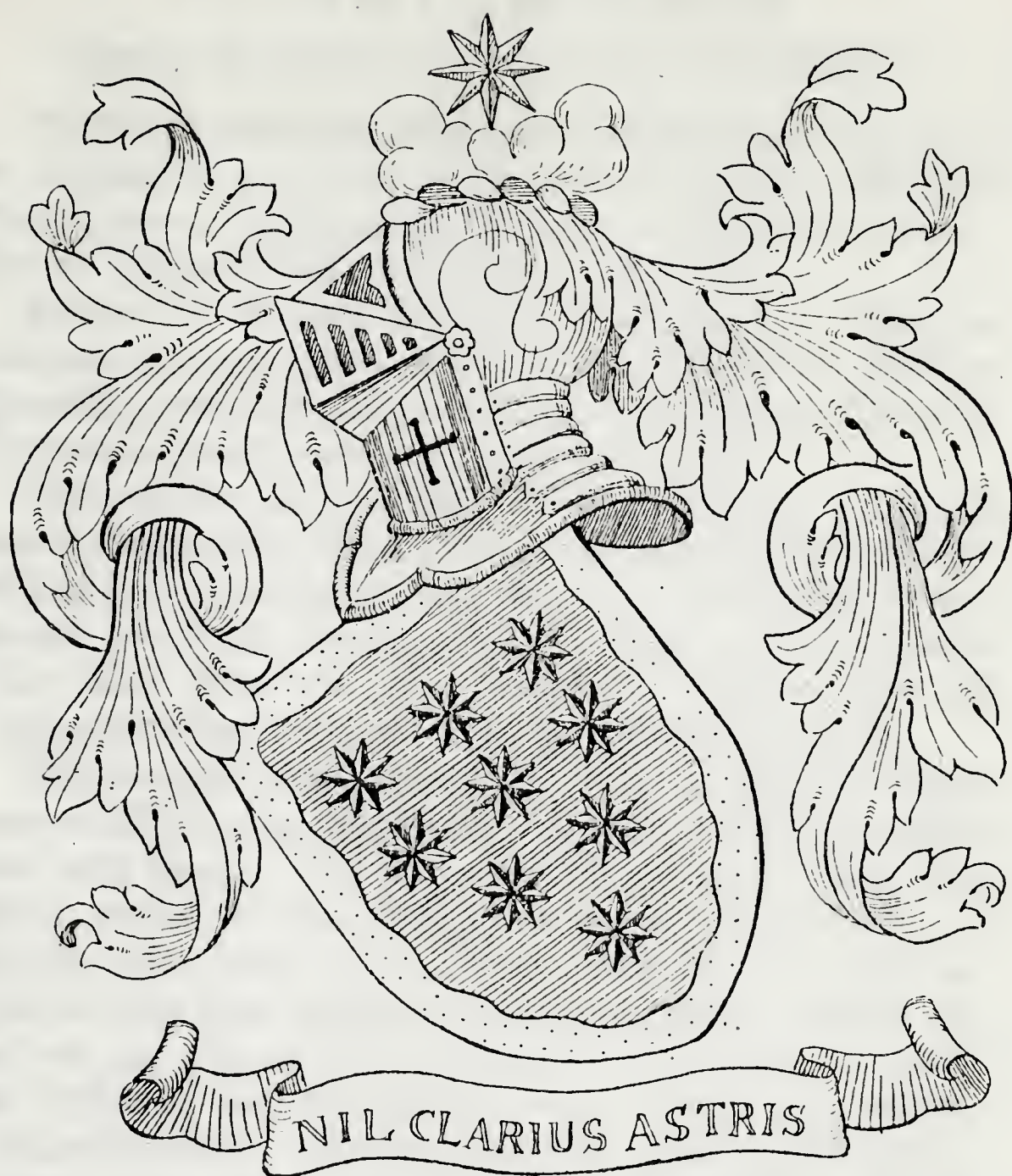
HOARE OF DERBY

II. HOARE PEDIGREE

This pedigree has not been traced back and only shows the connexion with the Barber family.



There is a portrait of Elizabeth Rawson-Walker by Tom Barber (Junior) in the Nottingham Castle Art Gallery.



BAILIE OF INNESHARGIE

III. BAILIE OF INNESHARGIE

(*Showing the connexion with the Barbers of 'Highlands'.*)

The family hails from Normandy (Bailleul) and came over to England in 1066 with William the Conqueror. (See *Les Compagnons de Guillaume à la Conquête de l'Angleterre en 1066*, par M. Leopold Delisle, Membre de l'Institut.)

Renaud de Bailleul settled in England and after the Norman Conquest changed the name to 'de Baliol'. He was granted certain baronies in the north of England, and his son, Bernard de Baliol, settled in Northumberland.

This man fought at the Battle of the Standard in 1138, and was the ancestor of John de Baliol and Edward Baliol, Kings of Scotland. The family were Lords of Galloway and were closely associated with the reigning house of Scotland, and from them there is a direct descent to William Baillie of Lamington (the first time the modern spelling appears).

This man had three sons who maimed a priest for some serious offence and, fearing the power of the Church, which was very great at that time, fled the country. Hugh, the eldest, settled in Inverness-shire and founded the Baillies of Dunain, the male line of which terminated in 1589, the chieftainship then falling to the descendants of David, the second son, who settled in Ireland and was the ancestor of the Bailies of this biographical note. His great-grandson, Alexander Baillie of Dunraget, Innesbargie, County Down, Ireland, and other places changed the spelling of the name by dropping one of the 'l's. He did this in order to overcome certain difficulties with regard to landed property.

The line of descent can be traced back to 1066, but for the purpose of this note it will be sufficient to start with John Bailie, the son of Col. Thomas Bailie, born on the *Carnatic* at Angola on the 5th July 1788. This John Bailie, R.N., had visited the Cape and was the originator of the scheme for bringing out British settlers there. He led the first or Bailie's party in 1819 on board the *Chapman*, arriving in

Algoa Bay in 1820. He held a dormant commission as Lieut.-Governor of the new settlement.

His eldest son was Charles Theodore Bailie, whose descendants to-day constitute the main branch of the family. The second son was Archibald Hope, and together with their father served during the wars and disturbances until the war of 1835 broke out.

In this war Lieut. Chas. Theodore Bailie met his death at the hands of the Kaffirs on the 26th June 1835 at Intaba-ka-'Ndoba. 'He was', says Moodie, 'an officer of the most cautious, though enterprising character, bold and undaunted, who frequently distinguished himself in his *rencontres* with the enemy. Being at the moment compelled, by the nature of the ground, to separate himself from his party, the whole with the exception of their gallant officer fell pierced with innumerable wounds. Springing into a small thicket, with matchless heroism he met his fate. Three of the enemy rushed upon him, two of whom were shot dead by a discharge from both barrels of his gun; one of these was the chief Tchalusay, but having no other means of defence he was instantly overpowered and slain.' A bronze tablet has since been erected near the spot to the memory of this gallant officer and his men.

The father, John Bailie, did much useful work in opening up the country. He made surveys of the coast from Port Elizabeth to East London, and in order to convince the Government of the practicability of landing stores at East London during war he chartered the first ship that entered the Buffalo River and took it there at his own expense.

In 1848 John Bailie went to Natal and established a trading station at Durban. In 1852, after having made surveys of the coast from Durban to East London, he was returning in his yacht called the *Haidee*, when he observed the barque *Hector* in distress. Boarding the *Hector* with some of his men he endeavoured to save her, but the ships became separated and the *Hector* was wrecked. Some of the crew landed in a boat which capsized in the surf and was unable to return for their companions, who subsequently managed to reach

the shore on spars. John Bailie, who was an old man, perished with the ship on the 29th July 1852 after gallantly assisting in saving the lives of others.

Of his five children (1) Chas. Theodore, the eldest, as already mentioned, was killed by the Kaffirs in 1835 (leaving a small son Henry John Bailie), and (2) Archibald Hope died in 1850 from injuries received during the war of 1846-7. This Archibald Hope left two surviving sons, Archibald Hope Bailie (junior) and Alexander Cumming Bailie.

This Alexander Bailie was entrusted with several responsible and delicate duties on the northern border, which he discharged with much sagacity, namely, making a peace between the Bakwena and Bakhabla tribes, who were at war; preventing a Boer attack on Khama, chief of the Bamangwato; arranging with Khama and Sicheli for their countries to be handed over, and submitting offers to the Administrator of Griqualand West; and arranging with Lobengula to receive a British Resident.

He also made a route-map from Kimberley to Bulawayo, and, later (1881), at the urgent request of the Government, proceeded to Basutoland as a magistrate, serving in that country until 1884.

Alexander Cumming Bailie married on the 21st July 1878 Mary Ellen ('Highlie') Barber, only daughter of Frederick William and Mary Elizabeth Barber of 'Highlands', and had issue four sons and five daughters, particulars of whom are given in the Barber pedigree.

The family tree from John Bailie, the 1820 settler, is as follows:

JOHN BAILIE. Born at Angola on the *Carnatic* 5th July 1788. Drowned off St. John's, Natal, 29th July 1852. Married Amelia Crause and had issue:

1. *Charles Theodore Bailie*, born 19th Aug. 1810. Killed in Kaffir War 26th June 1835. Married Letitia Robertson and had issue:

(1) Henry John Bailie, born 3rd Sept. 1834. Died Sept.

Appendix

1910. Married Wilhelmina Eliz. Walker and had issue:

Lawrence Herbert Bailie, born 2nd Dec. 1864.

Died 21st April 1918. Married Amelia Leslie and had issue Lawrence Herbert Bailie and two daughters.

2. *Archibald Hope Bailie*, son of John Bailie, born 27th Sept. 1812. Died 23rd June 1850. Married Miss J. A. Cumming and had issue:

(1) Archibald Hope Bailie, born 21st Jan. 1841. Died 1908. Married and had issue.

(2) Alexander Cumming Bailie, born 15th April 1850. Died in Pretoria 1903. Married on 23rd July 1878 Mary Ellen Barber and had issue four sons and five daughters (see Barber pedigree).

NOTES



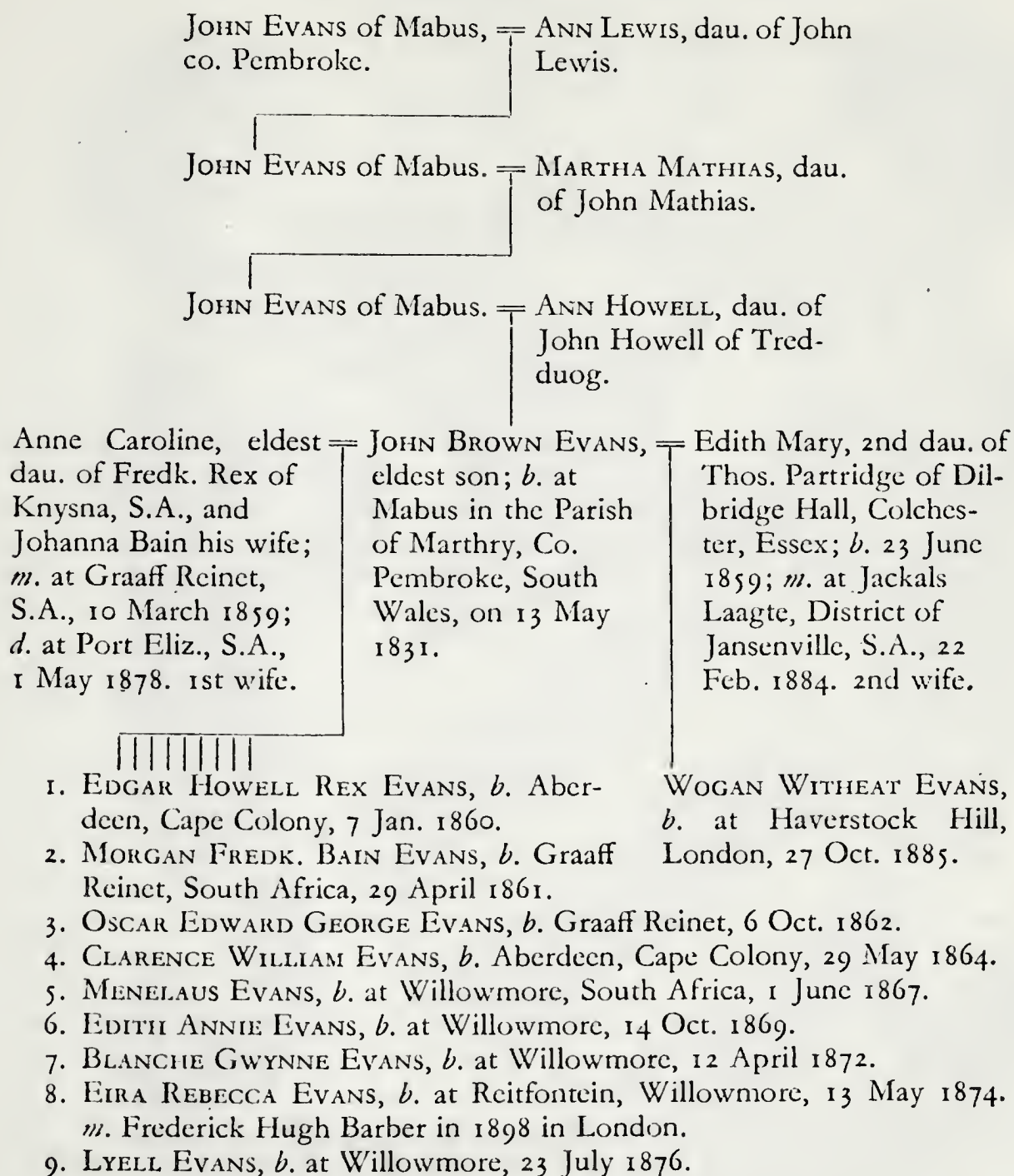
THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO



EVANS OF PEMBROKE

IV. EVANS OF MABUS, CO. PEMBROKE

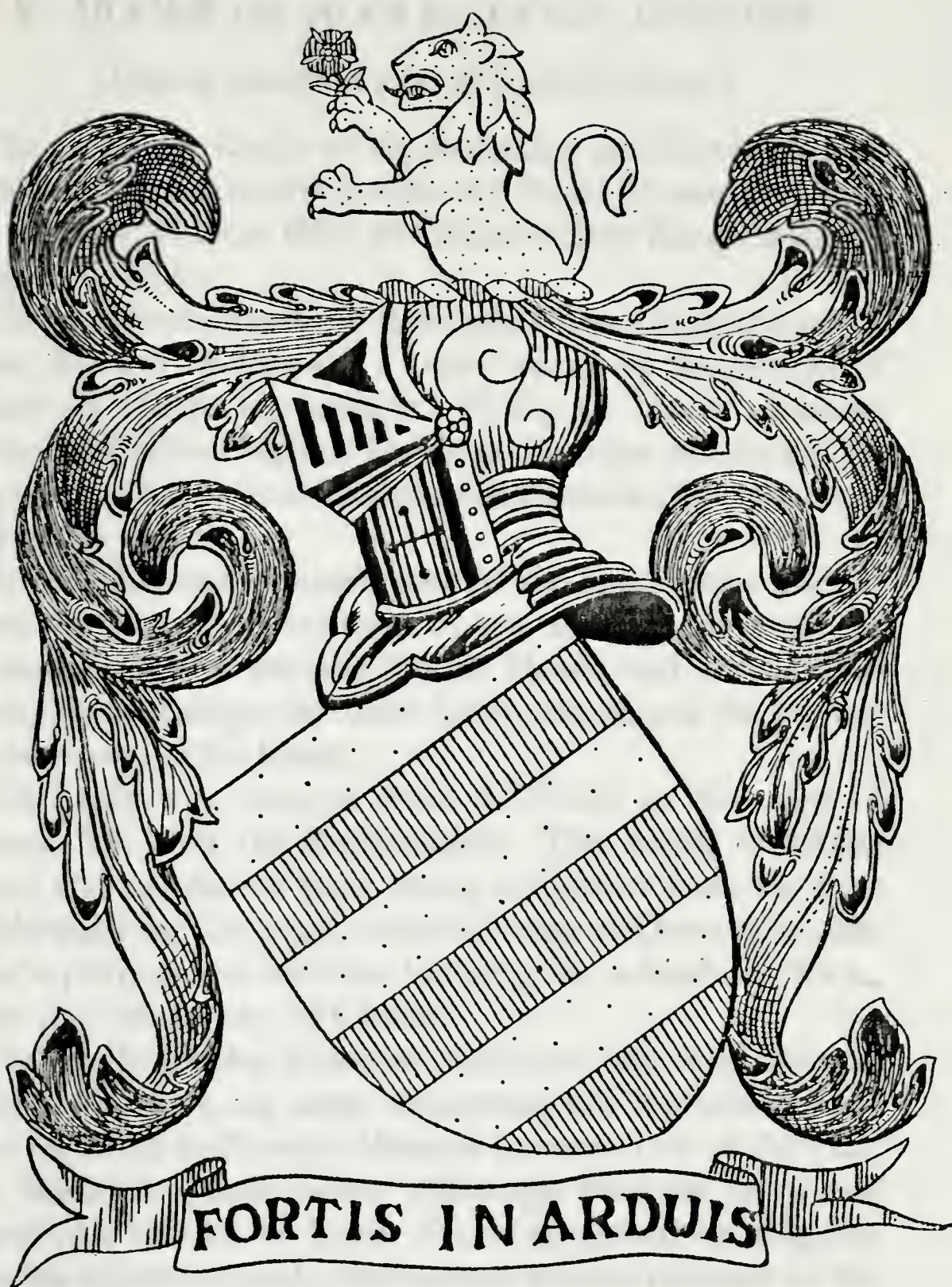
(Showing the connexion with the Barber family.)



The Evans family are well known in South Africa, firstly for their famous ostriches and now for their fine Friesland cattle. The family seat, now owned by Warwick Evans, is 'Melrose', near Bedford, C.P.

NOTES





HOOLE OF CHESTER

V. HOOLE OF HOOLE LODGE, CHESTER

(*Showing connexion with Mitford-Barberton.*)

The de Hoole family of Hoole Lodge and Hoole Manor, Chester, were intermarried with the Royal House of Anjou and possibly with the Earls of Chester before King Edward I conquered Wales.

The de Hoole family is descended from Happesford or Elton, brother of Edward I (1272-1301), in the person of Robert de Hoole his nephew. Phillip de Hoole obtained certain land from Hugh de Hoole in the reign of Edward IV (1347-53), while a certain Randolf de Hoole is also mentioned during this reign.

Hoole Hall, the favourite seat of the family, was burned down by the Parliamentary troops during the siege of Chester, but there was also Hoole House and a third residence, Hoole Lodge; the latter being considered the ancient manor house of the family.

The name was changed from de Hoole in the reign of Edward VI, after the Reformation. The family of Hoole owned and resided on their estates at Chester from the time of Edward I for 600 years, until the reign of Queen Victoria, when a portion was sold for building the suburb of Hoole, a new part of the city of Chester.

The family are also found in Yorkshire, the neighbouring county, and there are some interesting old Yorkshire pedigrees recorded in *Familiae Minorum Gentium*, one of the Harleian Society's publications. Although they are obviously related (the Hooles of South Africa are stated to originate from the Cheshire stock), the earliest known member of the clan was from Lincoln.

There was a certain Charles Hoole, born in Sheffield in 1609: his brother James was born there in 1611, and they were educated at Wakefield Grammar School. They were kinsmen of Robert Sanderson, Bishop of Lincoln, who also helped Charles Hoole at Oxford.

This Charles Hoole became rector of Great Ponton,

Lincolnshire, and may have been the ancestor of the Rev. Joseph Hoole, the earliest authentic member in the pedigree of the Hooles of South Africa. The associations being that they were *both parsons* and from the *same county* while the name *James* is common to both families.

The Rev. Joseph Hoole was for a time vicar of Haxey in Lincolnshire, where some of his children were born. He later became rector of St. Ann's, Manchester, from 1736 until his death on the 27th Nov. 1745, which occurred just at the time when Prince Charles Edward Stuart and his army were passing through the town.

This Rev. Joseph Hoole had a son John Hoole who served in the East India Company, and his son James Hoole (1789-1843) married Jane Cotterell at St. Mary Abbots, Kensington, and subsequently immigrated to South Africa with the 1820 settlers.

He was a member of Bailie's party and came out in the *Chapman*, bringing with him his wife Jane, aged 32, and their three children, James (8), Abel (4), and Jane who was one year old.

There is nothing outstanding in the career of the founder of this South African branch, as he settled at once to entrenching himself in the land of his adoption and securing a future for his children.

Two of his sons were prominent figures in the Kaffir Wars of 1835 and 1846. In times of peace they were both engaged successfully in business, and in 1866 the elder brother James was one of those elected to represent the Eastern Districts in the Legislative Council. He held his seat until 1869, when the Council and House of Assembly were dissolved. The following year, however, he was re-elected and sat till the Responsible Government Bill was passed in 1872. His brother Abel was for many years a trader at Wittlesea.

The following are the family of James Hoole, the 1820 settler:

1. JAMES COTTERELL HOOLE (1812-78), *m.*
 (1) Harriet Porter Rhodes, (2) Elizabeth Cock,
 (3) Isabella Bruce Findlay.

2. Abel Worth Hoole (1816-), *m.* Elizabeth Price.
3. Jane Hoole (1819-), *m.* James Powell.
4. Sarah Harriet, *m.* John Dick.
5. Henry Hoole, *m.* Mary Wright.
6. Frances Eliz. Hoole, *m.* George Wood (junior).

James Cotterell Hoole had by his first wife a family of six, by his second wife a family of three, and by his third wife a family of two.. Those of the second marriage (to Eliz. Cock) are as follows :

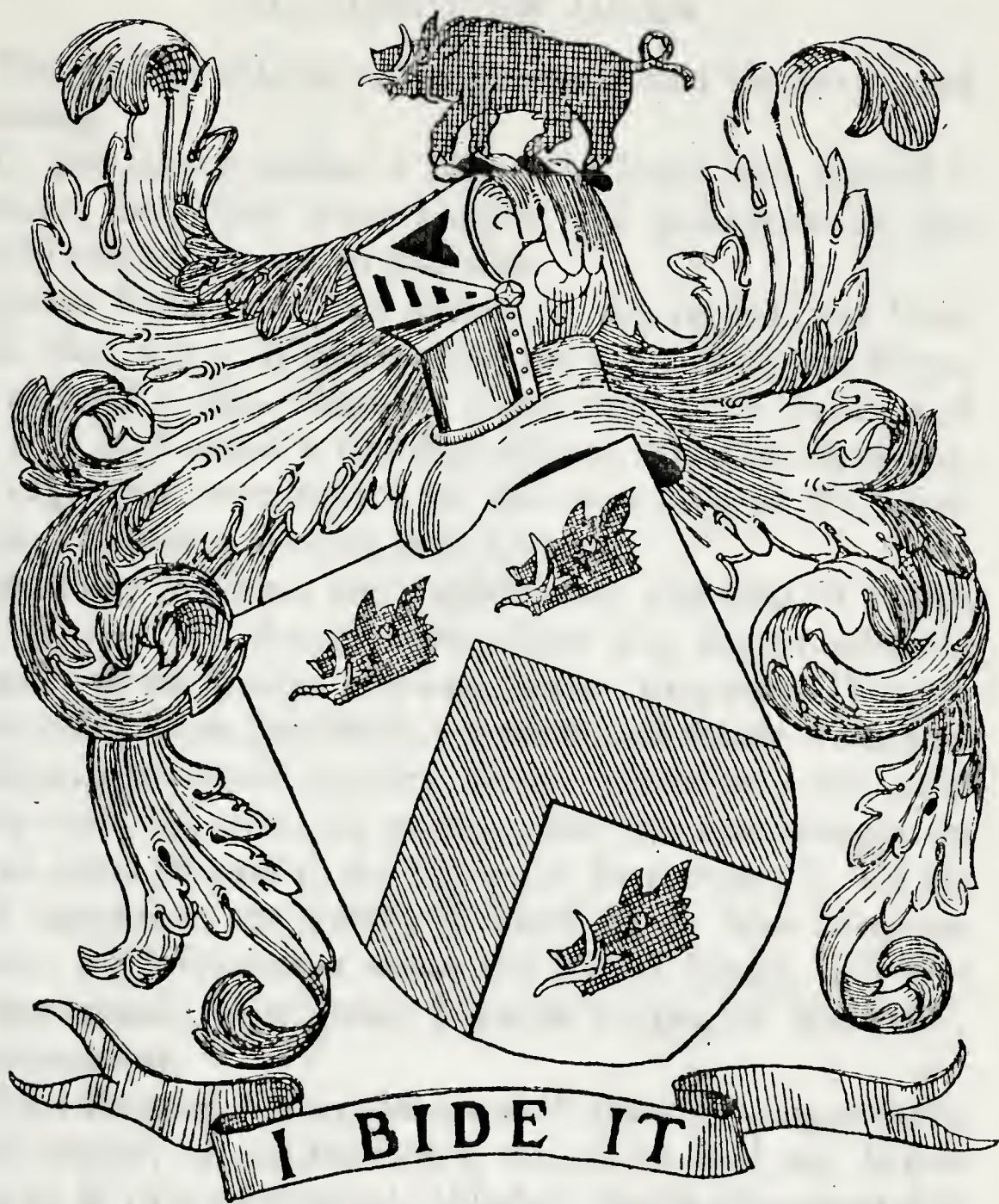
1. Eliz. Downing Hoole, *m.* Dr. Andrews.
2. Thomas Toy Hoole, *m.* (1) Frances Garbett Wood,
(2) Constance Ebden.
3. Lydia Hoole (died young).

Thomas Toy Hoole (1860-1926) *m.* Frances Garbett Wood and had the following family :

1. Kathleen Hoole (1883-), *m.* Bertram White.
2. Thomas Tamplin Hoole (1887-), *m.* Audrey Garnett.
3. Dennis Cotterell Hoole (1889-), *m.* Mary Bowker.
4. Janet Cotterell Hoole (1891-), *m.* Wilfred Currie.
5. Amy Aileen Hoole (1894-), *m.* Harry Newdigate.
6. Cecile G. C. Hoole (1897-), *m.* Ivan Mitford-Barberton.
7. Josephine Evelyn Hoole (1902-), *m.* James W. Matthews.

NOTES





NISBET OF DEAN

VI. NISBET OF DEAN

The Nisbets of Dean are an ancient Border family of good standing.

In the sixteen sixties a Nisbet of Dean was created a baronet, but there were knights and gentlemen on the family tree long prior to that date.

James Nisbet, the first shown on this record, was born 15th May 1787. While visiting the Cape of Good Hope, he married a Miss Horne in Capetown. Both James and his wife died within a few days of each other, in the spring of 1833, and were buried on the same day, in the Dean vault, Charleston Church, near London.

Matthew William, their eldest son, was also in South Africa, and his obscure death there was always rather a mystery to his family. His wife, Maria Ann, was a Dickson of Gothic House, Stockwell, a good Surrey family. Matthew William's youngest brother, Henry Alexander, was only three years old when his parents died. He was brought up by an uncle (Writer to the Signet) in Perthshire (?). Of his two daughters, the author is indebted to Miss Florence Nisbet for information about the Nisbet family, and also to her cousin, Miss Helen Dickson Nisbet, of 'Enderby', Bournemouth.

John Fleming-Nisbet (Matthew William's youngest son), lived latterly in South Africa, where he died on Active Service in 1916 at Roberts's Heights, shortly after returning from the campaign in German South West Africa. He left two co-heiresses, Hélène, who married Cyril Gl. Braithwaite and Norah ('Peggy'), who married Raymond B. Mitford-Barberton.

NISBET OF DEAN SHOWING CONNEXION WITH MITFORD-BARBERTON

